

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1823.

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LONDON:

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THE LION'S HEAD.

To our Readers.

THIS IS OUR BIRTH-DAY. For we, like other imperial units, must confess to a day of birth. Although the king never dies, yet he is born: So Editors, though they be shadowy as ghosts, and bear within them the seed of immortality and wisdom, yet are they sometimes reduced to their "*ab initio*," and must own to some origin, some source, like their inferiors the Ohio and the Missouri.

Accordingly, we are this day *three years of age*.—But, understand us, gentle readers:—In periodical literature there is no nonage, no lispings, feeble immaturity. It springs at once to its full strength, like the rainbow,—like art. Its wisdom is, as it were, an intuition, and has no infancy. It changes, like the sky; but it always preserves its due elevation.

On this day we bid a welcome once more to our friends and to the public. A probation of three years has established us, we believe, in the good opinions of many; and our last year has, we hope, confirmed us there, and acquired for us new friends and well wishers. We may venture to assert, that we have included in our past pages many Essays of first-rate merit. There have been displayed—wisdom, and wit, and humour,—true poetry and story,—the knowledge of art and science, mingled, and (we trust) made agreeable. We may the less hesitate to ascribe to our papers these eminent qualities, and confer on them our own mark of approbation, since they are not productions of our own, but are referable to gentlemen of admitted talent, most of whom are well known, and some of whom enjoy a high and undoubted celebrity.

From what we *have* done, our readers will be enabled in some degree to judge of what we intend to do. The conclusion of our Third Year has come upon us. We are not oppressed by the vanity arising from what we have accomplished: yet the consciousness of having striven to lead the public mind to proper objects,—of having never pampered a vicious taste, nor fed the open ears of the curious with private slander, or unjust and malignant satire, may well afford us some satisfaction, while it generates in our readers a confidence in our designs for the time to come.

For the future—we can, of course, speak only of what is probable and possible. We hope and expect to do much (even more than we have hitherto done), and this hope is *backed* by the strong support of our many literary friends, and our increasing acquaintance with the public.

Having said thus much, we may now leave the argument in better hands, namely, in those of our Contributors; *they* will advocate, in less direct terms perhaps than we have done, but with more effect,—the subject to which we have once more thought it right to draw the attention of our friends and readers.

Elia is dead!—at least so a *Friend* says; but if he be dead, we have seen him in one of those hours "when he is wont to walk;" and his *ghostship* has promised us very *material* assistance in our future Numbers. We were greatly tempted to put the Irish question to him of "Why did you

die?"—But as we know how very unusual a thing it is for a gentleman to give his reasons for such a step, we resisted the temptation. Mercy on us!—we hope we are wrong,—but we have our shadowy suspicions, that Elia, poor gentleman! has not been honestly dealt by. Mercutio was killed by one Will Shakspeare, a poacher, though his death was laid to other hands;—and Sir Roger De Coverley (a gentleman more near our own time) perished under very mysterious circumstances. We could lay our finger upon the very man we suspect as being guilty of Elia's death! Elia's ghost, however, cannot sleep in its grave, for it has been constantly with us since his death, and vows it must still write for its peace of mind. Indeed the first paper in our present Number is one of its *grave* consolations.

The winter *must* be very hard,—as it was expected to be,—for honest Master Janus Weathercock has, in the present Number, “composed his decent head and breathed his last.”—But we are acquainted with his tricks—and well know how subject he is to wilful trances and violent wakings. The newspapers told us the other day of a person who could counterfeit death to such a *nicety*, as to deceive even an undertaker:—now our Readers must not be surprised to find Janus get up, after his laying out, and go about his ordinary concerns. Depend upon it, Readers, he resembles the Spectator's sleeper at the Cock and Bottle—and is no more dead than we are!

The Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been Neglected, are, as our readers will perceive, from the pen of one of their favourite writers. We are led to expect much valuable assistance in the course of the ensuing year from that Gentleman—and, like all communicative personages, we like to babble of our expectancies.

A Paper upon The Marquis of Stafford's Gallery, will form No. III. of the Series upon the Great English Collections of Pictures.

We are prevented by want of room (what an enemy to good articles this same *want of room* always is!) from inserting the first of a Collection of Papers, illustrative of the Domestic Manners, &c. of the inhabitants of Persia, Siberia, and Turkey, by a Gentleman (a member of the University of Cambridge,) who has been for many years resident in those Countries; but it is already *set up* (to use a printer's phrase) and will inform our very next Number. We beg also to say that we are *set up* (to use an Editor's phrase) with the rest of the Series.

Peter Patricius Pickleherring is a fish rather to our taste. We *did* think well of the last paper we received—and we *do* think well of the present one. If P. P. P. will favour our Publishers with a call, and introduce himself (we know no other way), they will make his mind easy on the subject to which he alludes in his letter.

Our other unknown Contributors must—perturbed spirits as they are, rest until the next Number for our replies to them.

THE
London Magazine.

JANUARY, 1823.

REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE.

THE *Old Year* being dead, and the *New Year* coming of age, which he does, by Calendar Law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the *Days* in the year were invited. The *Festivals*, whom he deputed as his Stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below; and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty. It was stiffly debated among them, whether the *Fasts* should be admitted. Some said, the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by *Christmas Day*, who had a design upon *Ash Wednesday* (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the old Domine would behave himself in his cups. Only the *Vigils* were requested to come with their lanterns, to light the gentlefolks home at night.

All the *Days* came to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table; with an occasional knife and fork at the side-board for the *Twenty-Ninth of February*.

I should have told you, that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the *Hours*; twelve lit-

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tle, merry, whirligig foot-pages, as you should desire to see, that went all round, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of *Easter Day*, *Shrove Tuesday*, and a few such *Moveables*, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, foul *Days*, fine *Days*, all sorts of *Days*, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but, Hail! fellow *Day*, well met—brother *Day*—sister *Day*,—only *Lady Day* kept a little on the aloof, and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said, *Twelfth Day* cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a Queen on a frost-cake, all royal, glittering, and *Epiphanous*. The rest came, some in green, some in white—but old *Lent* and his family were not yet out of mourning. *Rainy Days* came in, dripping; and sunshiny *Days* helped them to change their stockings. *Wedding Day* was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear; *Pay Day* came late, as he always does; and *Doomsday* sent word—he might be expected.

April Fool (as my young lord's jester) took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made with it. It would have posed old Erra Pater to have found out any given *Day* in the year, to erect a scheme upon—good *Days*, bad *Days*, were so shuffled together, to the confounding of all sober horoscopy.

He had stuck the *Twenty First of June* next to the *Twenty Second of December*, and the former looked like a Maypole siding a marrow-bone. *Ash Wednesday* got wedged in (as was concerted) betwixt *Christmas* and *Lord Mayor's Days*. Lord! how he laid about him! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him—to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker. And still *Christmas Day* was at his elbow, plying him with the wassail-bowl, till he roared, and hiccup'd, and protested there was no faith in dried ling, but commended it to the devil for a sour, windy, acrimonious, censorious, hypo-crit-crit-critical mess, and no dish for a gentleman. Then he dipt his fist into the middle of the great custard that stood before his *left-hand neighbour*, and daubed his hungry beard all over with it, till you would have taken him for the *Last Day in December*, it so hung in icicles.

At another part of the table, *Shrove Tuesday* was helping the *Second of September* to some cock broth,—which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a hen pheasant—so there was no love lost for that matter. The *Last of Lent* was spunging upon *Shrovetide's* pancakes; which *April Fool* perceiving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a *good fry-day*.

In another part, a hubbub arose about the *Thirtieth of January*, who, it seems, being a sour puritanic character, that thought nobody's meat good or sanctified enough for him, had smuggled into the room a calves' head, which he had had cooked at home for that purpose, thinking to feast thereon incontinently; but as it lay in the dish, *March Manyweathers*, who is a very fine lady, and subject to the megrims, suddenly screamed out there was a "human head in the platter," and raved about Herodias' daughter to that degree, that the obnoxious viand was obliged to be removed; nor did she recover her stomach till she had gulped down a *Restorative*, confected of *Oak Apple*, which the merry *Twenty Ninth of May* always carries about with him for that purpose.

The King's health being called for after this, a notable dispute arose between the *Twelfth of August* (a zealous old Whig gentlewoman), and

the *Twenty Third of April* (a new-fangled lady of the Tory stamp), as to which of them should have the honour to propose it. *August* grew hot upon the matter, affirming time out of mind the prescriptive right to have lain with her, till her rival had basely supplanted her; whom she represented as little better than a *kept mistress*, who went about in *fine clothes*, while she (the legitimate *BIRTHDAY*) had scarcely a rag, &c.

April Fool, being made mediator, confirmed the right in the strongest form of words to the appellant, but decided for peace' sake that the exercise of it should remain with the present possessor. At the same time, he slyly rounded the first lady in the ear, that an action might lie against the Crown for *bi-geny*.

It beginning to grow a little duskish, *Candlemas* lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the *Days*, who protested against burning day-light. Then fair water was handed round in silver ewers, and the *same lady* was observed to take an unusual time in *washing* herself.

May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet (and by her example the rest of the company) with garlands. This being done, the lordly *New Year* from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, promised to improve their farms, and at the same time to abate (if any thing was found unreasonable) in their rents.

At the mention of this, the four *Quarter Days* involuntarily looked at each other, and smiled; *April Fool* whistled to an old tune of "New Brooms;" and a surly old rebel at the farther end of the table (who was discovered to be no other than the *Fifth of November*), muttered out, distinctly enough to be heard by the whole company, words to this effect, that, "when the old one is gone, he is a fool that looks for a better." Which rudeness of his the guests resenting, unanimously voted his expulsion; and the male-content was thrust out neck and heels into the cellar, as the properest place for

such a *boutefeu* and firebrand as he had shown himself.

Order being restored—the young lord (who, to say truth, had been a little ruffled, and put beside his oratory) in as few, and yet as obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome; and, with a graceful turn, singling out poor *Twenty Ninth of February*, that had sate all this while mum-chance at the side-board, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him—which he drank accordingly; observing, that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years, with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time, removing the solitary *Day* from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board, somewhere between the *Greek Calends* and *Latter Lammas*.

Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, with his eyes fast stuck in his head, and as well as the Canary he had swallowed would give him leave, struck up a Carol, which *Christmas Day* had taught him for the nonce; and was followed by the latter, who gave “*Miserere*” in fine style, hitting off the mumping tones and lengthened drawl of *Old Mortification* with infinite humour. *April Fool* swore they had exchanged conditions: but *Good Friday* was observed to look extremely grave; and *Sunday* held her fan before her face, that she might not be seen to smile.

Shrove-tide, *Lord Mayor's Day*, and *April Fool*, next joined in a glee—

Which is the properest day to drink?

in which all the *Days* chiming in, made a merry burden.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers—the *Quarter Days* said, there could be no question as to that; for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But *April Fool* gave it in favour of the *Forty Days before Easter*; because the debtors in all cases out-numbered the creditors, and they kept *lent* all the year.

All this while, *Valentine's Day* kept courting pretty *May*, who sate next him, slipping amorous *billets-doux*

under the table, till the *Dog Days* (who are naturally of a warm constitution,) began to be jealous, and to bark and rage exceedingly. *April Fool*, who likes a bit of sport above measure, and had some pretensions to the lady besides, as being but a cousin once removed,—clapped and halloo'd them on; and as fast as their indignation cooled, those mad wags, the *Ember Days*, were at it with their bellows, to blow it into a flame; and all was in a ferment: till old *Madam Septuagesima* (who boasts herself the *Mother of the Days*) wisely diverted the conversation with a tedious tale of the lovers which she could reckon when she was young; and of one *Master Rogation Day* in particular, who was for ever putting the *question* to her, but she kept him at a distance, as the chronicle would tell—by which I apprehend she meant the Almanack. Then she rambled on to the *Days that were gone*, the *good old Days*, and so to the *Days before the Flood*—which plainly showed her old head to be little better than crazed and doited.

Day being ended, the *Days* called for their cloaks and great coats, and took their leaves. *Lord Mayor's Day* went off in a Mist, as usual; *Shortest Day* in a deep black Fog, that wrapt the little gentleman all round like a hedge-hog. Two *Vigils*—so watchmen are called in heaven—saw *Christmas Day* safe home—they had been used to the business before. Another *Vigil*—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the *Eve of St. Christopher*—seeing *Ash Wednesday* in a condition little better than he should be, e'en whipt him over his shoulders, pick-a-back fashion, and *Old Mortification* went floating home, singing—

On the bat's back do I fly,

and a number of old snatches besides, between drunk and sober, but very few *Aves* or *Penitentiaries* (you may believe me) were among them. *Longest Day* set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold—the rest, some in one fashion, some in another;—but *Valentine* and pretty *May* took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a *Lover's Day* would wish to set in.

ELIA'S GHOST.

OF EXAGGERATION AND MATTER-OF-FACT PEOPLE.

THE truth should be spoken undoubtedly, and always spoken—that is, when we do speak. Silence may be a lie, under circumstances; but ordinary moralists will scarcely think it cognizable under the head of “telling lies.” Not to perplex myself with fine distinctions, how few there are of those who open their mouths, that, with any kind of certainty and constancy, speak the pure truth. I have nothing to say just now of grave and pondered lies of the devil’s colour; I advert only to that general laxity and inaptitude of expression in familiar discourse or description, which, with no great dishonesty of meaning, do violence in various degrees to things as they are, and are known to be. Exaggeration strikes one in a moment as the most common among colloquial misdemeanors, though, providing it at once come from the heart, and have some “method in it,” I think it by no means unpleasant, nor, with all its boldness, so apt to mislead as many figures of a more cold and balancing character. If a man give me the right spirit of things, I can allow him a little harmless licentiousness in piling up of quantities. If he do not distort and disguise, he may magnify, and will not deceive or offend me. Let him not confound black with white, and I will not quarrel with him about *very* black, and *very* white. I should stipulate literally and formally for the “true stuff;” but, secure of this, a man may intensify it as he pleases: I understand him; I know his ardent ways and liberal measures, and can at any time dilute him down to proof.

There is an inborn tendency in the human mind (where there is mind,) to amplification—to swell out beyond the limits of nature and truth. Our souls are too big for our bodies, and our perceptions and impressions pitched too high for the scale and circumstances of the physical world in which we live. Our middle-size beliefs us: we are all Patagonians in our hearts and our tongues—little creatures with our fifteen hundred steps to a mile, who nevertheless find this earth, with its spare deserts and untrodden forests, too circum-

scribed for our free elbow-room. Our language, our descriptive phrases, however they may be tamed down in signification by common use, have been framed as for a race of giants in a giant world. The more moderate among us, in describing the wonders of a gale of wind at sea, would scarcely be so narrow-minded as to talk of waves rising thirty or forty feet, instead of “mountains high.” How should you credit that a man could be wet through two coats, unless he asseverated that it rained “as if heaven and earth were coming together,” at the least? “When the louse feeds,” says Buffon, “the blood is seen to *rush like a torrent* into the stomach.” Could one have said more, in severe justice, of a lion?

This sublimity of style will not bear to be tried by the nice weights and measures of truth, yet it is not always adopted with the simple intention to deceive. The difficulty, as well as the desire, of exciting attention, urges us into dishonest vehemence and magnificent misstatements. The world is sufficiently fastidious not to feel curiosity about familiar appearances, common forms, and trite opinions. The only resource then is in the extraordinary: the object is not to inform but to surprise; and for this purpose we are driven, not to our experience, but to our invention. We must create: the Alps will not do—we must pile Pelion upon Ossa.

Considerable art, however, is necessary in these daring efforts, or they may fail to produce the notice which they aim at, or any notice at all. Mere over-grown exaggeration will not astonish us; if its gross bulk be not quickened with a due proportion of liveliness, it is only so much waste and darkness. Some of our modern dramatists give us heroes and heroines of a monstrous size and shape; but, in their anxiety to make them big, they forget to make them men and women. As a ranting actor will tear a passion to rags, one of these improvident poets will blow it up till it is almost choked, and cannot speak to be understood. In their improvements upon the littleness of

nature, they not only exceed her limits, but disfigure all her forms and proportions: they are faithful to neither the measure nor the pattern of her works. Their greatness is nothing but corpulency, uninformed with any principle of life and activity. We might bear a Cupid seven feet high, if he retained his accustomed beauty and sprightliness; but it is cruel to see our little favourite tumefied into a dull, unwieldy lump, a sort of anasarcous, or *Daniel Lambert* fairy, with no compensation for the change but in his increased dimensions and stone-weight. This style of exaggeration is frequently employed by persons of tame and unimpassioned spirits, and in their hands it is certainly a most deadening and overwhelming instrument. I know not how minds of such a temperament should deviate into such unsuitable vices; but so it is; we often see profound dulness troubled with a strange, lumbering ambition for the great and the wonderful. We do not complain of these heavy fabulists, that they strain, pervert, or obscure the truth: they convey no likelihood of it—no sign—no shadow; their uninspired exuberance falling upon you with the dead weight of sheer impossibility. There is often a perfidious solemnity and decorum in the general manner of the sort of persons I allude to, that adds greatly to the perplexity of their hearers. When a vivacious enthusiast bursts out into some violent description, his spirit, his look, tone, and gestures, at once alarm our watchfulness, and put us upon our guard. He has no sly and indirect means of hulling our suspicions and cheating us into belief. He may have his lies, but they are lies which wear their hearts on their sleeves. Not so with your slow, prosing hyperbolist, who with a steady eye doles out his cold extravagance and dull excess. You can come to no squares with him, yet you look at him and know not how to understand him. Nothing can be more puzzling.

This anomalous variety excepted, I have rather a kindness than otherwise for a little honest exaggeration; and every species of it, leaden or mercurial, is preferable, I am ready to maintain, to its opposite—cold-blooded and penurious exactness.—

The whole host of long-bow-men, light troops and heavy, are far less annoying, and, paradoxical as it may appear, less hostile to the more essential parts of truth, than the little teasing tribe—the minute, higgling worshippers of matter-of-fact. A man who in a transport of passion gives an undue extension to any determinate quantity of time, or space, or any thing else, does not exaggerate in any ill sense; he deceives nobody except those without passion, the posts of the human race. His object is not to define a frigid reality as established by law, but to describe it according to the impression which it made, and was likely to make, upon his mind, under a particular state of excitement. He has no thought about “stubborn facts;” he makes them, and very fairly, I think, malleable to his will, and susceptible of any variations of form that his feelings require. People were cool and collected when they set about making facts; and it is very hard that a man in a fury should be bound by them. Ready-made facts will not suit him; they must be all purely his own. He is above statutes and tables, and will own no allegiance to common rules and measures. Surely he must be a very heartless person who will not admit, that an hour is not always neither more nor less than sixty minutes, and that a mile is not invariably only a mile. A matter-of-fact man has no conception of such an extravagance: he grants no indulgences; law is law with him, and he will abide by it to death. A mile, he will have it, is a mile; and the worst of it is, he has certain odious proofs and literal standards in his favour, which, backed by his oath, he will quote against a liberal adversary, till there seems nothing left for it but to own that the block-head is correct. In vain you strive to move him from his position by appealing to his passions or his imagination, these gifts in him, (if he have them at all,) being under such certain controul, that he carries them about with him as securely and ceremoniously as his gloves and his stick. Never hope to exasperate him into a thought of apostacy from absolute Cocker, London measure, or avoirdupois. He stands out for a fact; and though it be stripped to

positive nakedness, or robbed of its living marrow, he will still cling to it—still hug his bit of barren dryness, if it be but according to book and “his bond.”

I look upon these miserable friblers as the most intolerable plagues that go about to disturb the ease, cordiality, and trusting freedom, of familiar conversation. One of these, among a company of lively men, is as bad as the “*Six Acts*.” There is no speaking before him; he lies in wait for every trivial lapse, and is ready to arrest on the spot every unimportant misnomer of time, or place, or person. He will stop a good anecdote, just before its finest moment, to ask for its credentials; and cut off the *dénouement* of a pathetic tale to question its parish. To pun in his presence would be as bad as to deny his existence: he and *equivoque* (the name is enough) could never be brought together but to fight. The humour of the thing too is, that these poor starvelings, with their bigoted strictness and peddling precision, set themselves up for lovers of truth. But the truth is not in them, nor for them. A little nig-gardly truth, perhaps, a crumb of certainty, they may pick up; but of truth, in its entire spirit—of “the whole truth,”—they have no notion. They will discriminate between John and Thomas, and authenticate a day of the month with fatal accuracy, and, to secure such points, will let the whole interest of a story, catastrophe and all, pass by them, “like the wind which they regard not.” All that is warm, fluent, and animating in discourse, is husk and chaff to them, if there be not something that they can swear to: when the joke is complete, and the laugh has gone round, “Now,” they will say, steadying themselves in their chairs, and collecting their powers, “let us come to *particulars*.” With all their professed antipathy to exaggeration, they are themselves exaggerators of the most contemptible description—those who attach extravagant importance to trifles, and busy themselves to demonstrate circumstances that are not worth a thought. There is something noble at least in the error of a man who exaggerates only what is in itself great and exalted; but he that would measure a

hair, or weigh a feather, is guilty of an hyperbole (if so generous a term is not too good for him) that admits of no excuse. These scrupulists—these baters down, are themselves far more remote from truth generally than those whom they are so pleased to charge with incorrectness. A man overpowered with thirst says, that he could drink the Thames dry—and I believe him—that is, I very distinctly apprehend that he is excessively thirsty. A matter-of-fact man would receive such an assertion as an insult, and would take upon himself to prove, if he could keep from passion, that it was, from the nature of things, an absolute falsehood. He would lay down the *maximum* of a possible draught, and the way would be clear before him. He has no allowance for the natural language of an eager appetite; but summons up his soul, with all its experience, to justify the capacity of a quart pot. A lover about to be separated for a few weeks from his mistress affirms that he shall not see her again for ages—and he is perfectly right—or what man of spirit would condescend to fall in love? Who shall put definite limits to the duration of a week, a day, or an hour, spent in the absence or the presence of a mistress? The lover, with his weeks a century long, tells you pretty plainly that he is desperately impatient—tells you the truth, I contend, in contempt of any little huckster in matter-of-fact, who would compute the ardours of a lover with the same beggarly exactness with which he would measure a yard of tape, or compare the dates of a butcher’s bill.

I was walking once in company with two persons, one of whom was a fine, precipitate, *ad libitum* fellow, warm of heart, and hasty of tongue; the other, a simple, direct man, who looked at things in their just proportions, and was nice even to the smallest fractions in all his affirmations. Briefly, I was with an enthusiast and a matter-of-fact man. The former was miserable, and had every reason to be so, in regard both to his existing condition and his future prospects. He suddenly broke forth, “I never expect to be in any way better off than the wretched beggar there before us.” “Yes—

yes," interposed his friend, more readily than was usual with him, "with prudence, you may be a degree better as long as you live." The warm man could not bear this, and he angrily retorted, "Now, d — it! can you never be a little less precise? You mean, I suppose, to comfort me; yet what consolation is it to be assured, that I am and may be just a degree—after your freezing manner—a strict, exemplary degree, above the lowest of my species?" The other still kept his temper, and insisted, modestly, but resolutely, "that a degree was a degree,"—and there the matter ended.

I would not be understood to object to precision and minuteness, when these qualities are important, or when they can be attended to without disturbance to points of higher consideration. The most subordinate circumstances and indifferent relations of great events may be interesting, in the same manner as trifles, down to a buckle, or a shirt-pin, are worth notice, when connected with persons distinguished by extraordinary actions or talents. I would have all given of things that are worth giving: what is admirable cannot be too complete. I complain not of the matter-of-fact man on such grounds; but that the little parts of high matters, or of all matters,—those which by their nature are alone reducible to an arithmetical certainty—are the *sole* objects of his regard. Affecting to worship Truth, he sees her not in her full majesty; but overlooks her covering robes and flowing draperies, (to speak of something more than "the naked Truth,") to fasten upon a button. He would mention no particulars of the great storm with such unqualified satisfaction as that it commenced at twenty-three minutes past four, A. M. on the 6th November, A. D. 1723. Of facts of mind and feeling he makes no account: he must have facts in a ring-fence; realities of the Almanack. He cares not to hear that a man died: he must know *where* he died and *when* he died.

Persons of this stamp make excellent lawyers: they should never travel out of Westminster-Hall. In the intricacy and darkness of the law, there is an obvious fitness in

that watchful jealousy, which would as soon see a kingdom overthrown as a name or a date abused. But a matter-of-fact man will carry the captious spirit of a legal process into his moral judgments—turn lawyer against himself—cross-question the evidence of his own heart—cheat himself, against his broadest convictions, into a kind of accidental innocence—deliver himself from a piece of conscious roguery, because his name is not Timothy. He has always some petty flaw, or lucky difference, that will suffice, at a pinch, for a "not guilty," after the manner of the charity-boy who robbed a woman's orchard, and being asked whether that was the way in which he performed his "duty to his neighbour," replied, that the old lady lived in another parish. These people affect extreme indignation at the scandalous opinion of the world, if, in appreciating their conduct, it makes some light error in particulars, though it may be perfectly just in its general spirit and bearing. Fame avers that Mr. Shuffle cheated the other night at cards, to the amount of thirteen shillings and sixpence—and that, therefore, he is a knave; against which decision he contends, that the sum was only twelve shillings—and that, therefore, he is an honest man. Mr. D—— is universally reported to be always drunk: he is mightily out of humour, however, with so gross a charge, and makes out, clearly enough, that he was sober on part of last Thursday, and the whole of Palm Sunday. Mrs. F—— is said to wear a wig, at which she is grievously offended, proving, that she wears only a *front*—and that even that does not cover more than three-fourths of her head. There is no defence against such slanderous imputations as these but patience: the innocent, we see, are not safe. "I am accustomed," says Voltaire, "to bear patiently the invectives of an ill-natured world; in this respect resembling the ladies, who are often accused of having had twenty lovers, when they never exceeded three."

Matter-of-fact men, it is thought, are good servants, whose highest merit is to do as they are bidden, to be precise and punctual in the nicest circumstances of their duty. I would

not deny them what credit they may deserve; but I cannot, even in such lowly capacity, allow them unconditional praise. A master had need to be very select in his own phrases before he absolutely trusts them.—Who would wish to be obeyed to the very letter in all his orders, for three days together? In the changeful bustle of this various life, a modicum of discretionary power and spontaneous action should be permitted to the humblest and most subservient agents. A punctilious menial may serve you to your heart's desire for two days, and bring you to I know not what sorrow or shame on the third, by no other crime than an unlucky obedience to your commands. You desire that your horse shall be *always* at the door at eleven o'clock, and that your dinner shall *invariably* be on the table at four; but take care, in your heedless strictness, that your horse be not found some morning perishing, according to orders, at your door, for half a dozen hours in a pelting rain; or that your mutton be not, at your special request, cooling itself to stone, while you are distinctly known to be a good hour and a half away from it.

Matter-of-fact men, again, it might be thought, would form admirable soldiers; and so they would, no doubt, as far as a formal attention to the petty detail of an imperious discipline could make them so; but such a habit would not often be found combined, I fancy, with the impetuous heroism and daring which, as Bonaparte was the first in modern times to prove, is so much more effective, as an instrument of war, than a dull system of rigorous drilling and intricate manœuvres. The Germans are matter-of-fact soldiers—no troops being so remarkable, more by force of education, I believe, than of natural temperament, for their submission to an unvarying formality in all their martial movements. They do nothing extempore; nothing by accident—surrendering themselves up, as Madame de Staël says, to “a sort of pedantic tactics,” in the place of liveliness and enterprise. They would despise defeat if “according to rule,” and scarcely prize victory if in opposition to it. Methodical and predetermined in all their proceedings, you may calculate, to the divi-

sion of a degree, what they can do and will do; but never expect from them one of those fine hairbrained and dazzling exploits, which are sometimes achieved by more flighty spirits, under the impulse only of a stubborn will and reckless confidence.

I remember a curious instance of military exactness in the conduct of a soldier (a German by the way) who was stationed as a sentinel on Margate Pier-head, during a night-storm of tremendous violence, in the course of which nearly the whole pier was destroyed by an irruption of the sea, the high-street of the town undermined, and many of the houses washed down. In this dreadful night, which was made more bitter by a fall of snow and intense cold, the poor fellow stuck to his station till his life was in the most imminent danger. He was found by some seamen, who went to his relief, clinging to a post, and with great difficulty maintaining his hold against the sea which dashed over him—and which, not long after his removal, swept away the very ground on which he had stood, and made a free passage into the harbour. When he was asked how he could be such a fool as to stay there only to be drowned, he barely said, that “he had no thought of moving till he was *relieved*, and that it still wanted a full half-hour of the time.” Had this devotedness to duty and contempt of danger been shown for any useful or generous purpose, I could have worshipped the man; but I have no great consideration for the mere steady stupidity which could hold him fast at such a moment, and at such a risk, when he had no worthier pretence than his respect for the formalities of the parade. This man, who would not stir from his useless post to save his own life, would not have stirred, I suspect, to save the whole town from destruction. And herein is the danger of trusting too freely to such minds, on the strength only of their slavish docility and literal obedience. They are very well while the road is straight, but they are lost without resource whenever they come to a turning. My affection, I confess, is for men of a warmer, more adventurous and inventive, kind, who, in spite of their occasional errors of exaggeration and precipitancy, are,

take them for all in all, better framed for the mingled and shifting circumstances of human action and suffering. If my way lay through a travelled country, I would put up with a Scotchman, or a worse man, as my guide over the exact roads—the true bridges—and the right fords; but if my unprecedented journey was over a pathless desert, obstructed by quag-

mires and quicksands, and fruitful of accidents, requiring sudden plans, and sudden changes of plans, I would choose for my leader an Irishman. A *bull*, it may be insinuated, would be an awkward matter in a bog—but I abide by my preference notwithstanding. The Irishman would blunder through with me, or I am mistaken.
R. A.

THE DULWICH GALLERY.

It was on the 5th of November that we went to see this Gallery. The morning was mild, calm, pleasant: it was a day to ruminate on the object we had in view. It was the time of year

When yellow leaves, or few or none, do
hang
Upon the branches;

their scattered gold was strongly contrasted with the dark green spiral shoots of the cedar trees that skirt the road; the sun shone faint and watery, as if smiling his last; Winter gently let go the hand of Summer, and the green fields, wet with the mist, anticipated the return of Spring. At the end of this beautiful little village, Dulwich College appeared in view, with modest state, yet mindful of the olden time, and the name of Allen and his compeers rushed full upon the memory! How many races of school-boys have played within its walls, or stammered out a lesson, or sauntered away their vacant hours in its shade: yet, not one Shakspeare is there to be found among them all! The boy is clothed and fed, and gets through his accidence: but no trace of his youthful learning, any more than of his saffron livery, is to be met with in the man. Genius is not to be "constrained by mastery." Nothing comes of these endowments and foundations for learning,—you might as well make dirt-pies, or build houses with cards. Yet something *does* come of them too—a retreat for age, a dream in youth—a feeling in the air around them, the memory of the past, the hope of what will never be. Sweet are the studies of the school-boy, delicious his idle

hours! Fresh and gladsome is his waking, balmy are his slumbers, book-pillowed! He wears a green and yellow livery perhaps; but "green and yellow melancholy" comes not near him, or if it does, is tempered with youth and innocence! To thumb his Eutropius, or to knuckle down at law, are to him equally delightful; for whatever stirs the blood, or inspires thought in him, quickens the pulse of life and joy. He has only to feel, in order to be happy; pain turns smiling from him, and sorrow is only a softer kind of pleasure. Each sensation is but an unfolding of his new being; care, age, sickness, are idle words; the musty records of antiquity look glossy in his sparkling eye, and he clasps immortality as his future bride! The coming years hurt him not—he hears their sound afar off, and is glad. See him there, the urchin, seated in the sun, with a book in his hand, and the wall at his back. He has a thicker wall before him—the wall that parts him from the future. He sees not the archers taking aim at his peace; he knows not the hands that are to mangle his bosom. He stirs not, he still pores upon his book, and, as he reads, a slight hectic flush passes over his cheek, for he sees the letters that compose the word *FAME* glitter on the page, and his eyes swim, and he thinks that he will one day write a book, and have his name repeated by thousands of readers, and assume a certain signature, and write *Essays and Criticisms in the LONDON MAGAZINE*, as a consummation of felicity scarcely to be believed. Come hither, thou poor little fellow, and let us change places with thee if

thou wilt; here, take the pen and finish this article, and sign what name you please to it; so that we may but change our dress for yours, and sit shivering in the sun, and con over our little task, and feed poor, and lie hard, and be contented and happy, and think what a fine thing it is to be an author, and dream of immortality, and sleep o' nights!

There is something affecting and monastic in the sight of this little nursery of learning, simple and retired as it stands, just on the verge of the metropolis and in the midst of modern improvements. There is a chapel, and a copy of Raphael's Transfiguration, by Julio Romano; but the great attraction to curiosity at present is the collection of pictures left to the College by the late Sir Francis Bourgeois, who is buried in a mausoleum close by. He once (it is said) spent an agreeable day here in company with the Masters of the College and some other friends, and he determined, in consequence, upon this singular mode of testifying his gratitude and his respect. Perhaps, also, some such idle thoughts as we have here recorded might have mingled with this resolution. The contemplation and the approach of death might have been softened to his mind by being associated with the hopes of childhood; and he might wish that his remains might repose, in monumental state, amidst "the innocence and simplicity of poor *Charity boys!*" Might it not have been so?

The pictures are 356 in number, and are hung on the walls of a large gallery, built for the purpose, and divided into five compartments. They certainly looked better in their old places, at the house of Mr. Desenfans (the original collector), where they were distributed into a number of small rooms, and seen separately and close to the eye. They are mostly cabinet-pictures; and not only does the height, at which many of them are necessarily hung to cover a large space, lessen the effect, but the number distracts and deadens the attention. Besides, the sky-lights are so contrived as to "shed a dim," though not a "religious light" upon them. At our entrance, we were first struck by our old friends the Cuyps; and just beyond, caught

a glimpse of that fine female head by Carlo Maratti, giving us a welcome with cordial glances. May we not exclaim—

What a delicious breath *painting* sends forth!

The violet-bed's not sweeter.

A fine gallery of pictures is a sort of illustration of Berkeley's Theory of Matter and Spirit. It is like a palace of thought—another universe, built of air, of shadows, of colours. Every thing seems "palpable to feeling as to sight." Substances turn to shadows by the painter's arch-chemic touch; shadows harden into substances. "The eye is made the fool of the other senses, or else worth all the rest." The material is in some sense embodied in the immaterial; or, at least, we see all things in a sort of intellectual mirror. The world of art is a deception. We discover distance in a glazed surface; a province is contained in a foot of canvas; a thin, evanescent tint gives the form and pressure of rocks and trees; an inert shape has life and motion in it. Time stands still, and the dead re-appear, by means of this "so potent art!" Look at the Cuyp next the door (No. 3). It is woven of ethereal hues. A soft mist is on it, a veil of subtle air. The tender green of the valleys beyond the gleaming lake, the purple light of the hills is like the down on an unripe nectarine. You may lay your finger on the canvas, but miles of dewy vapour and sunshine are between you and the objects you survey. It is almost needless to point out that the cattle and figures in the foreground, like dark, transparent spots, give an immense relief to the perspective. This is, we think, the finest Cuyp, perhaps, in the world. The landscape opposite to it (in the same room) by Albert Cuyp, has a richer colouring and a stronger contrast of light and shade, but it has not that tender bloom of a spring morning (so delicate, yet so powerful in its effect) which the other possesses. *Two Horses*, by Cuyp (No. 74), is another admirable specimen of this excellent painter. It is hard to say, which is most true to nature—the sleek, well-fed look of the bay-horse, or the bone and spirit of the dappled iron-grey one, or the face of

the man who is busy fastening a girth. Nature is scarcely more faithful to itself, than this delightfully *unmannered*, unaffected picture is to it. In the same room, there are several good Teniers's, and a small *Head of an Old Man*, by Rembrandt, which is as smoothly finished as a miniature. No. 10, *Interior of an Ale-house*, by Adrian Brouwer, almost gives one a sick head-ache; particularly the face and figure of the man leaning against the door, overcome with "potations pottle deep." Brouwer united the depth and richness of Ostade to the spirit and felicity of Teniers. No. 12, *Sleeping Nymph and Satyr*, and 59, *Nymph and Satyr*, by Polemberg, are not pictures to our taste. Why should any one make it a rule never to paint any thing but this one subject? Was it to please himself or others? The one shows bad taste; the other wrong judgment. The grossness of the selection is hardly more offensive than the finicalness of the execution. No. 49, a *Mater Dolorosa*, by Carlo Dolci, is a very good specimen of this master; but the expression has too great a mixture of piety and pauperism in it. It is not altogether spiritual. No. 51, *A School with Girls at work*, by Crespi, is a most rubbishy performance, and has the look of a modern picture. It was, no doubt, painted in the fashion of the time, and is now old-fashioned. Every thing has this modern, or rather uncouth and obsolete look, which, besides the temporary and local circumstances, has not the free look of nature. Dress a figure in what costume you please (however fantastic, however barbarous), but add the expression which is common to all faces, the properties that are common to all drapery in its elementary principles, and the picture will belong to all times and places. It is not the addition of individual circumstances, but the omission of general truth, that makes the little, the deformed, and the short-lived, in art. No. 183, *Religion in the Desert*, a sketch by Sir Francis Bourgeois, is a proof of this remark. There are no details, nor any appearance of permanence or stability. It seems to have been painted yesterday, and to labour under premature decay. It has a look of being half done, and

you have no wish to see it finished. No. 52, *Interior of a Cathedral*, by Sanadram, is curious and fine. From one end of the perspective to the other—and back again—would make a morning's walk.

In the SECOND ROOM, No. 90, a *Sea Storm*, by Backhuysen, and No. 93, *A Calm*, by W. Vandervelde, are equally excellent, the one for its gloomy turbulence, and the other for its glassy smoothness. 92, *Landscape with Cattle and Figures*, is by Both, who is, we confess, no great favourite of ours. We do not like his straggling branches of trees without masses of foliage, continually running up into the sky, merely to let in the landscape beyond. No. 96, *Blowing Hot and Cold*, by Jordaens, is as fine a picture as need be painted. It is full of character, of life, and colour. It is rich, and not gross. 98, *Portrait of a Lady*, said in the printed Catalogue to be by Andrea Sacchi, is surely by Carlo Maratti, to whom it used to be given. It has great beauty, great elegance, great expression, and great brilliancy of execution; but every thing in it belongs to a somewhat later era of the art than Andrea Sacchi. Be this as it may, it is one of the most perfect pictures in the collection. Of the portraits of known individuals in this room we wish to say little, for we can say nothing good. That of *Mr. Kemble*, by Beechey, is perhaps the most direct and manly. In this room is Rubens's *Sampson and Dalilah*, a coarse daub—at least, it looks so between two pictures by Vandyke, *Charity*, and a *Madonna and Infant Christ*. This painter probably never produced any thing more complete than these two compositions. They have the softness of air, the solidity of marble: the pencil appears to float and glide over the features of the face, the folds of the drapery, with easy volubility, but to mark every thing with a precision, a force, a grace indescribable. Truth seems to hold the pencil, and elegance to guide it. The attitudes are exquisite, and the expression all but divine. It is not like Raphael's, it is true—but whose else was? Vandyke was born in Holland, and lived most of his time in England!—There are several capital pictures of horses, &c. by

Wouvermans, in this room, particularly the one with a hay-cart loading on the top of a rising ground. The composition is as striking and pleasing as the execution is delicate. There is immense knowledge and character in Wouvermans' horses—an ear, an eye turned round, a cropped tail give you their history and thoughts—but from the want of a little arrangement, they look too often like spots on a dark ground. When they are properly relieved and disentangled from the rest of the composition, there is an appearance of great life and bustle in his pictures. His horses, however, have too much of the *manège* in them—he seldom gets beyond the camp or the riding school.—This room is rich in masterpieces. Here is the *Jacob's Dream*, by Rembrandt, with that sleeping figure, thrown like a bundle of clothes in one corner of the picture, by the side of some stunted bushes, and with those winged shapes, not human, not angelical, but bird-like, dream-like, treading on clouds, ascending, descending through the realms of endless light, that loses itself in the infinite space! No one else could ever grapple with this subject, or stamp it on the willing canvas in its gorgeous obscurity but Rembrandt! Here also is the *St. Barbara*, of Rubens, fleeing from her persecutors; a noble design, as if she were scaling the steps of some high overhanging turret, moving majestically on, with Fear before her, Death behind her, and Martyrdom crowning her:—and here is an eloquent landscape by the same master-hand, the subject of which is, a shepherd piping his flock homewards through a narrow defile, with a graceful group of autumnal trees waving on the edge of the declivity above, and the rosy evening light streaming through the clouds on the green moist landscape in the still lengthening distance. Here (to pass from one kind of excellence to another with kindly interchange) is a clear sparkling *Waterfall*, by Ruysdael, and Hobbima's *Water-Mill*, with the wheels in motion, and the ducks paddling in the restless stream. Is not this a sad anti-climax from *Jacob's Dream* to a picture of a *Water-Mill*? We do not know; and we should care as little, could we but paint either of the pictures.

Entire affection scorneth nicer hands.

If a picture is admirable in its kind, we do not give ourselves much trouble about the subject. Could we paint as well as Hobbima, we should not envy Rembrandt: nay, even as it is, while we can relish both, we envy neither!

The CENTRE ROOM commences with a *Girl at a Window*, by Rembrandt. The picture is known by the print of it, and is one of the most remarkable and pleasing in the collection. For clearness, for breadth, for a lively, ruddy look of healthy nature, it cannot be surpassed. The execution of the drapery is masterly. There is a story told of its being his servant-maid looking out of a window, but it is evidently the portrait of a mere child.—A *Farrier shoeing an Ass*, by Berchem, is in his usual manner. There is truth of character and delicate finishing; but the fault of all Berchem's pictures is, that he continues to finish after he has done looking at nature, and his last touches are different from hers. Hence comes that resemblance to *tea-board* painting, which even his best works are chargeable with. We find here one or two small Claudes of no great value; and two very clever specimens of the court-painter, Watteau, the Gainsborough of France. They are marked as Nos. 184 and 194, *Fête Champêtre*, and *Le Bal Champêtre*. There is something exceedingly light, agreeable, and characteristic, in this artist's productions. He might almost be said to breathe his figures and his flowers on the canvas—so fragile is their texture, so evanescent is his touch. He unites the court and the country at a sort of salient point—you would fancy yourself with Count Grammont and the beauties of Charles II. in their gay retreat at Tunbridge Wells. His trees have a drawing-room air with them, an appearance of gentility and etiquette, and nod gracefully over-head; while the figures below, thin as air, and vegetably clad, in the midst of all their affectation and grimace, seem to have just sprung out of the ground, or to be the fairy inhabitants of the scene in masquerade. They are the Oreads and Dryads of the Luxembourg! Quaint association, happily effected by the pencil of Watteau! In the

Bal Champêtre we see Louis XIV. himself dancing, looking so like an old beau, his face flushed and puckered up with gay anxiety; but then the satin of his slashed doublet is made of the softest leaves of the water-lily; Zephyr plays wanton with the curls of his wig! We have nobody who could produce a companion to this picture now: nor do we very devoutly wish it. The Louis the Fourteenth is extinct, and we suspect their revival would hardly be compensated even by the re-appearance of a Watteau.—No. 187, *the Death of Cardinal Beaufort*, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is a very indifferent and rather unpleasant sketch of a very fine picture. One of the most delightful things in this delightful collection is *the Portrait* (195) of *the Prince of the Asturias*, by Velasquez. The easy lightness of the childish Prince contrasts delightfully with the unwieldy figure of the horse, which has evidently been brought all the way from the Low Countries for the amusement of his rider. Velasquez was as fine a portrait-painter as any now living—almost as fine as any that ever lived! In the Centre Room also is *the Meeting of Jacob and Rachel*, by Murillo—a sweet picture with a fresh green landscape, and the heart of Love in the midst of it.—There are several heads by Holbein scattered up and down the different compartments. We need hardly observe that they all have character in the extreme, so that we may be said to be acquainted with the people they represent; but then they give nothing but character, and only one part of that, viz. the dry, the literal, the concrete, and fixed. They want the inspiration of passion and beauty; but they are the finest *caput mortuum*s of expression that ever were made. Hans Holbein had none of the volatile essence of genius in his composition. If portrait-painting is the prose of the art, his pictures are the prose of portrait-painting. Yet he is “a reverend name” in art, and one of the benefactors of the human mind. He has left faces behind him that we would give the world to have seen, and there they are—stamped on his canvas for ever! Art is *Time’s Telescope*. Who, in reading over certain names, does not feel a yearning in

his breast to know their features and their lineaments? We look through a small frame, and lo! at the distance of three centuries, we have before us the figures of Anne Boleyn, of the virtuous Cranmer, the bigotted Queen Mary, the noble Surrey—as if we had seen them in their life-time, not perhaps in their best moods or happiest attitudes, but as they sometimes looked, no doubt. We know at least what sort of looking-people they were: our minds are made easy on that score; the “body and limbs” are there, and we may “add what flourishes” of grace or ornament we please. Holbein’s heads are to the finest portraits what state-papers are to history.

The first picture in the Fourth Room is *the Prophet Samuel*, by Sir Joshua. It is not the Prophet Samuel, but a very charming picture of a little child saying its prayers. The second is, *The Education of Bacchus*, by Nicolas Poussin. This picture makes one thirsty to look at it—the colouring even is dry and adust. It is true *history* in the technical phrase, that is to say, true *poetry* in the vulgate. The figure of the infant Bacchus seems as if he would drink up a vintage—he drinks with his mouth, his hands, his belly, and his whole body. Garagantua was nothing to him. In *the Education of Jupiter*, in like manner, we are thrown back into the infancy of mythologic lore. The little Jupiter, suckled by a she-goat, is beautifully conceived and expressed; and the dignity and ascendancy given to these animals in the picture is wonderfully happy. They have a very imposing air of gravity indeed, and seem to be by prescription “grand caterers and wet-nurses of the state” of Heaven! *Apollo giving a Poet a Cup of Water to drink* is elegant and classical; and *The Flight into Egypt* instantly takes the tone of Scripture-history. This is strange, but so it is. All things are possible to the imagination. All things, about which we have a feeling, may be expressed by true genius. A dark landscape (by the same hand) in a corner of the room is a proof of this. There are trees in the fore-ground, with a paved road and buildings in the distance. The Genius of antiquity might walk here, and feel itself at home. The large

leaves are wet and heavy with dew, and the eye dwells "under the shade of melancholy boughs." In the old collection (in Mr. Desenfans' time) the Poussins occupied a separate room by themselves, and it was (we confess) a very favourite room with us.—No. 226, is a *Landscape*, by Salvator Rosa. It is one of his very best—rough, grotesque, wild—Pan has struck it with his hoof—the trees, the rocks, the fore-ground, are of a piece, and the figures are subordinate to the landscape. The same dull sky lowers upon the scene, and the bleak air chills the crisp surface of the water. It is a consolation to us to meet with a fine Salvator. His is one of the great names in art, and it is among our sources of regret that we cannot always admire his works as we would do, from our respect to his reputation and our love of the man. Poor Salvator! He was unhappy in his life-time; and it vexes us to find that we cannot make him amends by thinking him so great a painter as some others, whose fame was not their only inheritance!—227, *Venus and Cupid*, is a delightful copy after Correggio. We have no such regrets or qualms of conscience with respect to him. "He has had his reward." The weight of his renown balances the weight of barbarous coin that sunk him to the earth. Could he live now, and know what others think of him, his misfortunes would seem as dross compared with his lasting glory, and his heart would melt within him at the thought, with a sweetness that only his own pencil could express.—233, *The Virgin, Infant Christ, and St. John*, by Andrea del Sarto, is exceedingly good.—290, *Another Holy Family*, by the same, is an admirable picture, and only inferior to Raphael. It has delicacy, force, thought, and feeling. "What lacks it then," to be equal to Raphael? We hardly know, unless it be a certain firmness and freedom, and glowing animation. The execution is more timid and laboured. It looks like a picture (an exquisite one, indeed), but Raphael's look like the reality, the divine reality!—No. 234, *Cocles defending the Bridge*, is by Le Brun. We do not like this picture, nor 271, *The Massacre of the Innocents*, by the same artist. One reason is that

they are French, and another that they are not good. They have great merit, it is true, but their merits are only splendid sins. They are mechanical, mannered, colourless, and unfeeling.—No. 237 is Murillo's *Spanish Girl, with Flowers*. The sun tinted the young gipsy's complexion, and not the painter.—No. 240, is *The Cascatella and Villa of Mæcenæ, near Tivoli*, by Wilson, with his own portrait in the fore-ground. It is an imperfect sketch; but there is a curious anecdote relating to it, that he was so delighted with the waterfall itself, that he cried out, while painting it: "Well done, water, by G—d!"—No. 243, *Saint Cecilia*, by Guercino, is a very pleasing picture, in his least gaudy manner.—No. 251, *Venus and Adonis*, by Titian. We see so many of these Venuses and Adonises, that we should like to know which is the true one. This is one of the best we have seen. We have two Francesco Molas in this room, the *Rape of Proserpine*, and a *Landscape with a Holy Family*. This artist dipped his pencil so thoroughly in Titian's palette, that his works cannot fail to have that rich, mellow look, which is always delightful.—No. 303, *Portrait of Philip the Fourth of Spain*, by Velasquez, is purity and truth itself. We used to like the *Sleeping Nymph*, by Titian, when we saw it formerly in the little entrance-room at Desenfans', but we cannot say much in its praise here.

The FIFTH ROOM is the smallest, but the most precious in its contents.—No. 322, *Spanish Beggar Boys*, by Murillo, is the triumph of this collection, almost of painting. In the imitation of common life, nothing ever went beyond it, or, as far as we can judge, came up to it. A Dutch picture is mechanical, and mere *still-life* to it. But this is life itself. The Boy at play on the ground is miraculous. It is done with a few dragging strokes of the pencil, and with a little tinge of colour; but the mouth, the nose, the eyes, the chin, are as brimful as they can hold of expression, of arch roguery, of animal spirits, of vigorous, elastic health. The vivid, glowing, cheerful look is such as could only be found beneath a southern sun. The fens and dykes of Holland (with all our respect for them) could never produce such an

epitome of the vital principle. The other boy, standing up with the pitcher in his hand, and a crust of bread in his mouth, is scarcely less excellent. His sulky, phlegmatic indifference speaks for itself. The companion to this picture, 324, is also very fine. Compared with these imitations of nature, as faultless as they are spirited, Murillo's Virgins and Angels, however good in themselves, look vapid, and even vulgar. A *Child Sleeping*, by the same painter, is a beautiful and masterly study.—No. 329, a *Musical Party*, by Giorgione, is well worthy of the notice of the connoisseur.—No. 331, *St. John preaching in the Wilderness*, by Guido, is an extraordinary picture, and very unlike this painter's usual manner. The colour is as if the flesh had been stained all over with brick-dust. There is, however, a wildness about it which accords well with the subject, and the figure of St. John is full of grace and gusto.—No. 344, *The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*, by the same, is much finer, both as to execution and expression. The face is imbued with passion.—No. 345, *Portrait of a Man*, by L. da Vinci, is truly simple and grand, and at once carries you back to that age.—Boors

Merry Making, by Ostade, is fine; but has little business where it is. Yet it takes up very little room.—No. 347, *Portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the character of the Tragic Muse*, by Sir Joshua, appears to us to resemble neither Mrs. Siddons, nor the Tragic Muse. It is in a bastard style of art. Sir Joshua had an importunate theory of improving upon nature. He might improve upon indifferent nature, but when he had got the finest, he thought to improve upon that too, and only spoiled it.—No. 349, *The Virgin and Child*, by Correggio, can only be a copy.—No. 332, *The Judgment of Paris*, by Vanderwerf, is a picture, and by a master, that we hate. He always chooses for his subjects naked figures of women, and tantalises us by making them of coloured ivory. They are like hard-ware toys.—No. 354, *a Cardinal blessing a Priest*, by P. Veronese, is dignified and picturesque in the highest degree.—No. 355, *The Adoration of the Shepherds*, by Annibal Caracci, is an elaborate, but not very successful performance.—No. 356, *Christ bearing his Cross*, by Morales, concludes this list, and is worthy to conclude it.

W. H.

A CHARACTER OF THE LATE ELIA,

BY A FRIEND.

THIS gentleman, who for some months past had been in a declining way, hath at length paid his final tribute to nature. He just lived long enough (it was what he wished) to see his papers collected into a volume. The pages of the LONDON MAGAZINE will henceforth know him no more.

Exactly at twelve last night his queer spirit departed, and the bells of Saint Bride's rang him out with the old year. The mournful vibrations were caught in the dining room of his friends T. and H.; and the company, assembled there to welcome in another First of January, checked their carousals in mid-mirth, and were silent. Janus wept. The gentle P——r, in a whisper, signified his intention of devoting an Elegy; and Allan C——, nobly forgetful of his countrymen's wrongs,

vowed a Memoir to his *manes*, full and friendly as a Tale of Lyddal-cross.

To say truth, it is time he were gone. The humour of the thing, if there was ever much in it, was pretty well exhausted; and a two years' and a half existence has been a tolerable duration for a phantom.

I am now at liberty to confess, that much which I have heard objected to my late friend's writings was well-founded. Crude they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite things—villainously pranked in an affected array of antique modes and phrases. They had not been *his*, if they had been other than such; and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him. Egotistical they have been

pronounced by some who did not know, that what he tells us, as of himself, was often true only (historically) of another; as in his Fourth Essay (to save many instances)—where under the *first person* (his favourite figure) he shadows forth the forlorn estate of a country-boy placed at a London school, far from his friends and connections—in direct opposition to his own early history.—If it be egotism to imply and twine with his own identity the griefs and affections of another—making himself many, or reducing many unto himself—then is the skillful novelist, who all along brings in his hero, or heroine, speaking of themselves, the greatest egotist of all; who yet has never, therefore, been accused of that narrowness. And how shall the intenser dramatist escape being faulty, who doubtless, under cover of passion uttered by another, oftentimes gives blameless vent to his most inward feelings, and expresses his own story modestly?

My late friend was in many respects a singular character. Those who did not like him, hated him; and some, who once liked him, afterwards became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and in whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, and would e'en out with what came uppermost. With the severe religionist he would pass for a free-thinker; while the other faction set him down for a bigot, or persuaded themselves that he belied his sentiments. Few understood him; and I am not certain that at all times he quite understood himself. He too much affected that dangerous figure—irony. He sowed doubtful speeches, and reaped plain, unequivocal hatred.—He would interrupt the gravest discussion with some light jest; and yet, perhaps, not quite irrelevant in ears that could understand it. Your long and much talkers hated him. The informal habit of his mind, joined to an inveterate impediment of speech, forbade him to be an orator; and he seemed determined that no one else should play that part when he was present. He was *petit* and ordinary in his person and appearance. I have seen him sometimes in what is called good com-

pany, but where he has been a stranger, sit silent, and be suspected for an odd fellow; till some unlucky occasion provoking it, he would stutter out some senseless pun (not altogether senseless perhaps, if rightly taken), which has stamped his character for the evening. It was hit or miss with him; but nine times out of ten, he contrived by this device to send away a whole company his enemies. His conceptions rose kinder than his utterance, and his happiest *impromptus* had the appearance of effort. He has been accused of trying to be witty, when in truth he was but struggling to give his poor thoughts articulation. He chose his companions for some individuality of character which they manifested.—Hence, not many persons of science, and few professed *literati*, were of his councils. They were, for the most part, persons of an uncertain fortune; and, as to such people commonly nothing is more obnoxious than a gentleman of settled (though moderate) income, he passed with most of them for a great miser. To my knowledge this was a mistake. His *intimados*, to confess a truth, were in the world's eye a ragged regiment. He found them floating on the surface of society; and the colour, or something else, in the weed pleased him. The burrs stuck to him—but they were good and loving burrs for all that. He never greatly cared for the society of what are called good people. If any of these were scandalised (and offences were sure to arise), he could not help it. When he has been remonstrated with for not making more concessions to the feelings of good people, he would retort by asking, what one point did these good people ever concede to him? He was temperate in his meals and diversions, but always kept a little on this side of abstemiousness. Only in the use of the Indian weed he might be thought a little excessive. He took it, he would say, as a solvent of speech. Marry—as the friendly vapour ascended, how his prattle would curl up sometimes with it! the ligaments, which tongue-tied him, were loosened, and the stammerer proceeded a statish!

I do not know whether I ought to bemoan or rejoice that my old friend is departed. His jests were beginning to grow obsolete, and his stories

to be found out. He felt the approaches of age; and while he pretended to cling to life, you saw how slender were the ties left to bind him. Discoursing with him latterly on this subject, he expressed himself with a pettishness, which I thought unworthy of him. In our walks about his suburban retreat (as he called it) at Shacklewell, some children belonging to a school of industry had met us, and bowed and curtsied, as he thought, in an especial manner to *him*. "They take me for a visiting governor," he muttered earnestly. He had a horror, which he carried to a foible, of looking like any thing important and parochial. He thought that he approached nearer to that stamp daily. He had a general aversion from being treated like a grave or respectable character, and kept a wary eye upon the advances of age that should so entitle him. He herded always, while it was possible, with people younger than himself. He did not conform to the march of time, but was dragged along in the procession. His manners lagged behind his years. He was too much of the boy-man. The *toga virilis* never sate gracefully on his shoulders. The impressions of infancy had burnt into him, and he resented the impertinence of manhood. These were weaknesses; but such as they were, they are a key to explicate some of his writings.

He left little property behind him. Of course, the little that is left (chiefly in India bonds) devolves upon his cousin Bridget. A few critical dissertations were found in his escrutoire, which have been handed over to the Editor of this Magazine, in which it is to be hoped they will shortly appear, retaining his accustomed signature.

He has himself not obscurely hinted that his employment lay in a public office. The gentlemen in the Export department of the East India House will forgive me, if I acknowledge the readiness with which they assisted me in the retrieval of his few manuscripts. They pointed out in a most obliging manner the desk, at which he had been planted for forty years; showed me ponderous tomes of figures, in his own remarkably neat hand, which, more properly than his few printed tracts,

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might be called his "Works." They seemed affectionate to his memory, and universally commended his expertness in book-keeping. It seems he was the inventor of some ledger, which should combine the precision and certainty of the Italian double-entry (I think they called it) with the brevity and facility of some newer German system—but I am not able to appreciate the worth of the discovery. I have often heard him express a warm regard for his associates in office, and how fortunate he considered himself in having his lot thrown in amongst them. There is more sense, more discourse, more shrewdness, and even talent, among these clerks (he would say) than in twice the number of authors by profession that I have conversed with. He would brighten up sometimes upon the "old days of the India House," when he consorted with Woodroffe, and Wissett, and Peter Corbet (a descendant and worthy representative, bating the point of sanctity, of old facetious bishop Corbet), and Hoole who translated Tasso, and Bartlemy Brown whose father (God assoil him therefore) modernized Walton—and sly warm-hearted old Jack Cole (King Cole they called him in those days), and Campe, and Fombelle—and a world of choice spirits, more than I can remember to name, who associated in those days with Jack Burrell (the *bon vivant* of the South Sea House), and little Eyton (said to be a *fac simile* of Pope—he was a miniature of a gentleman) that was cashier under him, and Dan Voight of the Custom House that left the famous library.

Well, Elia is gone—for aught I know, to be reunited with them—and these poor traces of his pen are all we have to show for it. How little survives of the wordiest authors! Of all they said or did in their lifetime, a few glittering words only! His Essays found some favourers, as they appeared separately; they shuffled their way in the crowd well enough singly; how they will *read*, now they are brought together, is a question for the publishers, who have thus ventured to draw out into one piece his "weaved-up follies."

PHIL-ELIA.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN PARIS.

NEW Year's Day is the day best suited to universal holiday of any of the three hundred and sixty-five. It is the period of the regeneration of the Calendar in the most interesting parts of the civilized world. Persons of all ranks and occupations take an interest in it. It is the beginning of a new era. We have made up our accounts of happiness and sorrow with the old year; we have struck the moral balance, calculated the profit and loss, and taken stock as a trader does of his goods. We turn over a new leaf, we enter upon a fresh series of transactions, and the common maxim, "As is the beginning so shall be the ending," disposes us to enter upon it joyfully. It is a day of peace-making. Family quarrels are adjusted, broken intimacies repaired, severed friendships reunited; and many a one who would reject an overture of reconciliation on the second of March, would make no scruple of being the foremost to propose it on the first of January: the season levels all the distinctions of etiquette which usually restrain the better impulses of the heart. These are among its positive advantages over all the other days of the year; it possesses many negative ones derived from their inefficiencies for holiday-making in its complete sense.

Christmas Day, notwithstanding its gambols, turkeys, and plum-puddings, is of somewhat too serious a character for the purpose; besides that it suggests ideas of tradesmen's bills. Michaelmas, indeed, is hallowed by the roasting of geese, and, which is still better, the eating of them; but then the twenty-ninth of September is *Quarter-day*! As for Lady Day, and Midsummer—Midsummer duck-and-green-pease is mere affectation, the impotent struggle of a would-be holiday—they owe their prominence in the almanack purely to the invention of rent and taxes, and impudently stand forth as claimants on our purses, without even a decent attempt to render their approach less unwelcome, by affording us a pretext for merry-making: they are a couple of surly tax-ga-

therers. Easter and Whitsuntide are not altogether destitute of merit, but the advantages they possess are considerably abated by their being more or less considered by different sects. This destroys their universality.—Kings' birth-days are too local: one is not obliged to rejoice on the birthday of any king, excepting the king of one's own country. The joyous influence of the twelfth of August is necessarily confined to England and its immediate dependencies; but there is no law to compel a Dutchman to cut capers and be lively on that day, to keep British subjects in countenance. The birth-day of Louis XVIII is a day of jubilee throughout all France, and the English residents there emulate the natives of the country in their manifestations of happiness on the occasion; but in London an Englishman may rejoice or not, just as he pleases; and it is even probable that a Frenchman, living under the protection of a foreign government, might, on the seventeenth of November, exhibit a long face with impunity. Kings' birth-days are, decidedly, too local; but in all other respects they are so admirably fitted for holidays, that it is much to be lamented that all the crowned heads in Christendom were not ushered into the world on the same day of the year. One's own birth-day! It is an excellent holiday for one's own self, but infinitely too limited in its joyous influence for general use. And, alas! how many poor souls are there to whom the anniversary of their birth brings nought but bitter recollections, to whom it is a day of sorrow rather than of joy, who look back with repentance or regret upon the years which have passed, and heavily step forward into the year that is to come, without a hope perhaps—except that it may be their last!

Lord Mayor's Day would be scarcely worth a passing notice, but that many persons of sense and erudition have considered it a fitting opportunity for holiday-making. The main objection against it is, that it is even more limited in its influence than a king's birth-day. It is purely a Lon-

don holiday, nay, a city holiday, in which the population west of Temple-bar takes as little concern, as it does in the celebration of the virtues of Lady Godiva at Coventry. For my own part, I never could look upon it as a holiday, or a day of rejoicing, even in the city. There is, to be sure, the ringing of bells, and the firing of the river fencibles; and there are processions and feasting; but these are all expedients invented with a view to conceal the real sadness and melancholy inherent in the occasion—an intention which, after all, is but very imperfectly executed. Take what is commonly considered as the gayest and most important point of the ceremonies of the day, the dinner—(I address myself to those who are capable of digesting not merely turtle, but ideas)—there are few things intrinsically so afflicting. Rejoicing supposes gladness; and there can be but little gladness at a feast at which many an aching heart is seated, where we can even number the bosoms in which they throb. One of the most prominent ornaments of the table, the late Lord Mayor, or, as he is vulgarly termed, the *old* Lord Mayor—as one would speak of a cast-aside, a worn-out utensil—is a discontented, a repining, an unhappy man. Human nature forbids it to be otherwise; and what must be the feelings of the guests when they ruminate on his! There he sits, a living sermon on the vanity, the frailty, and the brevity of terrestrial grandeur; a bitter, yet salutary sermon preached distinctly *at* and *to* the new Lord Mayor. But *he* heeds it not; he is too full of his infant honours. See! he rises—he gazes at his predecessor—there is condescension, pity, nay, somewhat of protection in his aspect—he pledges him—the *old one* accepts the cup—there is gall and wormwood in it—he casts a mournful glance at the glittering insignia which but yesterday were his—he smiles, but his heart is sinking within him! * “But yes-

terday,” he thinks, “was I the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor! What am I now? neither one thing nor t’other! Alas! what shall I be to-morrow? Mister, plain Mister!” Then the numerous dependants and sub-officers who surround him, and who lose their dignities at the moment he is shorn of his! And, most pitiable of all, the *old* Lady Mayoress, “tittering to squench her tears,” as a certain Deputy’s Lady, celebrated rather for the force than the elegance of her phrases, once expressed it. But to contemplate the last expiring gasp of the civic honours of a Lady Mayoress is too painful an effort—the heart bleeds at it. Can gaiety and gladness exist where we find in such abundance the elements of suffering and of woe? Spite of the human vessels, into whose capacious recesses Guildhall discharges the savoury burthens of her table,—spite of their *bellies* which *think* the ninth of November a day of rejoicing, and would gainsay me, Lord Mayor’s Day can never become a holiday.

No, the first day of the new year is decidedly the day of all others, and it is much to be lamented that in England it is so little distinguished. In London, indeed, the Bank is closed, and the quays are deserted; but the shops are open, people walk about in their every-day clothes, and the day *looks* like any other; and, except a dinner of ceremony, or of good fellowship, nothing is done to mark it, and confer on it the pre-eminence it merits. We drink the Old Year out—(a melancholy funereal ceremony, the interring of one who has been our companion through storm and sunshine for a whole twelvemonth)—and we drink the New Year in: but this short welcome over, we inhospitably leave the stranger to make its way as it can.

But New Year’s Day in Paris! *Le Jour de l’An*, as the French emphatically call it—the *day of the year*—the day of all others—is a holi-

* A certain worthy *new* Lord Mayor seems to have entertained the same ideas on the subject as the author. At the Guildhall dinner he rose to propose the health of his predecessor. This was his speech; “My worthy *ancestor*, I rise to drink your health, and may you enjoy on the occasion of your *extinguishment* out of the dignity which I am elevated up into—” Here, perceiving that the gloom deepened on the countenance of his *worthy ancestor*, he added, in a tone of extreme kindness, “Come, come, damn it, never mind; it aint my fault, you know; gulp down your wine, old boy.”

day indeed. The Parisians pay no honours to the old year; it has performed its office, resigned its place; it is past, gone, dead, defunct; all the harm or the good it could do is done, and there is an end of it. But what a merry welcome is given to its successor! Perhaps this is somewhat owing to national character: the French soon forget an old acquaintance, and speedily become familiar with a new one. The very appearance of New Year's Day is sufficient to distinguish it; and any one acquainted with Parisian manners, dropping from the clouds down upon the Boulevards, would at once exclaim, "Parbleu! c'est le Jour de l'An!"

It is unlike the *Carnival*, which is distinguished by its maskings and its buffooneries; at every turn you meet a tall lanky punch, or an unwieldy harlequin, with his hands in his breeches-pockets; and coach-loads of grotesque disguises rattle through the streets.

It is unlike the *Saint Louis*, which is the holiday of the rabble, when all the scum of Paris is in motion, when bread, and sausages, and wine, are distributed gratis, and all the theatres are thrown open at noon-day.

It is unlike the *Fête Dieu*, which is the holiday of the religious, or the pretenders to religion; when solemn processions move along the streets, and the air is perfumed with incense and sweet herbs.

It is unlike *Longchamps*, the period devoted to the worship of Fashion, the goddess who exercises unbounded sway over all ranks and classes in Paris. It is then she issues her mandates, and dictates the mode in which it is her will to be worshipped for the season to come. It is the holiday of the fop and the *petite maitresse*; it is the harvest of the taylor and the *marchande des modes*: from the prince to the porter, from the duchess down to the *poissarde*, every one who has a reputation to maintain in the *fashionable world*—and who has not?—must sport something new on the occasion. A carriage, a pelisse, a new set of harness, liveries, a gown, a hat, a ribband, each according to their station. It is the period of universal pretension. Not a little daughter of a little *bourgeois*, whose severe eco-

nomies throughout the preceding winter have enabled her to procure a coloured muslin gown for *Longchamps*, but fancies, as she shuffles along from the *Faubourg St. Martin* to the *Champs Elysées*, that she is the paramount object of attention. "Dieu! comme ma robe a fait de l'effet à Longchamps!" The countess thinks the same of her new liveries; the dandy of his cabriolet; the opera girl of her carriage, just presented to her by some booby *milord*, who is duped, jilted, laughed at, ridiculed, and caricatured, for his misplaced liberality. My landlord had bought a new umbrella. One day I begged him to lend it to me. It was impossible; for he had not bought it to have it rained upon—at least till after he had shown it at *Longchamps*. And then the jealousies, the quarrels, the heart-burnings, this important season excites! Previously to the last *Longchamps*, Madame St. Leon, in pure openness of heart, showed the bonnet she intended to wear to her intimate friend Madame Desrosiers. Will it be credited! Madame Desrosiers went immediately to the *marchande des modes* who made it, and ordered one precisely similar, in which she appeared at *Longchamps* an hour earlier than her friend. Madame St. Leon justly stigmatized this conduct as a piece of unheard-of treachery—*une trahison inouïe!* But what follows is scarcely in human nature—it is so improbable, yet so true, that it might form the subject of a melodrama. Madame La Jeune and Madame St. Victor were bound together by the strongest bonds of friendship and affection—they were sisters rather than friends—their hopes, their fears, their wishes, their sorrows, their pleasures, were in common—their confidence was mutual—they often swore that they had no secrets from each other; and, in fact, this was almost true. As might be expected, at the approach of *Longchamps*, they consulted together about the dresses they should wear; and, as might be expected, it was settled that, as on former occasions, their dresses should be exactly alike. The chief point agreed upon was, that their gowns should be made with four *ruches*, or flounces. My pen almost rejects its office. Madame St. Victor appeared in a

gown with six *ruches*! Every one admitted that Madame St. Victor's conduct was *de la dernière infamie*. The infamy of Madame St. Victor's conduct is, perhaps, somewhat redeemed by the circumstance of her dear friend's having secretly ordered five *ruches* to her gown, of which fact Madame St. Victor was fortunately informed in time to advance upon the encroachments of her treacherous *amie*.

In former times, Queens did not disdain to mingle in this combat of vanity and display. The unfortunate Marie Antoinette once ordered a mistress of the Comte d'Artois to be turned out of the *Champs Elysées*, for presuming to appear in an equipage which eclipsed the splendour of her own. Now the struggle is abandoned to opera girls, fourth-rate actresses, kept mistresses, and the *petite bourgeoisie*. The real fashion either goes on foot to behold the scene, or in a carriage *sans pretension*.

But the *Jour de l'An* is every body's holiday, the holiday of all ages, ranks, and conditions. Relations, friends, acquaintance, visit each other, kiss, and exchange sugar-plums. For weeks previous to it, all the makers and venders of fancy articles, from diamond necklaces and tiaras, down to sweetmeat boxes, are busily employed in the preparation of *Etreennes*—New Year's presents. But the staple commodity of French commerce, at this period, is sugar-plums. At all times of the year are the shops of the *marchands de bon-bons*, in this modern Athens (as the Parisians call Paris), amply stocked, and constant is the demand for their luscious contents; but now the superb *magazins* in the Rue Vivienne, the splendid *boutiques* on the Boulevards, the magnificent *dépôts* in the Palais Royal, are rich in sweets beyond even that sugary conception, a child's paradise, and they are literally crowded from morning till night by persons of all ages, men, women, and children. Vast and various is the invention of the *fabricants* of this important necessary of life; and sugar is formed into tasteful imitations of carrots, cupids, ends of candle, roses, sausages, soap, bead-necklaces—all that is nice or nasty in nature and art. Ounce weights are thrown aside, and

nothing under dozens of pounds is to be seen on the groaning counters; the wearied venders forget to number by units, and fly to scores, hundreds, and thousands. But brilliant as are the exhibitions of sugar-work in this gay quarter of the town, they must yield for quantity to the astounding masses of the *Rue des Lombards*. That is the place resorted to by great purchasers, by such as require, not pounds, but hundred weights for distribution. There reside all the mighty compounders, the venders at first hand; and sugar-plum makers are as numerous in the Parisian Lombard-street, as are the traffickers in *douceurs* of a more substantial character in its namesake in London.

The day has scarcely dawned, and all is life, bustle, and movement. The visiting lists are prepared, the presents arranged, the cards are placed in due order of delivery. Vehicles of all descriptions are already crossing and jostling in every quarter of the city. Fortunate are they who, unblest with a *calèche* or a *cabriolet* of their own, have succeeded in engaging one for the day at six times its ordinary cost. Happy is he whose eloquence has prevailed with the driver of a *fiacre* or a *cabriolet*, to engage *by the hour* for three or four times the usual fare, or his purse would become lighter by thirty sous at each visit he made, though but the width of a street interposed between them. These servants of the public, the hackney-coachmen, are rather a more decent set of people than the same class in London, and the *cabriolet* drivers are again superior to *them*. The superiority of the latter may in some measure be accounted for, from their constant opportunities of conversation with their *fares*; while the coachmen, like ours, are either left by themselves on their seats, or to associate one with the other,—each alternative leaving them in tolerably bad company. Abandoning this important point to the consideration of any young aspirant in moral philosophy who may be in want of a thesis, I shall merely suggest, as a probable reason why both are as civil and well-conducted as such gentry can be, that a very benevolent institution, called the police, watches over

them with the most constant and affectionate solicitude. "Coachman," said I to a London jarvey, "why really you are a decent sort of man!" "Vy, master, I'm about as good as the rest on us; but, on the 'ole, ve 'ackney-coachmen should be the greatest blackguards in all Lunnun, if them 'ere vatermen didn't 'inder us." "And how do they so?" "Vy, because they somehow contrive to be even greater blackguards than ve."

On New Year's Day the Paris fraternity are allowed the enjoyment of what seems to be their birth-right—rudeness and extortion; or rather their exercise of it is tolerated. There, on yonder deserted stand, are collected eighteen or twenty people who have been waiting, the greater part of the morning, the possibility of the arrival of an unhired vehicle. At length—for wonders never cease—a cabriolet approaches. It is surrounded, besieged, assaulted, stormed. It is literally put up to auction to be let to the highest bidder. That poor servant of the public, its driver, now finds that the public is his, and his very humble and beseeching servant too. "Eh, bien, voyons, combien me donnerez vous?"—"I'll give you—," says one taking out his watch. "Au diable, l'imbecile! he wants a cabriolet à l'heure on New Year's Day—to drive him to Pontoise, perhaps." (A place celebrated for its calves.) "And you there, grand nigaud, with your watch in your hand! *A bas les montres*, or I'll listen to none of you. *A la course, à la course!* And you, *ma petite demoiselle*, what is it you offer? How! three francs! *Elle est gentille, la petite, avec les trois francs! Allons! tout ça m'ennuie.* I'll go take a drive in the Bois de Boulogne for my own pleasure." At length he consents to take a little squat *négociant* at five times the usual fare, exclaiming, as he drives off, "Ma foi, j'ai trop bon cœur—je me laisse attendre."

But all this time I have my own pockets full of sugar-plums, a cumbersome load! There—I have got through my few visits, and now—but hold, I must not forget Monsieur Valcour. I believe we do not like each other, but I find his *Soirées* very agreeable; he has sometimes need of

my counsels in the management of his horses and dogs; and, this being sufficient for the establishment of a very decent friendship, we cordially embrace and exchange sugar-plums every New Year's Day. The family is assembled in madame's bed-chamber. They surround a large marble table which is covered with baskets, silken-bags, paper vases, pasteboard cornucopias, and other vessels of a similar description, all full of bonbons, dragées, sugar-candy, sugar-almonds, sugar-plums—sugar in all forms, and of all colours. They are in ecstasies at some sugar ends of candle, with chocolate wicks, just presented by a visitor, and agree that not only they are delicious, but made—*à ravir!—divinement!* M. Valcour, who expects a seat in the next Chamber of Deputies, and is now engaged in the composition of a work on political economy, takes me aside, and, with a very profound contraction of the brow, says, "Setting aside all national prejudices, you cannot but acknowledge that we have *perfected* these things in France." I approach madame, kiss each of her cheeks, and add my mite to the mountain of sweets. Madame's mother is present,—a good snuff-taking lady of sixty-seven—but the ceremony is *de rigueur*, and must be performed. In this world there is a pretty equal balance of good and ill; and, in my own case, but half an hour before, I made my New Year's visit to a sprightly little grandmother just turned of four-and-thirty, who, on my entrance, was singing a waltz tune, and dancing round a chair. Young grandmothers are not uncommon in France; and a man of a certain age might even marry a great grandmother without incurring the ridicule such a step would draw down upon him in England. But to return to M. Valcour. Having paid the usual respects to the mamma and the grandmamma, I present a small packet of peppermint drops to papa—I might kiss him too—who instantly swallows a handful, and praises them in terms of exaggeration suitable to the occasion. Then come masters Alexis, Achilles, Hector, and Télémaque, and the daughters Cléopâtre, Euphrosyne, and Flore—names very common in French fa-

milies—and these relieve me of the remainder of my burthen. I withdraw ; but not till madame has shown me an instance of *Monsieur's aimabilité*. He had that morning presented her with a *corbeille* (an ornamented satin box), which, in the simplicity of her heart, she imagined contained nothing but sugar-plums ; but what was her astonishment when, on removing them, she discovered a *Cachemire magnifique* ! Her astonishment, however, seemed rather affected ; for had M. Valcour presented her with a set of diamonds, he must, in honour of the day, have smothered them in *bon-bons*.

And now, being at leisure, this corner window at Tortoni's is a convenient spot for observing a variety of passers. There is, however, a little accident which is rather unfavourable to observation. It is a thick, dense, heavy, dirty-brown, ill-flavoured vapour, which prevents one's seeing distinctly twenty yards before one ; a phenomenon such as in London we term a *fog*, but which I am positively assured by a Frenchman at my side is not a fog, merely a kind of exhalation ; fogs being peculiar to England, and utterly unknown in this *beau climat*—“ *d'ailleurs c'est connu de tout le monde ça*.” As this is known to all the world, at least to all Paris, which, according to French notions, means precisely the same thing, and fogs moreover being the curse of England, prevailing alike in July and November, obscuring the sun, and intercepting his power of ripening even an apple—very current opinions all over the said *world*—it is useless to dispute the point.

In yonder carriage is the Minister for the — Department. He is going to the Palace, to pay to its august inhabitant his annual tribute of homage, or, to express it more accurately (since Ministries *et cetera* are liable to change), to render the tribute of homage due from the — Department to the Palace. There will he see assembled all his honourable colleagues, together with the *corps diplomatique*, a crowd of civil dignitaries, Marshals, Generals, Presidents, Bishops, Abbés, Professors, Academicians, Governors of Public institutions, Deputations from Chief Towns, and Representatives of a variety of

great bodies, all performing the same ceremony. We cannot but approve this custom—it forms a bond of attachment between the people and their governor—it *has been faithfully observed for the last thirty years*. Not the least curious among the different groups is the deputation from the *Dames de la Halle—Anglicè*, fish-fags. The visit of these *Ladies*—the French are certainly the politest people in the world—their visit will be formally noticed in to-morrow's *Moniteur*. These gentle creatures have sometimes rendered their *calls* at the Royal Palaces more extensively notorious. One cannot but think that French politeness is running to waste when we see it so indiscriminately lavished. In this instance, perhaps, profusion is prudent. *Mesdames les poissardes*, who are themselves not remarkable for a delicate choice of language, are exceedingly fastidious about the forms of address used towards them ; and they are mistresses of a mode of teaching people to keep civil tongues in their heads, which has the great merit of being adapted to the meanest capacities.

There goes Monsieur le Chevalier de —. His visit is to a certain man in power with whom he is but slightly acquainted—it is his first—*n'importe*—on the *Jour de l'An*, a visit is always *aimable*. The man in power can recommend to a vacant *Préfecture*, which the Chevalier is anxious to obtain. The patron is just gone out. *Tant mieux*. But madame is visible. *Tant mieux encore*. He presents a little box of *bon-bons*. Madame laughingly remarks that the box is heavy for its size. Monsieur le Chevalier is already destined to fill the vacant *Préfecture*.

But the man in power—where is he all this time ? He wants an important place for his son, and is gone to slide a box of *bon-bons* into the hand of a greater man than himself. In France, as in most other countries, the art of adroitly administering sugar-plums, and the art of obtaining places, are synonymous phrases.

That is Mademoiselle — of the *Théâtre Français*. Her first visit is to Monsieur — editor of the — journal. Three days ago she received a hint that he had prepared a thundering article against her intend-

ed performance of *Célimine*, which she is to act for the first time on Monday next. The chased silver-gilt *soupière* at her side is a new-year's present for *Monsieur le Rédacteur*. The article will not appear. Her performance will be cited as a model *de grace, d'intelligence, et d'esprit*.

That?—Hush! turn away, or he will call us out for merely looking at him. 'Tis Z—, the celebrated duellist. Yesterday he wounded General de B—, the day before he killed M. de C—, and he has an affair on hand for to-morrow. To-day he goes about distributing sugar-plums, as in duty bound, for *c'est un homme très aimable*.

I don't know either of the two gentlemen who are kissing both sides of each other's faces, bowing, and exchanging little paper packets. The very old man passing close to them, in a single-breasted faded silk coat, the colour of which once was apple-blossom, is the younger brother of the Comte de ——. He is on his way to pay his annual visit to Mademoiselle —, who was his mistress some years before the breaking out of the Revolution. He stops to purchase a *bouquet* composed of violets and roses—Violets and roses on New Year's Day!—his accustomed present. His visit is not one of affection—scarcely of friendship—*c'est une affaire d'habitude*.

I am of your opinion, that Mademoiselle Entrechat, the opera-dancer, is extraordinarily ugly, and of opinion with every one else, that she is a fool. She is handsome enough, however, in the estimation of our countryman, Sir X— Y— (who is economizing in Paris), because she dances, and has just sense enough to dupe him—very little is sufficient, Heaven knows! He is now on his way to her with a splendid *Cachemire* and a few *rouleaus*. "*Vraiment, les Anglais sont charmants*." The poor simpleton believes she means it, and sputters something in unintelligible French in reply; at which Mademoiselle's Brother swears a big oath, that *Monsieur l'Anglais a de l'esprit comme*

quatre. Sir X— Y— invites him to dinner, but the Captain *makes it a rule to dine with his sister on New Year's Day*. O! if some of our poor simple countrymen could but see behind the curtain —! but 'tis their affair, not mine.

In that cabriolet is an actress who wants to come out at the Comic Opera. What could have put it into her head that Monsieur L—, who has a voice potential in the Theatrical Senate, has just occasion for a breakfast-service in Sevres porcelaine!

Behind is a hackney-coach-full of little *figurantes*, who have clubbed together for the expense of it. They are going to *etrenner* the Ballet-master. One does not like to dance in the rear where no body can see her; another is anxious to dance *seule*; a third, the daughter of my washerwoman, is sure she could act *Nina*, if they would but let her try; a fourth wants the place of *ouvreuse de loges* for her *maman* who sells roasted chesnuts at yonder corner. They offer their sugar-plums, but, alas! they lack the gilding. Never despair, young ladies. Emigration is not yet at an end; economy is the order of the day in England, and Paris is the place for economising in. Next year, perhaps, you too may be provided with eloquent *douceurs* to soften the hearts of the rulers of your dancing destinies.

So then, it may be asked, is all this visiting, and kissing, and present-making, and sugar-plumizing, to be set down, either to the account of sheer interest, or to that of heartless form! Partly to the one, perhaps, partly to the other, and some part of it to a kinder principle than either. But, be it as it may, motives of interest receive a decent covering from the occasion; these heartless forms serve to keep society together; and, without philosophising the matter,—let it be set down that, of all the days in the year, none is so perfect a holiday as New Year's Day in Paris.

P.

ON ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.

ALTHOUGH the art of English poetry has been long and diligently cultivated, in every species of composition, and every kind of measure that our language will admit, it would be difficult to point out any complete treatise of English prosody, or account of the nature of our verse, as yet existing among us. There are not indeed wanting writers, who have treated of the subject; but they have either touched upon it incidentally, or considered it partially, without giving that full and satisfactory information which would supersede the propriety of any future attempt. Upon this account it is proposed, in the following pages, to investigate and explain the principles of our versification, and to give a more systematic English prosody than has hitherto been made public.

Another reason might also be alleged for engaging in the task which is here undertaken. Our English writers of the present age are indeed seldom deficient greatly in the art of versification; but there are certain popular works in circulation, which, though, in other respects, of great merit, are composed in verse of so loose a structure, and with such unwarrantable licences, that, if they should obtain many imitators (they already have some) we might relapse again into ignorance of true poetical measures; and the art "to build the lofty rhyme" might fall into disuse and be forgotten. I allude to some of the poems of Sir Walter Scott, and of Dr. Southey, the poet laureat; and to such measures as these:

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight,
When the broken arches are black in sight,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebony and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's grave.

These lines, which are found in the Second Canto of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, are evidently composed after the manner of our ancient ballad-makers; and they are perhaps allowable in this work, because they are not unsuitable to the character of the minstrel, nor to his subject, which is a ballad. But the same loose measures and licences abound in his greater piece, his Marmion, where they are entirely destitute of the same excuse. They have no congruity with his subject; indeed, they are in direct opposition to it. The dignity of an heroic poem requires an heroic measure of verse; and an author could hardly debase his subject more by celebrating his hero's exploits in eight syllable (that is, four feet) lines, than if he had represented the hero himself as only four feet high.

Demetrius Phalereus, in his Treatise on Elocution, has a section expressly on this head. Having observed that a length of phrase is admissible and proper for grand subjects, of which he gives an example from Plato, he adds, "therefore the Hexameter is called the heroic verse because of its length, as being suitable to heroes: for no man would think of writing the Iliad of Homer in the short lines of Archilochus, such as

Τὴς σαῖς παρῆϊς φρενᾶς,

Who now has enchanted her eyes?

nor in those of Anacreon,

Φερ' ὕδωρ, φερ' ὂνον, ὦ παι,

Bring me water, bring me wine, boy;

which is a measure of verse for a tippling old man, and not for a warlike hero."—Sect. 5.

The judgment which Dryden passed on Butler is applicable here. "The choice of his numbers (says he, in the Dedication prefixed to his Translation of Juvenal) is suitable enough to his design (his Hudibras) as he has managed it; but in any other hand the shortness of his verse, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debased the dignity of style."

* Warton, in his History of Poetry, informs his reader that "there was a species of short measure used in the minstrel romances, for the convenience of being sung to the harp at feasts, and in carols, and other light poems, which are more commodiously

In the other English poet above mentioned, we find these verses.

You hear no more the trumpet's tone,
You hear no more the mourner's moan ;
Though the trumpet's breath,
And the dirge of death
Mingle and swell
The funeral yell.

Southey's Curse of Khamah, p. 3.

I charm thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From stone, and from wood,
And the beasts of blood.*

Ibid. p. 18.

But it is not my present business to pursue this censure farther ; nor are these lines now recited with any other view than to point out their irregular and vicious structure ; which the authors have admitted, not by accident, or inattention, but have

contrived of set purpose ; and which, of course, is a species of versification that they recommend by their authority and example.

But having stated that the subject of English prosody has been already treated of by former writers, it will not be improper, before entering upon the present work, to mention who they are, the principal of them at least, and to give some short account of what they have done.

The first English writer † that occurs to notice is William Webbe, who published a Discourse of English Poetry, in 1586. In that discourse, after treating of poetry in general, he singles out Spenser from the English poets for his especial commendation, and takes the Shepherd's Calendar, published about seven years before,

uttered by buffoons in plays, than by any other person ; and in which the sudden return of the rhyme fatigues the ear. Such (says an early English critic, Puttenham) were the rhymes of Skelton, being indeed but a rude railing rhymers, and all his doings ridiculous ; he used both short distances and short measures (i. e. the rhymes near together, and the lines short) ; pleasing only the popular ear. Vol. ii. p. 341. Here is an example.

And if ye stand in doubt
Who brought this rhyme about,
My name is Colin Clout :
I propose to shake out
All my conning bagge,
Like a clarkly hagge.
For though my rhyme be ragged,
Tatter'd and jagged,
Rudely rain-beaten,
Rusty and moth-caten,
If ye talk well therewith,
It hath in it some pith.

His satire on Cardinal Wolsey, entitled, *Why come ye not to Court ?* contains these lines.

Our barons be so bold
Into a mouse-hole they would
Run away, and creep
Like a meiny of sheep,
Dare not look out of door
For dread of the mastiff cur,
For dread of the butcher's dog,
Would worry them like an hog :
For and this cur do gnar
They must stand all afar,
To hold up their hand at the bar.

Enough of Skelton.

* Lines of measure like these were composed in the oldest and rudest state of our language, as

Hightest thou Urse ?
Have thou God's curse !

These rhymes were made before the Conquest, against Ursus, Earl, or Sheriff of Worcestershire, for his encroachment on the church. See William of Malmesbury, *de Gest. Pont. Angl.* l. 3, p. 271 ; and Godwin *de Præsul. Life of Aldred, Archbishop of York*, and Tyrwhitt's *Chaucer*, vol. i. p. 34. There is a Latin translation of them in the Leonine verse, *Tunc vocare Ursus ? Te sit maledictio versus.*

† Our King James published in Scotland, in 1584, "Ane schort Treatise, containing some reulis and cautelis to be observit and eschewit in Scottis Poesie."

but which, it seems, had not been owned by him, for the subject of his remarks on English Versification. He says, "of the kinds of English verses which differ in number of syllables, there are almost infinite. To avoid therefore tediousness, I will repeat only the different sorts of verses out of the Shepherd's Calendar, which may well serve to bear authority in this matter.

"There are in this work twelve or thirteen sundry sorts of verses, which differ either in length, or rhyme, or distinction of the staves." Having quoted several passages to prove this assertion, he adds, "I shall avoid the tedious rehearsal of all the kinds which are used; which I think would have been impossible, seeing they may be altered to as many forms as the poets please: neither is there any tune or stroke which may be sung or played on instruments, which hath not some poetical ditties framed according to the numbers thereof."

But notwithstanding this abundant variety, our author was one of those who fancied that English poetry would be greatly improved by adopting Greek and Latin measures, and composing in hexameter, pentameter, sapphic, and other ancient forms. It was a project that had already been set on foot by some of high literary reputation; and he endeavoured to advance it by his advice and example. He was aware, indeed, of the objection "that our words are nothing resemblant in nature to theirs, and therefore not possible to be framed with any good grace after their use:" but this he proposed to surmount, by "excepting against the observance of position, and certain other of their rules." Still there remained various difficulties; and it is amusing to hear him relate his distress, when, composing in the new fashion, "he found most of our monosyllables to be long," when, to serve his purpose, they should have been short: he wanted "some direction for such words as fall not within the compass of Greek or Latin rules, and thereof he had great miss." He was forced "to omit the

best words, and such as would naturally become the speech best," to avoid breaking his Latin rules. Under all these discouragements, however, he translated two of Virgil's Eclogues into English hexameters, and transformed a part of the Shepherd's Calendar into sapphics; and these pieces make a conspicuous portion of his book.

The next was George Gascoigne, an eminent poet of that age; his book was published in 1587, and is to be found among his poems; the volume is become scarce. It is entitled, *Certain Notes of Instruction concerning the making of Verse or Rhyme in English.*

The more remarkable passages in Gascoigne's work are these. He speaks of no other feet, as entering into verse, than those of two syllables; of which, says he, "the first is depressed, or short; the second, elevate, or long." He gives rules for rhyming, and for finding a rhyme. Concerning the admission of polysyllables into verse, he gives this direction, "I warn you that you thrust as few words of many syllables into your verse as may be; and hereunto I might allege many reasons: first, the most ancient English words are of one syllable; so that the more monosyllables you use, the truer English you shall seem, and the less you shall smell of the inkhorn. Also, words of many syllables do cloy a verse, and make it unpleasant."* Respecting the cesure, or pause in a verse, he observes that, "in lines of eight syllables it is best in the middle, as,

Amid my bale | I bathe in bliss.

In lines of ten syllables, after the fourth, as

I smile sometimes, | Although my grief be
great.

In those of twelve syllables in the middle; and in those of fourteen, after the eighth, as,

Divorce me now, good death, | From love
and lingering life;
That one hath been my concubine, | That
other was my wife.†

* There are two critics of later times who have given their judgment upon the use of polysyllables in English verse; of whom some mention will hereafter be made. Of these, one is directly opposite to Gascoigne, the other agrees with him; and, upon the whole, appears to be right.

† These examples are taken from his own poems.

Lines of twelve and fourteen syllables alternate, says he (i. e. such as the last here quoted), "is the commonest sort of verse which we use now-a-days."

But the most celebrated work, hitherto composed on the subject, was a regular treatise, on the Art of English Poesy, published in 1589, but written some time before, by Puttenham. This author was of a different opinion from Webbe in respect to the introduction of Greek and Latin measures into English poetry; and he says, with good judgment, thus, "Peradventure, with us Englishmen it may be somewhat too late to admit a new invention of feet and times that our forefathers never used, nor never observed till this day, either in their measures or their pronunciation: and perchance will seem in us a presumptuous part to attempt; considering also it would be hard to find many men to like of one man's choice in the limitation of times and quantities of words; with which, not one, but every ear is to be pleased and made a particular judge; it being most truly said, that a multitude or commonalty is hard to please, and easy to offend." In conclusion, he condemns this sort of versification, as a frivolous and ridiculous novelty. But, although in this particular he manifested his good sense, in some other points he fell in with the whimsical fancies of his time; such as making poems in the shape of altars, pyramids, and the like.

He who shall peruse Puttenham, may collect from him some information concerning the state of poetry in his day; and may understand what kind of verse was censured or praised, and what degree of estimation former English poets were then held in, but he must not expect much instruction upon the art itself.

Warton says of this book, *Hist. of Poet.* vol. iii. 10, that it remained long as a rule of criticism.

Another work however was published in 1602, with this title, "*Observations in the Art of English Poesie*," by Thomas Campion. Wherein it is demonstratively proved, and by example confirmed, that the English tongue will receive eight several kinds of numbers proper to itself; which are all in this book set forth, and

were never before this time, by any man, attempted." Campion was a physician, and was celebrated by his contemporaries, not only as a poet, but also as a composer of music; and his acquaintance with the latter art appears by some remarkable passages in his book. The eight several kinds of numbers which he mentions are to be understood, not of feet, nor yet altogether of verses taken singly, but, some of them, of combinations of verses and stanzas. He has, indeed, a chapter on "English numbers in general," by which he means the feet admissible into English poetry; and he reduces them to two, as being essential, and giving character and name to two different species of verse: viz. 1. the iambic; and 2. the trochy, of which he gives this strange account, that it "is but an iambic turned over and over."

Having limited his verse to these two kinds, the iambic, and the trochaic, he exhibits his eight several numbers as follows:

1. The iambic verse, of which he makes two varieties; example,

Appear ye sterner if the day be clear.

This, being composed of iambic feet only, he calls the pure iambic; the other, into which he admits a spondee, or trochy, as,

Hark how these winds do murmur at thy flight,

he terms the licentiate iambic.

2. His second number he denominates iambic, dimeter, or English march, of which he gives this example:

Raving war begot.

3. Is the trochaic, viz.

Straight he sighs, he raves, his hair he teareth.

4. The elegiac, this he calls a compound number, and to form it takes two lines,

Constant to none, but ever false to me,
Traitor still to love through thy faint desires.

5, 6, 7. These numbers are still more compounded; they are (as he says) "fit for ditties and odes, and may be called lyrical;" in short, they are stanzas containing four or five lines each, which it is here unnecessary to transcribe.

8. The anacreontic is this.

Love can alter
Time's disgraces.

Campion might have shown, even from his own poetry, that our language can receive other numbers than he has enumerated: but his book contains little that is new or extraordinary, except that the poetical part is all in blank verse, and that he wishes to discard entirely from our poetry what he is pleased to call "the fatness of rhyme:" which brought forth an answer from a writer of a superior order to Campion, both in verse and prose.

This was Samuel Daniel, who wrote a *Defence of Rhyme*, against a pamphlet, entitled *Observations, &c.* "wherein is demonstratively proved that rhyme is the fittest harmony of words that comports with our language." This is, indeed, asserted; but in proofs and demonstration he falls as short as his antagonist; of him he says, "this detractor (whose commendable rhymes, albeit now himself an enemy to rhyme, have given heretofore to the world the best notice of his worth) is a man of fair parts, and good reputation, and therefore the reproach forcibly cast from such a hand, may throw down more at once than the labours of many shall in long time build up again. We could well have allowed of his numbers, if he had not disgraced our rhyme, which both custom and nature doth most powerfully defend; custom that is above all law, nature that is above all art. Our rhyme is likewise number and harmony of words, consisting of an agreeing sound in the last syllables of several verses, giving both to the ear an echo of a delightful report, and to the memory a deeper impression of what is delivered therein: for as Greek and Latin verse consists of the number and quantity of syllables, so doth the English verse of measure and accent; and though it doth not strictly observe long and short syllables, yet it most religiously

respects the accent; and as the short and the long make number, so the acute and grave accent yield harmony, and harmony is likewise number: so that the English verse then hath number, measure, and harmony, in the best proportion of music. But be the verse never so good, never so full, it seems not to satisfy nor breed that delight, as when it is met and combined with a like sounding accent; which seems as the jointure, without which it hangs loose, and cannot subsist, but runs wildly on, like a tedious fancy, without a close." Having thus defended the use of rhyme, he proceeds in a similar strain against the rest of Campion's book; asserting, "that of all his eight several kinds of new promised numbers, we have only what was our own before;" such as have ever been familiarly used among us; and the like of his other positions. He expresses a wish, however, "that there were not that multiplicity of rhymes as is used by many in sonnets;" he acknowledges, "that to his own ear, those continual cadences of couplets used in long and continued poems are very tiresome and unpleasing;" and he confesses that his "adversary had wrought so much upon him as to think a tragedy would best comport with a blank verse, and dispense with rhyme, saving in the chorus, or where a sentence shall require a couplet." He says too that he thinks it wrong to mix uncertainly feminine rhymes with masculine;* which, ever since he was warned of that deformity by a kind friend, he had always so avoided, as that there are not above two couplets in that kind in all his poem of the *Civil Wars*; that he "held feminine rhymes to be fittest for ditties, and either to be certain, or set by themselves."

The opinions of Daniel are more particularly noticed here, because his versification is equal to the best of his times.

* The terms masculine and feminine, as applied to verse, are taken from the French, and signify—the first, rhymes of one syllable—the other, of two, which we now call double rhymes; and of which this character of King John, from the *First Book* of his *Civil Wars*, is an example:

A tyrant loath'd, a homicide convented,
Poison'd he dies, disgraced, and unlamented.

By rhymes uncertainly mixed, he means introduced irregularly; not recurring in the stanzas at set distances, which he calls certain.

Another poet, who valued himself upon his skill in numbers, viz. Cowley, may be joined with these authors; not indeed for any formal work upon the subject, but for certain notes, made by him upon his own verses. The purport of those notes is to inform his readers that the verses are intended and framed to represent the things described, by their imitative harmony. In his preface he expresses himself thus, respecting the odes which he calls Pindaric. "The numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes (especially some of the long ones) seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the pronunciation. So that almost all their sweetness and numerosity (which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader. I have briefly described the nature of these verses, in the ode, entitled, *The Resurrection*;* and though the liberty of them may incline a man to believe them easy to be composed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwise.

— ut sibi quivis

Speret idem, multum sudet frustra que labore
Ausus idem."

In 1679, Samuel Woodford, DD. published a *Paraphrase on the Canticles and Hymns*; and in the preface made certain observations on the structure of English verse; which are mentioned, not so much for any thing remarkable in his criticism, as for his high commendation, at the period, of Milton's *Paradise Lost*; though he would rather "it had been composed in rhyme."

About the same time another work came out, comprising some principles

of versification, together with an assistance towards making English verse. The title was the *English Parnassus*, or a *Help to English Poesie*; containing a collection of all the rhyming monosyllables, the choicest epithets and phrases, with some general forms upon all occasions, subjects, and themes, alphabetically digested; together with a short institution to English Poesie, by way of preface. The author was Joshua Poole, MA. of Clare Hall, Cambridge; but it was a posthumous publication. The preface is subscribed J. D.; it contains no matter worthy of particular notice; and for the book itself, it is sufficiently detailed by the title.

This work appears to have been the foundation of another, built on the same plan, but considerably enlarged. The author was Edward Bysshe; who, in 1702, published an *Art of English Poetry*. The part relating to prosody is contained in three chapters, under these heads: "1. Of the structure of English verses.—2. Of rhyme.—3. Of the several sorts of poems and compositions in verse." His manner of treating these topics is plain, but neither methodical nor comprehensive; it presents, however, some useful information, and though perhaps no versifier of the present day may seek from this author "Rules for making English Verse" (for so he entitles this portion of his volume), it continued for above half a century to be a popular book. It also provided a farther help to verse-makers, by a plentiful magazine, or *Dictionary of Rhymes*. But the bulk of his performance was made up of a Collection of the most natural, agreeable, and noble Thoughts, &c. that are

* The passage in the Ode on the Resurrection, to which he refers, is this:

Stop, stop, my muse, allay thy vigorous heat,
Kindled at a hint so great;
Hold thy Pindaric Pegasus closely in,
Which does to rage begin,
And this steep hill would gallop up with violent course:
'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse,
Fierce and unbroken yet,
Impatient of the spur or bit:
Now prances stately, and anon flies o'er the place;
Disdains the servile law of any settled pace;
Conscious and proud of his own natural force:
'Twill no unskilful touch endure,
But flings writer and reader too that sits not sure.

to be found in the best English poets. Now, if the execution of this part be compared with the promise of its title, he will be found to deserve little commendation. The number of poets, from whom he professes to have formed his selection, are forty-three. Of these, more than a third part are either men of no name, as Stonestreet, Stafford, Harvey; or of no distinguished reputation in poetry, as Walsh, Tate, Stepney, Dennis, and others. Then the selection is made so unequally, that three of his number, viz. Cowley, Butler's *Hudibras*, and Dryden, have furnished him with at least three-fifths of the whole. In fact, he had very little knowledge of our poets, even of those who lived and wrote but four-score years before himself; as will appear from this statement. Ellis, in his *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, has given extracts from upwards of forty authors, in the reigns of Charles the First and Second, not one of whom is mentioned in Bysshe's catalogue. Here is another proof of the same. He affirms that "we have no entire works composed in verses of twelve syllables;" he must therefore have been unacquainted with Drayton.

Not long after Glover's *Leonidas* appeared, Dr. Pemberton, a great friend of the author, published *Observations on Poetry*, especially epic, occasioned by the late poem on *Leonidas*, 1738. The versification of that poem is very regular; and the design of the observations, in part, is to justify and extol that regularity; which, in an instance or two, is done without foundation. The sixth section of the *Observations* is upon the principles of verse; and here, his singular notions, and the severe rules he would establish, might startle and discourage a young poet. He disallows all licence, all irregularity. He asserts that no irregular composition of feet is by any means necessary towards that variety which is required in the longest work. With the same rigour he pronounces upon the last syllables of verses; and commends Glover for closing his lines with a firm and stable syllable, which, he says, is necessary to support the dignity of the verse; and which Milton now and then ne-

glected. The lines he means are, in Glover, such as these:

Rehearse, O Muse, the deeds and glorious death

Of that fam'd Spartan, who withstood the power. *Leon. b. 1.*

And of the contrary sort, in Milton, such as this:

Here swallow'd up in endless misery.

Paradise Lost, b. 1.

A close of the line, which, had he thought it negligent, or wanting dignity, he would not have admitted so frequently, much less three times together, as in this instance:

And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Morocco, or Trebisond.

Paradise Lost, b. 1.

The foregoing censure on Milton may warrant the mention here (though not exactly in chronological order) of Tyrwhitt's *Essay on the Versification of Chaucer*, which contains much learned research into the nature and origin of our poetical measures; but which, in regard to the structure of our verse, advances some positions that are very questionable, to say the least of them; as in this passage: "On the tenth (or rhyming) syllable, a strong accent is in all cases indispensably required; and in order to make the line tolerably harmonious, it seems necessary that at least two more of the even syllables should be accented, the fourth being (almost always) one of them. Milton, however, has not subjected his verse even to these rules; and particularly, either by negligence or design, he has frequently put an unaccented syllable in the fourth place. See *Paradise Lost*, book iii. 36, 586; book v. 413, 750, 874." *Essay*, p. 62.

To make this statement respecting Milton, is to show very little attention to his manner of versification; and to put it as a doubt whether he did not, through negligence, set an unaccented syllable in the fourth place of his line, is to doubt whether he was not grossly negligent in that point throughout all his poem; since he has done so no less than three times within the first seven lines:

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste

Brought death into the world, and all our
woe,

With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heavenly muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, &c.

Again, to affirm that "a strong accent is in all cases indispensably required on the rhyming syllable," is to condemn the practice of our most correct and approved authors. Pope, without scruple, admitted an unaccented syllable to rhyme: for instance, in his *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*,—

Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres.

Eloisa to Abelard,—

And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice.

Essay on Satire,—

That guilt is doom'd to sink in infamy.

So that should we submit to Tyrwhitt's authority, we must renounce some of the most established and allowed licences (if they are so to be called) in English versification.

Foster, in his celebrated *Essay on Accent and Quantity*, wrote two chapters on English Prosody; and the mention of them is introduced here, not for any material information which they will afford to the reader, but rather to caution him against trusting to what is there said upon the subject.

The *Treatise on Painting and Poetry*, by Webb, deserves notice, as well for some judicious remarks on our poetical measures, as for directing the public attention to Shakespeare's skill and excellence in them.

Another work upon the subject under consideration is, *An Inquiry into the Principles of Harmony in Language, and of the Mechanism of Verse*; published 1804. As the author is yet living, it may not be proper to enlarge upon its character now; this however must be acknowledged, that he has laboured with more diligence and success than any of those who have been hitherto named; and for whatever else it may be needful to say of his book, there will not want occasion in the course of the present undertaking.

There still remain a few whom it will be sufficient to specify by their names, and the titles of their books. These are,—

Tucker (under the name of Edward Search) on Vocal Sounds, 1773.

—Steele's *Prosodia Rationalis*, 1779.

—Odell's *Essay on the Elements, Accents, and Prosody of the English Language*, 1805. From each of whom something may be gleaned to elucidate our national prosody.

But the same subject has employed the pens of certain writers in the northern part of our island, who are by no means to be omitted; for they are all men of high rank, and (with one exception) would form a catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors. They are,—King James the Sixth of Scotland; the lords of session, Kaimes and Monboddo; Doctor Beattie; and Lord Glenbervie: not that they challenge our notice by their rank, but by the merit of their writings. The first, by his *Reulis and Cautelis* to be observit and eschewit in Scottis Poesie, (see p. 30); the second, by his *Elements of Criticism*; the third, by his volumes on the *Origin and Progress of Language*; Doctor Beattie by his *Essays*; and, very lately, Lord Glenbervie, by the *Notes* on his spirited translation of the Poem of Ricciardetto.

In this catalogue are enumerated all, or nearly all, the principal authors who have published any criticism upon the subject of our versification; or to speak more precisely, upon the mechanism of English verse. To a few of these there may be occasion to recur, sometimes for the sanction of their authority, and sometimes to specify the points upon which a difference of opinion is entertained.

From the dates here given, it will be seen how much later than poetry criticism appeared among us: and the perusal of these authors will convince us that the art, though now considerably advanced, is yet far from being settled upon rules which all admit. But indeed it has always been found a difficult matter to lay down satisfactory rules for poetical, and still more for oratorical numbers. And here it may be allowable to adduce the authority of Cicero. The passage is in his treatise entitled *Orator*, and applicable to the present subject. He is speaking of the early Roman Orators, who had no skill in rounding their periods, or

giving any pleasing cadence to their sentences, and he says, "*Quoniam igitur habemus aptæ orationis,*" &c. (Or. ch. 53.) The substance of which is this:—That it was surprising the ancient orators were inattentive to this art, (viz. of numerous composition,) especially as they often uttered a well-turned period by chance, and then could not but observe, from the effect which it had upon their hearers, that it was pleasing: so that at least they should have marked what it was that pleased, that they might repeat or copy it. For the ear (or rather the mind by means of the ear) is a good judge of all articulate sounds. Thus it distinguishes between long and short, and always expects that which is measured and perfect. It perceives some (periods) to be maimed and curtailed, by which it is often offended, as if it were defrauded of something that was its due. It perceives others to be immoderately long, which it dislikes still more; for, in this case, as in most others, the defect is less offensive than the excess. Therefore, as the gratification of the ear, and the observation of attentive men, discovered and settled what should

be verse; so in prose, the same natural feeling discovered (though much later) that there are certain measures and cadences more agreeable than others. The ear distinguishes this; and it is unfair not to acknowledge what you perceive, because you cannot tell why it is so. For neither was verse made out by reasoning, but was what pleased the sense; afterwards reason examined, and taught us the cause of it: and thus, observation upon that which was naturally pleasing produced art.

The art which Cicero here describes is indeed but a subordinate part of poetry and oratory; it is nevertheless such as cannot be neglected without injury to the highest branches of these arts; for as the poet has said,—

*Gratior est pulchro veniens in corpore
virtus;*

so if our poetry and oratory shall be (as it were) embodied in fair and comely words and sentences, they will appear the more graceful: but, on the contrary, if our language and measures are rough and ill-formed, they will debase the best qualities of the composition. C.

TWELFTH NIGHT,

OR WHAT YOU WILL.

THERE is one day (or night) in the year which, however capricious Nature may choose to be, is always the same. On that day, though the heavens shower roses, or stones, or seawater, we have always our frost and snow upon earth. If it be not nature, it is art, and will answer our purpose as well. This day (we beg pardon of our friends in Dublin) is *Twelfth Night!*

On that day the world is populous, multifaced. Every one (Oh! rare day!) is a Weathercock, bifronted, double-tongued. He is Robert and Rigdum-funnidos at once. He is lean Simpson, and Sir Epicure Mammon. He is grinning Harry, and Hamlet the sad Dane. His capacity is double, be it for mirth or drink. He hath two distinct natures, like French and English, heterogeneous. He is, in short, an exquisite irregularity, like

the mermaid; but in most cases handsomer.—I could go on till February in describing these pleasant accidents of fortune, these personal antitheses; where one corporeal title (like the fable of the belly and the members) rebelleth against the other.

On that day there is a grand making of kings, (but "no coronation.") They are as common as kittens, and playful. Men live for a day under a royal democracy; but they are free, though ephemeral—contented, though happy. They are slaves to the monarch of fortune, yet they beard and laugh him to scorn. And what, though he bid them kiss the cold bars, or their pretty neighbour,—they repine not, but straightway obey him.

Then how fine is the dialogue, how free from restraint, how gay! I can

D

almost imagine a Contributors' circle, potent as a magician's.

"WE ARE THE KING."

"We speak no treason, man—"

"We are the king; so give us our bells"—[Ah! cursed quill: we consign thee to perdition for this. No more state papers nor stately shalt thou indite; no more royal rhyme for thee: henceforward thou shalt scrawl out bills for some village Crispin, nothing higher.]

"Give us our crown (of wood or tinsel): we will shine like Mr. Elliston's pillars, though it be not Bartholomew fair. Now——"

Yet, shall I go on?

Shall I try to show our Elia's glancing wit? Shall I trace the deep and fine vein of Mr. Table Talk? Shall I paint the cheerful gravity (almost a paradox) of D—? the restless pleasantry of Janus, ever-veering, catching the sun and the shade? Shall I strive to out-do Mr. Herbert, in his humour, in his portraits so piquant and so true? Or shall I sharpen my pen's point, and hit off our friend Lycus's waggery, his puns, and (what is much better than either) his poetry? Or paint our good A——, always gay; like a huge forest transplanted, a *rus in urbe*,—musical as Polypheme, and as great?

Shall I go on?—Ah! no. For who can tell of our doings? Who can paint a laugh? Who can carry away a rich thought with all its bloom? Where is the freshness of the jest that hung upon accident or circumstance?—It may not be done.

Yet, talking of laughing—as Mr. Aircastle would say, I own I like a laugh. It is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market.

I never saw a Frenchman laugh. They smile, they grin, they shrug up their shoulders, they dance, they cry "Ha!" and "Ciel!" but they never give themselves up to hoisterous *unlimited* laughter. They have always a rein upon their lungs, and their muscles are drilled to order. Their mirth does not savour of flesh and blood. I do not mean to contend for that pampered laugh which grows less and less, in proportion as it is high-fed—(so gin given to children stops their growth) but for a good broad humorous English laugh, such as belongs to a farce or a fair. The Germans laugh sometimes, the Fle-

ming's often, the Irish always: the Spaniard's face is fused, and the Scotchman's thawed, into a laugh; but a Frenchman never laughs. They smile indeed, but what then?—Their smile is like their soup-maigre, thin; their merriment squeezed and strained. There is in it something of the acid of their sallads, something of the pungency of their sauces, but nothing *substantial*. It is neither solid nor ethereal,—but a thing between wind and water,—not of earth, nor heaven,—good nor bad; but villainously indifferent, and not to be admitted as mirth.

And yet "Twelfth Night" was celebrated in former France. One of the courtiers used to be chosen king, and the king himself and the nobles obeyed him. In Germany too, it is (or was) kept up with joke and banqueting; and in England we have still our Saturnalian revels. These are censured by good master Bourne, "our ancient," I believe; but for mine own part I love to see them. I love to see an acre of cake spread out, (the sweet frost covering the rich earth below,) studded all over with glittering flowers, like ice-plants, and red and green knots of sweetmeat, and hollow yellow-cruled crowns, and kings and queens, and their paraphernalia. I delight to see a score of happy children, sitting huddled all round the dainty fare, eyeing the cake and each other, with faces sunny enough to thaw the white snow. I like to see the gazing silence which is kept so religiously while the large knife goes its round; and the glistening eyes which feed beforehand upon the huge slices, dark with citron and plums, and heavy as gold. And then, when the "characters" are drawn, is it nothing to watch the peeping delight which escapes from their little eyes? One is proud, as king; another stately, as queen; then there are two whispering grotesque secrets which they cannot contain (these are Sir Gregory Goose and Sir Tumblety Clumsy). The boys laugh out at their own misfortunes, but the little girls (almost ashamed of their prizes) sit blushing and silent. It is not until the lady of the house goes round, that some of the more extravagant fictions are revealed. And then, what a roar of mirth! Ha, ha! The ceiling shakes, and the

air is torn. They bound from their seats, like kids, and insist on seeing Miss Thompson's card. Ah! what merry spite is proclaimed, what ostentatious pity! The little girl is almost in tears; but the large lump of allotted cake is placed seasonably in her hands, and the glass of sweet wine "all round" drowns the shrill urchin laughter, and a gentler delight prevails.

—I am not one of those who love to breed up children seriously, or to make them moral rather than happy. Let them be happy (innocently), and the other will follow of course. A good example is a good thing. Give them that, and spare your precept.—Oh! I like to see the pleasures of children. They enjoy to-day, and care not for to-morrow. Their path is strewn with roses; the heaven is blue above them, and life is a gay race which all feel sure to win. Some indeed there are, outcasts of fortune, who have to make their way over the rough stones and barren places,—beggars from their birth. It pains me to see those many little faces, frost-nipped, which are pressed (with flattened noses) against pastry-cooks' windows,—Lazarites at the rich men's tables. I do not enjoy their famished looks and roving eyes, and watering mouths half opened. Oh! no: I pity those poor denizens of the streets, inheritors of the cold air. They have no privilege, but to ask—and be refused: no enjoyment, save hungry idleness: no property. Or rather they are "tenants in common" with the bird of passage, and the houseless dog; they have the fierce sun or the inclement sky; nothing further.—*Their* "liberty" is without even its "crust."—

Once—(let me have leave to tell this: it is my only tolerable action) I made a happy heart on a day of feasting. This was on a Christmas Day, many years ago. I was walking briskly to my coffee-house dinner. Every body looked full of gaiety; and I myself trod like Diomed. There was scarcely a beggar in the streets. Yet was there *one*,—a pale slight little woman who lingered about the opening doors in Greek-street. She might have been the widow of a country clergyman. Her face was thin and hunger-pinched. Her eyes were dull; and

there was the shining mark of a tear (*like a cicatrice*) which traversed one of her cheeks from top to bottom. She crept slowly along the pavement, and now and then she sighed; but she did not beg. She must have been *very* cold; for her tattered black weeds were not enough, with all her care, and shifting them from shoulder to shoulder, to fence off the nipping wind. I turned my head aside as I passed (a week's begging would have done me good then) lest I should be beguiled into giving. She did not even look at me; but kept her eyes on the ground as though she were searching for the raw vegetables which servants cast into the street. I walked on twenty—fifty—a hundred yards. I was uncomfortable—I looked back, and there was the pale widow-beggar still dragging her weak steps along. She met nothing but the blast which made her tatters shake. She staggered—I thought she must have fallen. There was no standing this: so I went back, and gave her—something; no matter what,—not much, nor too little; enough to satisfy both her and myself.—Some years have passed by since this happened; but I have often seen her in my fancy since. There she is—sad, drooping, shivering, her thin arms exposed to the frosty wind. I hear again her quick cry (it brought tears into my eyes), and that frightful burst and chuckle, scarcely speech, which filled her throat when she saw my gift. She trembled as though she had been palsy-struck, and looked—. All this I saw and heard in a moment, for in a moment I was gone. I could never meet her again.

O gay and gaudy time! and shall I ever grow too old for *thee*? Shall I ever hate thy mirth, and wish thee gone, thou bright land-mark of the year? Oh! thou art not like other feasts ending with the day; but thy merriment reacheth through the wakeful night. Thy mistress is the moon, and thou thyself art gaily mad, wisely unreasonable, lunatic. Other feasts are good, but thou art *royal*! They have their chairmen, their jesters, their jacks in the green; but *thou* treadest on crowned heads; the phantasms of Momus are thy fellows: Wit whispereth in thine ear;

Care boweth down before thee ; and if Ill-humour for a moment come, he is quickly put to flight, and Sorrow is drowned in wine.

But of all the feasts and gay doings which I have known, none were like that one "Twelfth Night" which I passed at L——'s house, some five or six years ago. That *was* a night ! O Jupiter ! O Bacchus ! There was *too much* mirth. The muscles were stretched and strained by laughing. Our host was a right merry man,—a man of humour, of good nature, of high animal spirits, fantastic. He could make "the table" ring and roar beyond any one I ever knew. His jokes would not bear a strict glance, sometimes ; but they were better than wit, which is too serious. Wit sets one thinking, but L—— did not do this. He laughed ; he talked ; he told comical stories ; he mimicked friend and foe (good naturedly) ; he spoke burlesque in verse ; he misplaced epithets ; he reconciled contradictions ; he tacked extremities to each other—the grave and the gay—sense and nonsense. He had drawn "the king," and was as absolute as a Fate. He ordered things impossible. He insisted that black was white, and he insisted that others should think so too. Oh ! there was no withstanding him, he was so pleasant a potentate :—he said something—nothing—and looked round for the boisterous homage of his neighbours, and received it smiling and content.

That night we had songs, English

and Italian ; we had mistletoe (there were ladies under it)—we had coffee, and wines, and Twelfth Night characters. We had a supper, where joke and hospitality reigned. And there were cold meats, and sallads, and pies, and jellies, and wines of all colours, mocking with their lustre the topaz and the ruby ; and there were pyramids of fruit, and mountains of rich cake, all decked with sprigs of holly and laurel. And we had a huge "wassail bowl :"—One ? We had a dozen, brimming and steaming, and scented with cloves and cinnamon. We ate, and we drank, and we shouted. One sang, and another spoke (like a parliament orator), and one gave an extravagant toast ; and a fourth laughed out at nothing ; and one cried, from very pain, that he could "*laugh no more* ;" and instantly a fresh joke was started, and the sufferer screamed with delight, and almost rolled from his chair. The cup of mirth was brimming. It went round and round again, and every one had his fill. This was no meagre shadowy banquet,—no Barmecide feast,—no card-party, coldly decorous (where you lose your money, and pay for the candles). It was a revel and a jollity. Though our mirth was becoming, it raged and was loud like thunder. It lasted from nine o'clock at night till early breakfast (eight o'clock) in the morning, and it still lives in my recollection, as the brightest day (or night) of the calendar. Ω.

SONNET.

AN ITALIAN PHILOSOPHER TO HIS FRIEND.

FRIEND, Signior Gualdo, some long time has pass'd

Since you and I wore our bright youth away

In toiling through the schools of Padua.

You, I remember, climb'd steep Learning's mast ;

While I among the common crowd was cast,

With reputation still to make quick way

To Truth ; for I was known by some to stay

My thirst at poet-fountains as I pass'd.—

—O friend ! shall these gone times *never* return ?—

The spring returneth, and its leaves, and flowers ;

The planets hold their golden rounds, and burn

Again, with re-illuminated powers ;

The Sea, now silent, hath his stormy turn ;

The Moon hath her reviving :—Where is ours ?

B.

The Early French Poets.

ROBERT GARNIER.

JODELLE's fame, as a dramatic writer, was soon eclipsed by that of Robert Garnier, who indeed, if we were to take the words of Dorat and of Robert Estienne, (grandson, I believe, of him who compiled the *The-saurus*) surpassed even the three Tragedians of Greece.

La Grece eut trois auteurs de la Muse tragique,

France plus que ces trois estime un seul
Garnier.—*R. Estienne.*

At nunc vincit eos qui tres, Garnerius unus,
Terna ferat Tragicis præmia digna
tribus.—*Jo. Auratus.*

His other panegyrists, Ronsard, Belleau, Baïf,* Flaminio de Birague, and Claude Binet, are more temperate; and Estienne Pasquier, after quoting Ronsard's testimony in his favour, and reciting the names of his eight tragedies, contents himself with adding, that they will, in his opinion, find a place among posterity.† “A mon jugement trouveront lieu dedans la posterité.”

In some prefatory verses to Henry III. Garnier well describes the character of these poems.

Une tragedie,
Semblable a celle-cy qu'humble je vous dedie :
Où j'empoulle des vers pleins de sang et d'horreur,
De larmes, de sanglots, de rage, et de fureurs.

(Les Tragedies de Robert Garnier, Conseiller du Roy, Lieutenant General Criminel au siege Presidial et Seneschaussee du Maine. A Rouen. Chez Pierre L'Oyselet, au haut des degres du Palais. 1611. 12mo. p. 12.)

A tragedy,
Like this which humbly I present to thee :
Through the big verse, where blood and horror rage,
And tears, and sobs, and fury, swell the page.

He has a tumid grandeur which frequently expands itself even beyond the dimensions of Seneca himself. Like Shakspeare, he sometimes bold-

ly coins a word, when the language does not supply him with one that will suit his purpose.

Il faut pour *orager* ta puissance suprême
Emprunter les efforts de ta puissance mesme. (P. 28.)

Ces champs envenimez où les Dieux inhumains
Hostelerent jadis vostre premiere enfance. (P. 33.)

Si les Dieux tant de fois nous estoient punisseurs
Que nous chetifs mortels leur sommes offenseurs,
Leur foudre defaudroit, et la terre profonde
Sans cause *enfruiteroit* sa poitrine feconde :
Ainsi vous convient-il estre aux vostres plus doux. (P. 51.)

The speeches are often immoderately long. He has much declamation; occasionally a good deal of passion; but very little character.

In what manner he conducts his stories, my reader will be able to judge from the following abstract, which I have made of each of those

wherein the plot is, for aught I know to the contrary, his own.

In the first, which is entitled *Porcie*, the fury *Megæra* speaks the prologue. The chorus of Roman women then sing the perils of grandeur and the safety of lowliness in an ode, much of which is from Ho-

* Flaminio de Birague lived in the time of Charles IX. and composed quatrains, sixains, sonnets, elegies, and epitaphs. One of the epitaphs is cited by M. Philippon-la-Madelaine, in his *Dictionnaire Portatif des Poëtes Français*. Paris, 1895.

Passant, penses tu pas de passer ce passage
Qu'en mourant j'ai passé ? Penses au même pas.
Si tu n'y penses bien, de vrai tu n'es pas sage ;
Car possible demain passeras au trépas.

† Recherches de la France, l. 6, c. 7.

race. — Act 2. Porcia laments the miseries of her country. The chorus sing a translation of Horace's *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*. The Nurse also mourns over the sufferings of Rome, and expresses her fears for the approaching conflict between the forces of Antony and those of Brutus and Cassius, and for the effects which the defeat of the latter may produce on her mistress. Porcia now comes in, and in her despair regrets the death of Julius Cæsar. The chorus again sing a moral ode, much

of which is from Horace:—Act 3. Areus, the philosopher and favourite of Octavius Cæsar, makes a long soliloquy on the happiness of the golden age, and the subsequent corruption of mankind, concluding with a quotation from Horace. Octavius, who has now been informed of the death of Brutus, enters exulting, and vows further vengeance on his enemies, from which Areus endeavours to dissuade him, but in vain. There is in this scene a brisk alternation in the dialogue.

Ar. Cesar pour se venger ne proscrip't jamais homme.

Oct. S'il les eust tous proscrip'ts, il regneroit à Rome.

Ar. Il epargnoit leur sang.—*Oct.* Il prodiguoit le sien.

Ar. Il estimoit beaucoup garder un citoyen.

Oct. D'un citoyen amy la vie est tousiours chere,
Mais d'un qui ne l'est pas nous doit estre legere.

Ar. Cesar pardonnoit tout.—*Oct.* Que servit son pardon?

Ar. D'en conserver plusieurs.—*Oct.* Quel en fut le guerdon?

Ar. Que gravee en nos cœurs sa florissante gloire
Vit eternellement d'une heureuse memoire.

Oct. Il est mort toutesfois.—*Ar.* Immortel est son los.

Oct. Mais son corps n'est-il pas dans le sepulchre enclos?

Ar. Ne devoit-il mourir? (P. 52.)

Ar. Cæsar proscribed no man to sate his vengeance.

Oct. Had he proscribed them all, he yet in Rome

Were reigning.—*Ar.* He was sparing of their blood.

Oct. Say rather he was lavish of his own.

Ar. A citizen's life was precious in his eyes.

Oct. The life of one, who is a citizen,

And loves us, ever must be dear;

Not his who is a citizen, and hates us.

Ar. Cæsar pardon'd all.—*Oct.* Whereto served his pardon?

Ar. To win more to him.—*Oct.* What was its reward?

Ar. That graven in our hearts his glory lives

Eternally in blest remembrance.—*Oct.* Yet

He died.—*Ar.* Not so his praise, which is immortal.

Oct. But for his body, is't not in the tomb?

Ar. And could he 'scape to die?

The chorus sing the mutability of human affairs and the unhappy destinies of Rome. Antony, and Ventidius, his lieutenant, return to Rome after their victory. Antony salutes the city in a pompous speech, and Ventidius sets him on recounting the labours of his forefather Hercules, and boasting of his own achievements. He is joined by his two colleagues,

Octavius and Lepidus, who debate on the measures to be pursued in future, and resolve to set out for their several provinces. A chorus of soldiers conclude the act.—Act 4. The messenger, after much delay and circumlocution, and many long similes, communicates the fatal tidings to Porcia, who breaks forth into the most clamorous grief.

Tonnez, cieux, foudroyez, eclairez, abismez,

Et ne me laissez rien de mes os consommez,

Que ceste terre ingrate enferme en sa poitrine.

Respandez, respandez vostre rage maline

Sur mon chef blasphemeur, et tempestez si bien

Que de moy malheureuse il ne demeure rien. (P. 75.)

Thunder, ye heavens, flash, lighten, swallow up,

Nor leave one little particle of all

My seared bones, which this ungrateful earth

May in its bosom cover. Pour, pour down

Your utmost spite on this blaspheming head ;
And execute your stormy wrath so fully,
That nought remain of such a wretch as I am.

The Nurse endeavours to soothe her, to no purpose. The chorus once more bewail the fate of Rome.

Act 5. The Nurse relates to the chorus the death of her mistress. They lament over that event, and the fate of Brutus, in a simple and pathetic song ; and the Nurse concludes the play, with a poniard at her breast, in the following couplet.

Mourons, sus sus mourons, sus poignard
haste toy ;
Sus jusques au pommeau vien t'enfoncer
en moy.

Die, die we then. No ling'ring. Haste
thee, dagger ;
Up to thy hilt be buried quick within me.

CORNELIE.

Act 1. Cicero, in a long soliloquy, deplores the servitude of Rome under Julius Cæsar, and expatiates on the mischief of ambition. The chorus sing an ode on the wickedness and evil of war.—Act 2. Cornelia bemoans the fate of her two husbands, Crassus and Pompey. Cicero endeavours to console, and to argue her out of her intention to commit suicide. A fine ode by the chorus on the perpetual revolution and changes in human affairs—Rome, once freed from

her kings, has been again enslaved, and will some time be in like manner restored to liberty.—Act 3. Cornelia tells the chorus of a terrible dream, in which Pompey had appeared to her. The chorus assure her, that the spirits of the deceased cannot return, but that evil demons assume their appearance in order to fill us with vain terrors. Cicero makes another turgid soliloquy on the ambition of Cæsar. Philip (who had been the freedman of Pompey) enters, bearing, in a funeral urn, the ashes of his late master. Cornelia laments over them, and inveighs against Cæsar. Another ode by the chorus, on the mutability of fortune, concludes the Act.—Act 4. A scene between Cassius and Decimus Brutus, in which the former excites the latter to vengeance against the tyrant. The chorus sing the glory of those who free their country from tyranny, the insecurity of kings, and the happiness of a low condition. Cæsar and Mark Antony ; the one exulting in his conquests, the other warning him against his enemies. There are some splendid verses put into the mouth of Cæsar.

O beau Tybre, et tes flots de grand' aise ronflans,
Ne doublent-ils leur cresse à tes verdureux flancs,
Joyeux de ma venue, et d'une voix vagueuse
Ne vont-ils annoncer à la mer écumeuse
L'honneur de mes combats ? ne vont, ne vont tes flots
Aux Tritons mariniens faire bruire mon los,
Et au pere Ocean se vanter que le Tybre
Roulera plus fameux qu' Eufrate et le Tygre ? (P. 139.)

O beauteous Tyber ! and do not thy billows
Snort out their gladness, with redoubled curls,
Up their green margins mounting, all o'erjoy'd
At my return ? do they not hasten onwards
Unto the foamy sea, to tell my triumphs
In surging clamours, and to bid the Tritons
Trumpet the praises of my valorous deeds ?
Vaunting to Father Neptune that their Tyber
Rolls prouder waves than Tygris or Euphrates ?

A chorus of Cæsar's friends celebrate his praises, and declaim on the evils of envy.—Act 5. A messenger relates to Cornelia the defeat and death of her father Scipio, embellishing his tale with a due proportion of similes. Her grief clamorous and eloquent as usual.

Au moins, ciel, permettez, permettez, a cette
heure,

Après la mort des miens, que moy-mesme
je meure :
Poussez moy dans la tombe, ores que je ne
puis,
Veufe de tout bien, recevoir plus d'ennuis ;
Et que vous n'avez plus, m'ayant ravi mon
pere,
Ravi mes deux maris, sujet pour me des-
plaître. (P. 156.)

Here we have the same thought,

but much less strongly expressed, as in that line which Longinus has adduced from the most pathetic scene in the most pathetic of all tragedians.

Γίμω κακῶν ἐν, κοῦκέρ' ἔσθ' ὅπη τεθῶ.

Euripides, *Hercules Furens*,
1245, Ed. Barnes.

And Tyrwhitt, in his Glossary * to

Chaucer, has remarked a similar passage in that poet.

So full of sorowe am I, sothe to sayne,
That certainly no more harde grace
May sit on me, for why? there is no space.

Cornelia concludes by resolving to live, that she may honour the remains of the dead.

Mais las! si je trespasse, ains que d'avoir logé
Dans un funebre tombeau mon pere submergé,
Qui en prendra la cure? iront ses membres vagues
A jamais tourmentez par les meurtrieres vagues?
Mon pere, je vivray; je vivray, mon espoux,
Pour faire vos tombeaux, et pour pleurer sur vous,
Languissante, chetive, et de mes pleurs fameuses
Baigner plaintivement vos cendres genereuses:
Puis sans humeur, sans force emplissant de sanglots,
Les vases bien heureux qui vous tiendront enclos,
Je vomiray ma vie, et tombant legere ombre
Des esprits de la bas j'iray croistre le nombre. (P. 158.)

But oh! if death surprise me ere I lodge
My father in his tomb, who then shall do
That office for him? Shall his limbs go wand'ring
For ever up and down the murderous waves?
Yea, I will live, my father—I will live,
My husband, but to make your tombs, and weep
Upon you, languishing away my life
In pining sorrow, and bedewing still
Your noble ashes with my plenteous tears;
And then at last, for lack of moisture, falling,
Sob out my soul into the happy urns
That shall contain you; and, an empty shadow,
Flit down among the spirits of the deep.

ANTOINE.

Antony makes a speech not much in character, deploring his captivity to the charms of Cleopatra. The chorus sing an ode on the miseries incident to human nature: for part of which they are indebted to Euripides, and to Horace for the remainder.—Act 2. Philostratus appears, for this time only, that he may lament over the state of Egypt. The chorus in their song run over all the instances of unhappy mourners whom they can recal to memory, and say they have themselves more reason to mourn than all, but do not tell us for what cause. Cleopatra, with Eras and Charmion, her women, and Diomedes, her secretary. The Queen declares her resolution to share the fate of the conquered Antony, and will listen to no arguments for consulting her own safety. She goes into a sepulchre, there to await her doom. Diomedes remains alone, to meditate on the beauties of his royal mistress, and to lament her obstinacy.

The following Ode predicts the subjection of the Nile to the Tyber, but suggests a topic of consolation to Egypt in the future destruction of Rome herself.—Act 3. Antony discovers to his friend Lucilius his fears of Cleopatra's fidelity. Lucilius endeavours to calm his apprehensions; and after much empty moralizing on his own weakness, and on the fatal effects of pleasure, Antony resolves to put an end to his life. The chorus chant an Ode, partly borrowed from the *Justum et tenacem propositi virum* of Horace, in which they commend the determination of Antony and Cleopatra not to survive their misfortunes.—Act 4. Octavius Cæsar enters, boasting of his triumphs. Agrippa is dissuading him from his design of exterminating his enemies, when Dercetas comes to acquaint him with the particulars of Antony's death. His death is bewailed by Cæsar; but Agrippa thinks only of being in time to prevent Cleopatra from destroying herself and her treasures.

* See the word *Grace*.

A chorus of Cæsar's friends lament the divisions of the Roman empire, in a song which, according to custom, is in great measure translated from Horace.—Act 5. Cleopatra, in the monument with her children,

their tutor Euphron, and her women Charmion and Eras, utters her last lamentation over the dead body of Antony.

(The remainder of this Article will be given in our next Number.)

JANUS WEATHERBOUND; OR, THE WEATHERCOCK STEADFAST FOR LACK OF OIL.

A GRAVE EPISTLE.

Ear-cracking Fleet-street o'er,
And the resounding shore,*
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament:
From the Magazine,
Clothed in dismal green,
The parting Janus † is with sighing sent.

Milton, slightly altered.

DEAR PROPRIETORS! (for convenience sake let me condense ye) Dear Proprietor!—(one I have ever found ye, both heart and hand.) I address this letter to *you* rather than to the Editor, as something hearty, cordial;—a tangibility;—one that hath eyes, ears, and nerves, even as a Contributor;—liable to the same sicknesses, mental and bodily;—possessing human sympathies and dimensions. I *know* all this. As to the Editor, I am doubtful. He is without form—I can't make up my mind to believe in such a *nominis umbra*. Were any one to describe the colour of his coat and breeches, I should look on such description as an absurd fiction, or, at best, as an allegory,—a shadowy fable for the clarifying solution of some new *Palæphatus de incredibilibus*. My soul entertaineth no affection for him:—how can it?—Doth the farmer love the unseen wind which overturneth his barns, his granaries?—devastates his orchards?—He cuts me out three pages (a monstrous cantle! three painful pages! three *elaborated* pages!—*print!!*—); He turneth the edges of my keenest razors (rather least *blunt*, good Janus!) awry, so that they lose the name of action;—he obliterates a climax!!—In short, I never saw him in my life; and *therefore*, I suppose, hate him abominably. You have now one of my reasons for choosing you for my patient.—Secondly—Remarks on the MAGAZINE and its CONTRIBUTORS seem to dedicate

themselves peculiarly to the Proprietor and Patron of the said Mag. and Contribs. (what a Procrustean pen!) and thirdly—I cannot suffer this opportunity (the last I shall ever have in the LONDON) to pass away, without thanking you publicly, but most truly, for the encouragement my jejune papers have received from your unvarying good-nature. Here permit me to digress for a few lines on a subject on which “all men are fluent, few agreeable, *self*.” Many of your readers, as I *know*, have been, and *are* surprised at the presumption which tendered,—at the weakness (that was the word) which admitted the tawdry articles signed J. W. and C. V. V. From the latter count I can exculpate *you*, by reminding them of silly readers' sympathy for silly writers: a tub for the whale—a farce for the galleries.—That is despatched. I must plead now to the first charge—*not guilty*.

As a boy I was placed frequently in literary society; a giddy, flighty disposition prevented me from receiving thence any advantage. The little attention I gave to any thing was directed to Painting, or rather to an admiration of it;—but, ever to be wiled away by new and flashy gauds, I postponed the pencil to the sword; and the noisy audacity of Military conversation, united to the fragrant fumes of whisky punch (ten tumblers every evening—without acid!) obscured my recollections of Michel Agnolo as in a dun fog. After a

* Shore pro Strand.

† Janus, Hibernicè, pro Genius.

while, several, apparently trifling, chances determined me against this mode of killing Time and *humans*. I was idle on the town—my blessed Art touched her renegade; by her pure and high influences the noisome mists were purged;—my feelings, parched, hot, and tarnished, were renovated with a cool fresh bloom,—childly, simple,—beautiful to the simple-hearted. The writings of Wordsworth did much towards calming the confusing whirl necessarily incident to sudden mutations. I wept over them tears of happiness and gratitude—yet my natural impatience, and I may term it fierceness, was not altogether thereby subdued—rather condensed and guided against more fit objects—meanness—sordid worldliness,—hardness, and real vulgarity in whatsoever rank it grew;—at least, in such degree as I was capable of distinguishing them. But this serene state was broken, like a vessel of clay, by acute disease—succeeded by a relaxation of the muscles and nerves, which depressed me

————— low

As through the abysses of a joyless heart
The heaviest plummet of despair could
go,—

hypochondriasis! ever shuddering on the horrible abyss of mere insanity. But two excellent secondary agents, a kind and skilful Physician, and a most delicately affectionate and unwearied (though young and fragile) Nurse, brought me at length out of those dead black waters—nearly exhausted with so sore a struggle. Steady pursuit was debarred me, and varied amusement deemed essential to my complete revivification. At this time, the LONDON MAGAZINE was on the stocks—and its late lamented Editor, taking notice of my enthusiasm for Art, and pitying my estate, requested me to put down on paper some of the expression of feeling whereto I was from time to time excited by the mighty works of Michel, Raffaello, Correggio, and Rembrandt. With some modifications as to plan, I cheerfully prepared to obey him; not that I had any hope of carrying such attempt beyond two pages MS.—but it was a new thing. It struck me as something ridiculous, that I, who had never authorized a line, save in Orderly and

Guard Reports (and letters for money of course)—should be considered competent to appear in a new, double-good Magazine! I actually laughed outright, to the consternation of my cat and dog, who wondered, I believe, what a plague ailed me. A reaction commenced, and I put so much gaiety and spirit into my *First Contribution*, that S. was obliged to cut sheer away every alternate sentence (that at least was the agreeable turn he gave to the cursed excision). However, out *some* of it came—I was amazed—that's weak—I was astounded—astounded—confounded. I said with John Woodville, "It were a life of gods to dwell in such an element:"—to see, and hear, and write brave things:—

These high and gusty relishes of life
Have no allayings of mortality.

I read it, I don't know how oft—and I declare to you, I thought it the prettiest reading I ever had read. Why should I—anonymous, flinch? By our Halidom! I *think* so still!!

S——'s conduct, in some measure, justified this my opinion—he said, with Bottom, "Let him roar again, let him roar again!" And truly again (to the dictation of the above-named fairy-led weaver) did I aggravate my pen more gently than a sucking dove. Fortune once more flung over me the reflex warmth of her golden wings, and not above *one third* was abolished—Deo gratias.—(That third was the *best part* for all that; I looked at it in my rough copy the other day—quite a curry, credit me! though not exactly conformable to Pegge's "*Forme of Curie*.") But why this tale of Oaks, as Hesiod or Homer says—I forget which, if I ever knew—suffice it that I continued to sentimentalize until S——, becoming aware that his friendly purpose had taken its full effect on my mind and body, began to rap me on the head, as one sees a cat deal with an elderly kitten which retaineth its lacteal propensities over due season.—Then came a blank.

Afterwards, shortly before his painful end at a wretched inn, on a squalid bed—Poor fellow!—at this moment I feel, fresh as yesterday, round my neck the heart-breaking, feeble, kindly clasp of his fever-wasted arm—his faint whisper of entire

trust in my friendship (though but short)—the voice dropping back again—the look—one stronger clasp! May the peace which rested over his last moments remain with him for ever!—That I steadfastly confide in such consummation, this recurrence to his name will prove; were it not for that, I could not have uttered an allusion.

I must finish my involuntarily interrupted sentence. Afterwards there was some talk of a regular re-engagement, with an increase of five guineas per sheet; on what account I could never exactly discover—(not that I tried much, to be sure—it was too graciously pleasant for the harsh touch of scrutiny.) Elia, the whimsical, the pregnant, the “abundant joke-giving” Elia, and our Mr. Drama, the real, old, *original* Mr. Drama!—*par nobile fratrum*, spoke flatteringly of Janus—shall I breathe it?—as of one not absolutely inefficient; not the worst of Periodical scribblers.

You, Padrone mio! know best how I was found on your establishment; whether my importunities for admission overmatched your rejective faculties. Proclaim then aloud, now at this my literary decease, that my reputation is unsmirched, unblemished, by any hateful scrambling after the loaves and fishes:—answer for me. Have I been forward with MSS? Have I ever displayed an unseemly alacrity with my quill? Have I ever been ready and forthcoming when first called on?

The kernel of the above peroration lies, I take it, in the affirmation, that not a single sentence has been by me volunteered from the commencement of the LONDON MAGAZINE to its present robust and healthy growth.*

This digression has pulled out half an ell longer than I intended; and the only thing is to get it out of your head as fast as you can. Come! take a pinch of snuff and a sneeze—“Heshsh hoo!”—God bless you!—Now, what do you think of Miss F. Kelly? Not seen her? indeed! I was

sorry to see Charles Kemble, (how dare any one write him down “Kemble,” without the baptismal prefix, while his great brother lives!) I was really sorry to see Charles Kemble on the same boards. *He* carries the gentleman in every motion.—He is not a bit like Romeo—the young, the sentimental Romeo, for all that. The Italian Lovers were by Shakspeare steeped in poetry, the highest, the most absolute poetry, till it became infused through their substance, past re-separation—he has compelled and amalgamated together spirit and matter into a quicksilver too slippery and subtle for the mere corporeal hands of any given actor or actress.

The deep-sentient Charles Lamb hath protested against the competency of theatrical means to give an outward and visible representation of Lear. I think, for Romeo and Juliet, that “sweet hymn in praise of love! that harmonious miracle!” he might have done as much. †

All traces of the digression are now quite obliterated, I’ll venture to say, —judging from myself at least—the fact is, I’ve forgotten whither this letter tended—I must turn to the first leaf—um—thirdly—um—um—O!—“Remarks on the *Mag.* and its *Contribs.*” Very good—so then, without further preamble—thus rush I, like Homer, Tasso, Ossian, or, to speak concisely, like all authentic epic poets of this terraqueous globe, *ἡ μέδία ρης*, which bit of Hebrew means, gentle—no, not gentle, strictly—rather—sweet readers, *into the middle of the Contributors’ Club-room*, ———!—I doubt, it is in some sort pedantic to interlard and garnish one’s paragraphs with strange and outlandish sprigs, not personally plucked from the linguistical trees, but abstracted from the sample which genuine travellers occasionally expose to the marvelment of the commons;—by which figure I imply, that a man to whom Latin is Greek,

* Copy of an affidavit sworn before the late Lord Mayor: “I, T—— P——, Printer’s Devil to the LONDON MAGAZINE, voluntarily make oath, that Mr. Janus Weathercock has never been ‘forward with his MSS.’ and that he was never ‘ready and forthcoming when first called on;’ but, on the contrary, that I have called on him at least six times for every article.”

† If the reader adores Shakspeare (not the family one, nor the acted one,) he will be pleased with the elaborate and poetical critique on Romeo and Juliet, translated from Aug. Schlegel, in Ollier’s Miscellany, No. I.

and Greek Hebrew, might just as well—I don't know what I was going to say—might just as well not essay to decide the intertangled disputes on the authenticity of Aristotle's Poetics, in their present state, or to supersede Dr. Burney's Tentamen de Metris Æschyli.—I confess that the former member of the above sentence is not preparative, ad modum Scholarum, to the final one; but never mind, it is the last time I shall ever cudgel my brains for a meaning, or you yours,—to find it out.—There's something in that— isn't there?

Odds bobs! lo—another digression, I fear! which arises like a stream from a triple fountain-pipe, out of three incidents at my left hand, viz. a dish of strong coffee, a plate of crisp muffins, buttered to a fraction, and a glass of ruby Rosolio,—which is a vulgar—luscious—meretricious liqueur! (there! it's despatched). One table-spoonful of Johnson's fifty-years-old pale Cogniac is worth a case full of the sickly Italian. Now, clear away these!—and—don't disturb me again till the last thing!—when you can just warm me up an oyster pâté. Call the dog away with you! she snores, deuce take her, and puts me out.

Now, brother administrators to periodical delight—ye who rifle the fresh dewy (a matter-of-fact fellow would substitute *dank*) beauties of the Magazine one day before all the rest of the world!—be so kind as to read the next line or two over, till convinced of their rationality.

Stand not on the order of your nominations! If I had acquaintance with your names, I would say my little say, and take my leave alphabetically. If I had the requisite judgment, ye should be arranged according to style and respective eminence therein—or if my pate had the bump of calculation, (such a bump exists;) the paginary amount of your lucubrations should determine precedence. Being deficient in all these requisites for a *lucidus ordo*, I shall trust to circumstances (my usual way), and esteem my disarray *un beau désordre*, as the French wise-aces have dubbed the surviving lyrics of the Theban Swan.

And first, then, for JOHN CLARE; for first doth he stand in the sixth volume. "Princely Clare," as Elia

would call thee, some three hours after the cloth was drawn—Alas! good Clare, never again shall thou and he engage in those high combats, those wit-fights! Never shall his companionable draught cause thee an after-look of anxiety into the tankard!—no more shall he, pleasantly-malicious, make thy ears tingle, and thy cheeks glow, with the sound of that perplexing constraint! that conventional gagging-bill!—that Grammar!! till in the bitterness of thy heart thou cursedst Lindley Murray by all the stars.—Not once again shall thy sweetly-simple Doric phrase and accent begot the odious *pün*. Thou mayest imbibe thy ale in peace, and defy Priscian unchecked,—for Priscian's champion is gone!—Elia is gone!—Little didst thou think that evening would be the last, when thou and I, and two or three more, Messer Brunetto, Dugdale Redivivus, T—that anthery Cicero, parted with the humanity-loving Elia beneath the chaste beams of the watery moon, warmed with his hearty cheer—the fragrant steam of his "*great plant*,"—his savoury conversation, and the genuine good-nature of his cousin Bridget gilding all. There was something solemn in the manner of our clasping palms,—it was first "hands round," then "hands across."—That same party shall never meet again!—But pardon, gracious Spirit! that I thus, but parenthetically, memorize thee—yet a few more lines shall flow to thy most embalmed remembrance. Rest then awhile!

One word at parting, John Clare! and if a strange one, as a stranger give it welcome. I have known jovial nights—felt deeply the virtues of the grape and the barley-corn—I have co-operated in "the sweet wicked catches" 'bout the chimes at twelve, yet I say to thee—visit London seldom—shutting close thy ears in the abounding company of empty scoffers,—ever holding it in thy inmost soul, that love and perfect trust, not doubt, is the germ of *trac* poetry. Thy hand, friend Clare! others may speak thee fairer, but none wish thee solider welfare than Janus.

Near the banks of Thames dwells one like the stream, placid and deep, Messer Brunetto! Many are the be-

nefits I owe him in common with others—(his *opus majus* * * * * *;—his elegant Memoirs replete with candour and substantial criticism,—his Early French Poets, a pleasure-plot, quaintly pranked, laid open for public recreation); some peculiar to myself—(his countenance and commendation). Let me apply to him the words of an author only undervalued by the dull and the prejudiced; “No man can be a true critic or connoisseur who does not possess a universality of mind, who does not possess the flexibility, which, throwing aside all personal predilections and blind habits, enables him to transport himself into the peculiarities of other ages and nations, to feel them as it were from their proper central point, and—what ennobles human nature,—to recognize and respect whatever is *beautiful and grand* under those external modifications which are necessary to their existence, and which sometimes seem even to disguise them.” That Messer Brunetto is endowed with this rare comprehensive apprehensibility cannot be denied—his translations are nearly unique for closeness and felicity, both as to style and expression. The poetry, however subtle, never evaporates during the transfusion—neither is his penetration partial, but offers fresh proofs of its legitimacy in the sister art. His taste there is singularly grand, pure, and consistent. By the bye, our critics seem hardly aware of the intimate connexion, or rather of the identity, of the primal seeds of poetry and painting; nor that any true advancement in the serious study of one art co-generates a proportionate perfection in the other. If a man who did not feel Michel Agnolo, should talk of his gusto for Milton, depend upon it he deceives one of two persons—you or himself:—so likewise *vice versâ*. The moment you entered Elia’s room, you could swear to his selection of authors, by his selection of framed prints—(Leonardos and Early Raffaellos). And it is impossible to read Barry Cornwall without a conviction that his *cored* loves were Correggio, Parmegiano, and Bolognian Giulio (which they are, and some choice *bits* he has too); Michel, Leonardo, Rembrandt, coming in only by way of relief—Rubens rejected altogether. I intend these

two instances as compliments. But to proceed. Hang these bastard sprouts! these *suckers*! Before quitting our Brunetto, high esteemed among the magnates of poetry, I must suggest two or three subjects for his pen—Pindar—Petrarcha—but, perhaps, in that exquisite writer he may find “thoughts that lie too deep for tears.” If so, we must sympathize and abandon hope.

Occhi miei oscurato è'l nostro sole
Anzi è salito al cielo, ed ivi splende:
Ivi 'l vedremo anchor: ivi n'attende;
E di nostro tardar forse li dolo.

.....
.....
Morte biasmate; anzi laudate lui;
Che lega, e scioglie; e'n un punto apre, e
serra;

E dopo 'l pianto sa far lieto altrui.

There are others from whom Englished Excerpta might amuse him, and delight his readers;—we have no specimen of an English Ariosto;—Pulci and Boyardo are quite unknown. Some green flowers surely might be picked from the chaplets of the Provençals, enumerated by Crescimbeni—or he might afford the involuntarily-unlearned an idea of the towering and severe Æschylus!

When the spring comes, there is joy on the hills of Cumberland, and life in the streams of Nithsdale; but the joy of thy smile, and the life of thy song, ALLAN! glow through the snow of winter—flourish sappy and green amid the adust summer.

Thou murmurest near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

Large art thou in body and soul!
Thy broad brow and palm consort most fitly. If nature models her faces truly, there was never man less soiled by the foul smoke of Babylon. Thy poetry germinates from the divine seed—love of all things lovely and good. There find I set down, without straining and ambitious fustian, the elements of thine own mind—pathos, innocent hilarity, disdain of petty craft and cant, deep affections, native delicacy, and a noble enthusiasm for supernatural cheer.—In it we see how

——— wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that
mood,
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
But what need of my lean praise?—
thou hast thy meed of fame;—higher

hands have crowned thee with the wild-wood wreath. Farewell, pleasant Allan C——m! The last green glass over which we nodded to one another, *was* the last!—Ere Christmas Day, Janus will be even as Elia. Farewell! May thy seasons be ever smooth. Health to thee and her

To whom the warble of thy lip is dearest.

Mild and tasteful BARRY CORNWALL! old brother *dilettante*—friend of Elia! Poet of Woman! the most grateful title to thy ears—honey-tongued singer of beauty and its mother-night!

Come from out thy dreams
Of green Sicilian fields,
And blue Sicilian streams!

Let *Her* smiling hair,
Untwisted, wind at length
To the wild wind's tricksome care,

while thou strikest a dying note in the hand of Weathercock. Adieu!—too sensitive friend! follow thy own blooming road—be thy own mind thy kingdom;—and should the envious and the hard blow on thy tender flowers with their foggy breath, doubt not the advent of due guerdon.

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil;
Nor in the glistening foil,
Set off to the world; nor in broad rumour lies.

Relinquish not *our* art—lest thine own in anger desert *thee*. Grant me, too, one request at this heavy time,—drop on my grave one melodious tear—my hungry spirit “would suck up” another LAST SONG,* as rich incense. “What say you, friend?” Janus to Barry Cornwall speaks his last adieu!

I would fain address a valediction to our Mr. Table Talk, “that cunning master of fens!” he that will thrust you clean through the eye of a needle;—who unlooses the most knotted question, “familiar as my garter.” By Saint Nicholas, in matters of graphic art and opera dancing, he is villanously heterodox!—a perilous heretic! But I may spare my flickering breath;—he reads not a word of our Magazine!!

Young THEODORE! young in years, not in power! Our new Ovid!—only more imaginative!—Painter to the visible eye—and the inward;—commixture of, what the superficial deem, incongruous elements!—Instructive living proof, how close lie the founts of laughter and tears! Thou fermenting brain—oppressed, as yet, by its own riches. Though melancholy would seem to have touched thy heart with her painful (salutary) hand, yet is thy fancy mercurial—undepressed;—and sparkles and crackles more from the contact—as the northern lights when they near the frozen Pole. How! is the fit not on? Still is “Lycus” without mate!—Who can mate him but thyself? Let not the shallow induce thee to conceal thy depth. Leave “*Old Seamen*,”—the strain thou held'st was of a higher mood;—there are others for your “*Sketches from Nature*,” (as they truly call'em)—*****—and such small deer! As for thy word-gambols, thy humour, thy fantastics, thy curiously-conceited perceptions of similarity in dissimilarity, of coherents in incoherents, they are brilliantly suave, innocuously exhilarating:—but not a step farther, if thou lovest thy proper peace! Read the fine of the eleventh, and the whole of the twelfth chapter of *Tristram Shandy*; and believe them, dear Theodore! O most truly. For *others* (not for thee) is the following paragraph thence quoted: “Trust me, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no afterwit can extricate thee out of. In these sallies, too oft I see it happens, that a person laughed at considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest up his friends, his family, his kindred, and allies,—and musterest up with them the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger,—'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes, thou hast got a hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears,

* See that exquisite lyric, among the minor poems at the end of *Marcian Colonna*. (“*Marcian Colonna is a dainty book.*”)

and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so."

Let my gratitude reach thee in thy learned ease, unseen IDLER, on the prerupt rocks and breezy downs of woody *****! Thou who hast taught so many Greek and Roman mouths to utter vigorous and manly English.—Some call thee rough! so did the full-styled Rubens leave his decided tints.—The gay-coloured Ampelus is rich as his unctuous pictures. Thy version of Atys* hath the thundering force of some old anvil-clad cavalier's battle charge, Maximilian, Richard the Lion, or Albert the Giant. I love the ardent way in which thou championest those of thy favourites, at whom ignorant scorn hath wrinkled the nose! 'Tis a rare vice now-a-days!—more pity!—My bidding hath been potent on thy sprites ere now:—again I essay!—I call on Apollonius!—see that he answer not in rhyme.

But ELIA's ghost is impatient.

Yet what can I say of thee more than all know? that thou hadst the gaiety of a boy, with the knowledge of a man;—as gentle a heart as ever sent tears to the eyes.—Marry! the black bile would sometimes slip over his tongue's tip; then would he spit it out, and look more sweetly for the riddance.—How wittily would he mistake your meaning, and put in a conceit most seasonably out of season!—His talk without affectation was compressed, like his beloved Elizabethans, even unto obscurity;—like grains of fine gold, his sentences would beat out into whole sheets.—I say, "without affectation," for he was not the blind-brained man to censure in others his own vice.—Truly "without affectation," for nothing rubbed him the wrong way so much as *pretence*;—then the sparks flew about!—yet, though he would strip and whip soundly such beggars in velvet rags, the thong never flew in the face of a wise moderation to do her any hurt.† He had small mercy on spurious fame; and a caustic observation on the *fashion for men of genius* (vulgarly so termed) was a standing dish:—he contended that several of our minor talents, who now emulate Byron, Coleridge, and

the old Dramatists, had, fifty years ago, rested contented satellites to old Sylvanus Urban—tranquil imitators of Johnson and Goldsmith. One of these flaunting, arrogant ephemera was particularly odious to him—(in one species of his scribbling he resembleth a gilt chimney-sweeper—in another a blow-fly;—this is my remark). Sometimes would he defame, "after a sort" his printed (not painted) mistresses.

As perplexed lovers use
At a need, when in despair,
To paint forth their fairest fair;
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike.

.....no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Farewell to Tobacco.

Sir Thomas Brown was a "bosom cronie" of his—so was Burton, and old Fuller. In his amorous vein he dallied with that peerless Duchess of many-folio odour;—and with the hey-day comedies of Beaumont and Fletcher he induced light dreams. He would deliver critical touches on these like one inspired; but it was good to let him choose his own game:—if another began, even on the acknowledged pets, he was liable to interrupt—or rather append, in a mode difficult to define, whether as misapprehensive or mischievous. One night, at C—'s, the above dramatic partners were the temporary subject of chat. Mr. *** commended the passion and haughty style of a tragedy (I don't know which of them), but was instantly taken up by Elia; who told him, "That was nothing,—the lyrics were the high things—the lyrics!"—and so having stricken *** with some amaze—he concluded with a brief intense eulogy on the "Little Thief!"

He had likewise two perversities—a dislike to all German literature,—by which language he was, I believe, scrupulously intact;—the other was a most vehement assertion of equality between Harrington and

* Privately printed.

† Somewhere in Fuller.

Fairfax, as translators—Venial aberrations!—I know of no others.

His death was somewhat sudden; yet he was not without wormy forebodings. Some of these he expressed, as you may recollect, Dear Proprietor! at your hospitable table, the — of last —. I accompanied him home at rather an early hour in the morning, and being benignantly invited to enter, I entered. His smoking materials were ready on the table, —I cannot smoke, and therefore, during the exhaustion of a pipe, I soothed my nerves with a single tumbler of *** and water. He recurred several times to his sensation of approaching death—not gloomily—but as of a retirement from business, — a pleasant journey to a sunnier climate. The serene solemnity of his voice overcame me;—the tears poured thick from their well-heads—I tried to rally myself and him:—but my

throat swelled—and stopped my words.

His pipe had gone out—he held it to the flame of the candle—but in vain.

It was empty!—his mind had been wandering. He smiled placidly and knocked out the ashes—"even so silently," said he, "may my fiery spark steal from its vehicle of ashes and clay!"

I felt oppressed—many things had contributed lately to break and daunt my once elastic spirits—I rose to go—he shook me by the hand,—neither of us spoke—with that I went my way—and I saw him no more!—

How much is lost to this miserable world—which knew him not while it possessed him!—I knew him—I, —who am left to weep.—Eheu! Elian! Vale!

GOOD NIGHT TO ALL.†

† Janus was here taken too sick-hearted to proceed. He is now ———. ED.

I'LL DAUT NAE MAIR A POSIE.

1.

ONCE I loved a lily hand,
A cheek baith ripe and rosie;
Once I loved a ruddie lip,—
I'll daut nae mair a posie;
Sweet is a rose to smell and pu',
When opening is its fragrant mou,
But there's a worm amang the dew—
I'll daut nae mair a posie.

2.

Once I met a rosie cheek
Amang the dews of even,
An ee that kenn'd nae ill but love
Could wiled a saint frae heaven,
Though love's divine delicious lowe
Warm in those rosie cheeks did glow,
Where pity has forgot to grow,
'Tis but a posie living.

3.

Woman, thou art a bairnly playke
Wi' nought but beauty's blossom;
But thou'rt a flower of heavenly power,
Wi' pity in thy bosom.
Wi' a' thy smiles and a' thy charms,
Wi' a' thy failings and thy harms,
Thou'rt lovelier in a bodie's arms
Than ought that bears a blossom.

C.
JAN. 1852.

A VISIT TO THE FRANCISCAN MONASTERY OF SORRENTO.

Naples, June, 1822.

ON our arrival at the Monastery we were received by the Superior, or *Guardiano*, with great civility; we soon arranged all the particulars respecting our lodging and fare, and immediately took up our residence in two little white-washed cells in the poor retreat of the *Francescani*. The Monastery stands on the edge of the cliffs which overhang the sea; it is a rectangle, enclosing a little court, in the middle of which is a very large well of excellent water. The cloisters run round the court, and serve occasionally as a promenade for three pigs, which are kept on the refuse of the convent kitchen, until they are fat enough to go to a meal, not where they eat, but where they are eaten.

The cells in the cloisters are but few; some of them are appropriated to the use of the lay brothers, and others are employed as store-rooms; one large outlet leads from the cloisters into the church; another gives admittance to the garden; and a third, secured with a large folding door, is a dark narrow passage cut through the rock, and leads to the cellars: continuing to descend, it opens low down upon the cliffs, and from the opening a winding path, cut in the face of the rock, leads almost to the shore; then, entering the cliffs again, the path ends in a broad cavern where the monks keep their boats;—a few steps bring one to the sea-side.

We arrived at the Monastery a little before noon, and we had but just ended our conference with the *Guardiano*, when a cracked bell, which hung by the door of the refectory, called the willing monks to dinner: the Superior conducted us thither, and led us to the seat of honour at the upper end of the room, where he placed us by his side. The refectory is rather spacious; on the sides and at the upper end the floor is raised about a foot; this elevated part is about four feet wide, and on it are ranged the narrow tables, and the benches on which the monks sit. The walls on the sides are painted

JAN. 1823.

with figures of saints of both sexes, but these are sadly decayed by time and damp; and we learned afterwards, that the Superior was considering—seriously and sorrowfully considering—whether it would not be better to white-wash them out altogether. Over the door is an oil painting, representing the Persons of the Trinity and San Francesco, with a good many wax tapers before it, which the monks light up every Saturday night, and, according to their rules, sing and pray half an hour by the blaze: to the left of this picture is a pulpit, perched high against the wall, and ascended to by a flight of wooden steps. The kitchen adjoins the refectory, and there is an opening near the foot of the pulpit through which the lay-brothers receive the dinner for the community from the cook; under this opening is inscribed, "*Si non est satis, memento paupertatis.*" When we entered, we found five or six novices, and two or three friars, ranged in a row, and singing with all their might: after exercising themselves in this manner for a few minutes, they took their places at table, except one novice, who ascended the pulpit, and read a homily out of a great greasy book. His homily ended, he stopped until a lay brother had received the portions of soup, and had begun to deliver them round; then, immediately lifting up his voice, he sang a short grace, and closing the book with a slap, ran down the steps with surprising agility, bowed reverently to the Superior, and shuffled into his place at the board. A very good *minestra di cavoli* (cabbage broth) began the repast; it was followed by a plate of boiled meat, and that by another of roast; there was nothing very superlative in the cookery of these dishes, and the quantity was far from being considerable, and might be taken as a proof of the frugality or poverty of our hosts. Every monk had about a bottle of wine in an earthenware jug; and this liquor, we may observe, we (during our residence)

E

found pretty good when they were obliged to buy it, but "very middling indeed" when it was what they had begged; for the good folks of Sorrento too generally make it a rule to give away in charity the very worst things they happen to have. A few figs and grapes from their own garden furnished the dessert. The monks' simple meal was eaten in haste: when it was ended, the Superior rang a little hand-bell; at this signal the novices got up, advanced towards the Superior with their arms crossed upon their breasts, bowed to him, and kissed the table at which he sat; they then bowed to each other, and, retreating a few steps, fell on their knees, their arms still crossed, and their faces turned towards their temporal chief: they remained in this situation a few minutes, when the Superior rang his bell again; the monks then rose from table, the novices began to chaunt, and soon after rising, they, the monks and the Superior, sang and prayed in unison: all at once they stopped and fell on their knees; a single monk then carried on the prayer, and when he had concluded, the whole community joined in the response. This lasted about five or six minutes; the monks then formed a double line, and the Superior, taking the lead with awkward stateliness, made his exit from the refectory.

This, as we afterwards found, was the regular convent dinner; but it underwent a little variation on particular occasions,—as on Fridays and Saturdays fish was eaten instead of meat, as also on appointed fasts, or on other rare days when ways and means were rather embarrassed; for the happy times are past when the monks could assure themselves of abundant and unfailing supplies: still, however, they strive hard to distinguish the feast days from the ordinary ones, and on such times we found that the meal was generally reinforced by an additional plate of

meat, or some macaroni, or a *pizza*, and a glass of wine better than common.

After dinner, the Superior out of politeness returned to us: in a few days other monks came to join us at the same time, and in short this innovation grew gradually into a habit; and as we usually remained at table longer than the monks, or took a bottle of wine and some fruit out into one of the alcoves over the sea, we had generally a little *conversazione* after dinner, which equally amused us and them. The novices, as soon as they had dispatched their meal, retired to their seminary; and when they were gone, the monks dropped in upon us one after another, some to ask strange questions about foreign parts, some to tell stories of miracles, others to relate anecdotes of different monasteries in which they had resided, or of monks with whom they had associated. The Superior's favourite hero was a certain Irish Franciscan, Padre Tormichele,* lately defunct, whom he considered as a *mostro di santità e di scienza*; and we suspect he was inclined to believe that this Padre *Ibernese* had fully merited canonization. Another inexhaustible source of conversation was *Enrico Ottavo*, *Anna Bolena*, and *Lutero*, all of whom were huddled together in his head in a most amusing confusion. He frequently, with infinite pathos, observed, it was a great pity that England, which had once been such a flourishing garden of Catholicism, and had produced so many and such great saints and martyrs—martyrs inferior to none, and saints all but equal to those of Naples,—should now teem with nothing but noxious weeds, and be always covered with dark clouds; and that the English, who were such *bella gente*, should all be consigned into the hands of the dark one: he used, however, to console himself with the hope that the Almighty would not abandon that

* This Irish monk was well-known under the name of Padre Maccormack to many travellers of our nation: we had the honour of being rather well acquainted with him when we were in Naples some five or six years ago: he was a droll old fellow; he had travelled in several continental kingdoms, and had formed himself a curious grammar and vocabulary of their languages. The old monk was very dirty, very ignorant, very fond of aqua-vitæ and snuff, and of making converts to his faith—at least of attempting to do so.

unhappy country for ever to reprobation, but would in his own good time restore it to the true faith, and to his favour and protection, which he had so long withheld. Another subject of discourse was Naples, the Neapolitans, and the Carbonari. The Guardiano's opinion about his native city was, that it undoubtedly stood higher in the favour of God than any other spot on earth; in this opinion he was principally confirmed by the circumstance that miracles are performed there up to the present day: the Neapolitans, he said, were undoubtedly very bad people, very ignorant, very lazy, great thieves, great liars, and very malignant; but they had one capital virtue—that of believing more devoutly than any other people; and the bad part of them, he said, was composed entirely of those who had been spoiled by the French, or seduced by the Carbonari. He allowed that the Neapolitans did not excel in manufactures, which he attributed solely to the influence of the air; and this opinion he sustained and elucidated by the following ingenious explanation:—"our countrymen," said he, "as all the world knows, can make very good macaroni, and this is, because the air of Naples is favourable to the making of macaroni; but if they go to Rome, they cannot make good macaroni there, because the air of Rome is not favourable to macaroni-making:—now, now in England you excel in manufactures, because your air is cold and moist, and favourable to manufactures, especially to cotton weaving and cutlery—but Englishmen cannot make razors or stockings in Naples, for the air prevents them."

Our conversations were sometimes enlivened by Padre Torpietro, the *Lettore* (or instructor of the novices), a tall, thin, sententious old man who had grown grey in the cloisters; he was a very dogmatical personage, and prided himself extremely on his Latin, his logic, his theology, and his natural philosophy, of all which, as it seemed to us, he understood but very little. He was a person of great consideration in the Monastery—the most learned and the most aged—and these circumstances, added to his experience in his business, made him

quite a confidential person in the town: the penitents, to whom he administered spiritual admonitions, continually supplied him with some little luxuries by way of presents, which gave him another sort of superiority in the eyes of his *confreres*. The presents he produced at table were generally choice fruit, and when he had eaten his fill, with equal generosity and condescension he regaled some of his favourite novices with the remainder; they received the gift with great eagerness, never, however, forgetting to mutter the Franciscan formula, "*per l'amor di Dio*." All the monks looked up to Torpietro with fear and trembling, and even the commanding spirit of the Superior stood cowed before him; nothing of importance was undertaken without his sanction, and every one craved his counsel in all affairs, heartily wishing at the same time that the old man was safe in his cell at Santa Maria la Nuova in Naples, to which monastery he belonged, as he resided at Sorrento only on account of his health. We do not, however, suppose that he will speedily relieve them from the unwelcome honour of his presence; for, no doubt, he finds himself much more comfortable in his capacity of confessor, and much more dignified in his quality of censor, than he would be as an undistinguished member in his own convent. Besides which, he was here quite a privileged person: on account of his age he was exempted from attending constantly at the prescribed services; he occupied the finest cell in the building; and he was listened to with patient and admiring attention whenever he told again his "thrice-told tales," which he generally did every day; for the old sage was very fond of hearing himself talk, and of the profound respect which was paid him by every individual in the convent,—monk, novice, and lay.

The alcoves, to which we have alluded before, were occasionally the scenes of consultations rather curious for a monastery. Here the lay-brothers came to confer with their Superiors upon the value of dreams, deaths, accidents, &c. with reference to the *buona Offiziata*, or Neapolitan lottery. The *sacerdoti* are not allowed

to play in the lottery themselves, but they study the cabala,* and give their advice to the *laici*, who, not lying under the same inability, continually tried their luck, as it always happened that they had dreams, or met with accidents more promising than any which they had had before: but notwithstanding these continual advances, we never heard that any success crowned their expectations. The Guardiano's opinion in these matters was the most esteemed, though for what reason we know not, as he never happened to divine the fortunate numbers: yet his ill success did not abate the poor monks' credulity, and they continued to consult him, and he to give his advice, with as much confidence as ever. When we first went to reside with the monks we ourselves were several times solicited to give our opinion: the first time this occurred was one day when we were walking in the cloisters, at the hour when the greater part of the monks had retired to take their *siesta*; on this occasion a lay-brother came up to us with a soliciting smile on his face, and, after a short preface, said, "*Nè Signori! volete far mi una grazia?—Voi altri Inglesi siete nomi-*

nati per il calcolo—non mi potreste combinare un terno?"† We assured him that, whatever other Englishmen might know of the matter, we knew nothing about it: he desisted from his solicitations, which, however, he repeated once or twice afterwards, and we believe we never thoroughly persuaded him of our incapacity in this respect.

The Superior's ruling passion was music, and his skill in that art was one of his most useful qualities in the church; his greatest ambition was to be heard above all the rest in the *Messa Cantata*, which he always was, on account of his voice being a high and shrill *falsestto*: he used frequently to amuse us in the alcove after dinner with an exhibition of his musical powers, sometimes singing the solos of a favorite mass, sometimes an old opera air, and at other times resuming the musical exercises of his youth, several of which we found very pretty. We send you two exercises on the scale, which are true antiques, and are not altogether destitute of merit:—they were composed by a Franciscan monk, who lived and died in this very monastery.

FRA MARTINO.



DO RE MI.



* This cabala is called "*La Smorfia*," or, "*Il nuovo dilucidario della buona fortuna, per poter vincere all' estrazione de' Lotti.*" There is no book so much referred to in this kingdom; as it is—we shall refer to it again, when speaking of the amusements of Naples.

† *Terno*, three numbers, which, in case of their being guessed, entitle the holder to a prize proportioned to his stake and risk.

One of the monks, who was most regular in his attendance after dinner, was Padre Michel Angelo, a poor old man, "half daft," who had been for three or four years unsuccessfully engaged in a law-suit, the vexation of which, joined to a want of the means of procuring a few luxuries necessary to old age, and of which even poor Franciscans have need, had somewhat prematurely brought on dotage. The constant theme of his conversation was this interminable law-suit, and we believe not one of his companions escaped hearing something about it at least once a day. You would hardly guess what sort of a law-suit it is; these are the particulars: his father made him a monk, and his sister a nun, at a very early age; and to another sister, who afterwards married, he left all his little property, charged however with the encumbrance of twelve ducats a year; this money was to be paid for forty masses, which he wished to have said by his son every year for the repose of his soul. Some years after the father's death, the sister discontinued paying this sum, and the object of the law-suit was to compel her to discharge this obligation; but as Padre Michel Angelo had no money, his lawyer only worked *per l'amor di Dio*; and not caring much for such sort of motives, did not seem to be very diligent in his calling; and, in all appearance, the aged monk will come to an end before the law-suit. The sum in question the poor Franciscan looked upon as very considerable, and it would indeed have been sufficient to supply all his little wants, and to make his old age comfortable. But though this was the principal subject of Michel Angelo's conversation, it was by no means the only one: another favourite theme was a long rambling story about a young woman in Naples whom he had known in his youth: this poor girl was possessed with devils, who used to hold audible conversations in her inside; he had frequently heard these conversations himself, but was not possessed of sufficient power to put a stop to this singular ventriloquism; — at length, there came a venerable monk, who, by the force of his sanctity and his logic, was enabled to overcome these devils in an argument concerning God, and immediately on being

vanquished they took to flight, darting away, wrapped in sulphureous flames. Next to this, his most frequent subject of discourse was hell, which he most devoutly dreaded and abhorred; he thought he had a pretty good notion of its geography and of its terrors, which latter he described with all the puerile hideousness which a heated and feeble imagination, and a hankering after horrors, enabled him to invent.

It sometimes happened that the monks did not pay their usual attendance, either because they had affairs which engaged their attention, or because the heat of the weather gave them more inclination for sleep than for conversation; and on such occasions we generally used to retire to an alcove at the end of the dormitory, whence, as it almost hung over the edge of the cliffs, and was open on two sides, we had a most beautiful view, comprising a great part of the bay and its islands; the city of Naples and the hills behind it; Vesuvius, of course; the towns of Portici, Resina, La Torre del Greco, and La Torre del' Annunziata; and on our own side of the bay, the cliffs of Monte Chiaro, a part of the Piano, the pretty garden of the capuchin Monastery there, and the fine hills and shore of the peninsula running towards Cape Minerva; an old watch tower standing out on a little cape near some ruins, said to be of a temple of Neptune; and now and then a vessel coming round the peninsula, from Calabria, or the crowded passage boats from Naples, lowering their sails as they entered the little port of Sorrento, which was just below us, and creating in a moment a pleasing and busy maritime scene. We were accustomed to lounge about in this nook till the cool of the evening, when we generally took a walk; sometimes through the villages in the Piano; sometimes up the hills that lie between Sorrento and Massa: the last never failed to delight us; and our steps often turned mechanically into the long narrow street that led that way. We passed an old low gateway, immediately beyond which a bridge strides over the deep natural fosse or ravine which runs round the town: beyond the fosse there is a narrow green flat, and then a fine coloured mass of rocks covered on the

top with vines and olive trees; the path runs a little way along at their feet, and then begins to ascend in steep ramps. Often, returning from this walk, we reached the old bridge just as night was closing in, sat down on a little bank near at hand, and watched the peasants returning into town from their labours, or a traveller or two from Massa, or some other part of the peninsula, riding over the bridge on a slow and sober ass, and disappearing under the arch-way. Sometimes at this hour a few ragged boys lingered here to play, and gathering weeds and flowers from the brink of the fosse, wove themselves little garlands, with which they crowned one another; and then, as the night advanced dropped off reluctantly to return home. This was one of our favourite scenes. The darkening mountain, the deep obscure ravine, in part of which the evening breeze was busy with groves of orange trees; the rude decayed bridge; the dilapidated wall of the town, over which rose two or three antique houses; the low arched gate, with a dim lamp burning before the Madonna under it, and armorial bearings rudely carved in stone above, and the glancing sea, seen far below through the glee—objects which will always be picturesque, were here arranged with a felicity of combination which we shall long remember. The stillness of the evening was only broken by the shrill croak of the *cicala*, or a low murmur which the breeze brought from the town, or the last tolling of a distant bell which had rung the hour of *ave-maria*. We generally got back to the Monastery a few minutes before supper was served: this was for the monks a very humble meal; a little tripe, or two or three fried eggs, a few leaves of salad, some bread, and the same quantity of wine as at dinner, composed the repast. The devotional exercises were much the same; and after supper our conversations were renewed in the same alcove to which we retired after dinner: they were generally better attended than in the middle of the day, for the novices and the lay-brothers were sometimes admitted to the honour of taking a part; as, however, our subjects of conversation were not very abundant, we frequently had the satisfaction of

hearing the same things over again, particularly the Superior's long endless history of *Enrico Ottavo*. In about an hour our visitors began to drop off, one by one, with a "*Santa notte, Don Guglielmo, Don Carlo, santa notte,*" and we were soon left alone; when, occasionally before going to our cells, we walked awhile around the corridor, enjoying the silence and tranquillity of the hour and the scene. A soft light streamed along the passages from a lamp which was placed under a large crucifix, and from another which burned before an altar; in one angle of the dormitory there were two staircases leading into the church, and another leading to the belfry: in this part of the passage stood an old sofa, which had once been covered with silk, and had been the most splendid piece of furniture in the cell appropriated to the use of the Provinciale, (Provincial Superior of the order) when he visited them; but which, having somewhat declined into the vale of years, and being dirty and decayed, had been displaced and thrown here in neglect, as the finances of the Monastery were not now in a sufficiently flourishing condition to meet the expenses of having it repaired. On the opposite side of the passage stood five or six wine jars, in form and material resembling the ancient amphoræ found at Herculaneum and Pompeii. The silence was so perfect, that the ticking of an old clock near the altar might be heard in every part of the dormitory. Every object was well adapted to assist and associate with those feelings which night inspires—there was a certain something of romance and of sadness which sunk on the heart.—The old couch reminded us at once of the former prosperity of the Monastery, and told us that the monks have now "fallen upon evil days." We saw at the end of the passage a figure of Christ, which seemed starting from the cross, displayed in a strange and almost terrific light and shade by the flame of the lamp below the feet of the image,—the low doors of the crowded cells, the dark staircases, and sometimes a solitary monk gliding silently along the passage, and lighting his careful steps with the fragment of a taper:—and here, frequently forgetting the faults of mo-

nastic institutions, we felt that they abound in circumstances calculated to allure and captivate the imagination.

One night, after having mused in this place rather later than usual, we had retired to our cells, and were preparing to go to bed, when we were surprised by a very unusual bustle, the cause of which we did not understand: we thought, perhaps, the monks were going into the church to perform some nocturnal service, and as we did not wish to be considered prying, we remained where we were; but hearing the bustle increase, and hasty footsteps going backwards and forwards, and loud voices in the corridor, we at last issued from our cells. We saw all the monks running about in the utmost confusion; and presently the Guardiano, accompanied by two of the brothers, came up to us in haste and tribulation, and asked if we had got pistols, and if they were loaded with ball; and on our replying we had, he begged us to take them and come with him, but was in too great confusion to explain why. We, however, complied with his request, and followed him through the dormitory into the kitchen, and there we found the cause of this midnight alarm was that the great kitchen chimney had caught fire, and threatened the safety of the Monastery. The monks, novices, and lay-brothers, were all assembled here, and seemed overcome by fear; and indeed, there was apparently some cause of alarm, for the chimney, which opened upon a wooden roof, was all in flames: the motive for calling us "up in arms," was that we might discharge the pistol up the chimney in order to bring down the soot, which either from negligence or false economy had been suffered to collect for many months. We were advancing towards the great fire-place for that purpose, when a monk came and snatched the pistols from our hands, willing probably to show that he was not afraid of fire arms: the pistols had bolt locks with secret triggers, and as he in his hurry had neglected to ask how to cock them, when he got to the fire-place he found he could not accomplish his purpose, and he returned to us in great dudgeon, saying the pistols were good for nothing, for they would not go off. His

ignorance was a piece of very good fortune, for had he fired, he would probably have wounded a lay-brother, who had in the meantime ascended on the outside, and having got on the top of the chimney, was trying to extinguish the flames by covering the mouth with wet straw. The poor fellow indeed ran a double risk, for we had advanced with the pistols cocked close under the chimney, and were on the point of firing before we learned that any body was above. The means used to extinguish the fire proved successful, the soot soon burned itself out without doing any damage, the confusion gradually subsided, and the monks once more retired to their cells.

Another nocturnal disturbance took place on a very different occasion, and occurred some hours after we had retired to rest: we were awakened by a sudden rocking of the bed and room, and while we were musing on this odd circumstance, we heard a monk passing along the dormitory, and crying out in a loud and doleful voice *terramoto! terramoto!* (earthquake). We jumped up and opened the door; the monks were hurrying along, each with a taper in his hand, to the church; fear, and that stupor natural to persons waked suddenly out of their sleep, were marked on their countenances: we were standing at the door of our cell, when two or three of those who were behind passed by; they did not speak, and in a few moments we heard the whole of them lifting up their voices in the church. The trembling had ceased almost instantaneously; we had felt this sort of thing two or three times before in the kingdom; they had always been slight, and we had never experienced any harm from them, we therefore sagely concluded no harm would happen to us this time, went quietly to bed again, and fell asleep before the monks' *cantata* was ended. The next day, the earthquake of course was the sole subject of conversation; the monks spoke of it with superstitious awe, hinting pretty strongly that the mercy of Heaven had been exerted to save the Monastery and the city of Sorrento in consequence of the fervency of their prayers. This earthquake was felt in Naples and in the country round to a considerable distance; and, like

the others we have known, it took place during the suppression of the activity of Vesuvius.

There are few objects in nature which are to us more attractive than the "beachy margent of the sea," and as our Monastery stood so near the shore, and as it was besides the season of bathing, we seldom let a day pass without spending half an hour on the sands: indeed, if we had neither loved the sea, nor the scenery of the shore, we should still have found something to amuse us, for the gentry of Sorrento generally repaired hither every day, either to bathe, or to dive for *frutta di mare*, or to gossip away their lazy hours, while the sea breeze tempered the heat of the season. They were nearly all expert but timid swimmers, and seldom ventured above a few yards out of their depth, under pretence of there being at times *pesci cani* (sharks) in the bay. These people were called gentry, because they did no work, wore coats, and had perhaps from three to five hundred ducats a year; but they were not gentry for any better reason, for they were ignorant, vulgar, and frequently unprincipled. After we had bathed, and perhaps conversed a little, we generally walked along the sands, listening to the waves that rolled gently at our feet, or examining the picturesque masses of lava, which, falling from the cliffs above, had heaped the shore with ruins; some of them retained their native rudeness, while others, washed into comparative smoothness, were covered with incrustations of salt, or thick coats of green or reddish marine moss. The sands on the shore are black and sparkling, and seem merely lava ground into dust; the pebbles appear to be of the same origin, and their speckled appearance is very curious; molten stone, and pumice, and dust, are mixed up in them in motley confusion; some are black or brown, some bluish, some reddish, but all seem to retain the swarthy traces of the element that expelled them from the bowels of the earth. They have probably been rocked for ages in the cradle of the sea, soaked by the wave and

scorched by the sun in countless alternations, and the cohesion of their parts is so much weakened, that a slight blow crushes them into dirt. In many of the cliffs there are considerable grottos, with long narrow passages, some leading to and some from them, and others whose use and direction are not at all apparent: they are now all half filled with water.* According to traditions current here, these grottos were formerly connected by passages which led up to Monasteries or palazzi, on the cliffs above; but we could never find any such passages, and never could form any probable conjecture, as to what the grottos were originally intended for. Some of them, no doubt, were excavations made merely to get materials for building, and these are left in a very rough condition: but considerable labour has been bestowed upon others. One is carefully wrought into the form of a rotunda with a dome; another is a large arched vault, evidently chiselled with some attention to elegance; and in several of the narrow passages, we found many remains of *tonica* (ancient plaster) and traces of ornamental painting, mouldings, and other embellishments. But we are afraid we shall tire you with too many descriptions, therefore let us return to the Monastery.

During our residence here, the order was enriched by two members; we saw the ceremonies of their taking the vows, which, as they amused us, may perhaps amuse you. The first of these was a lay-brother who had served a twelvemonth's apprenticeship in the convent, performing all menial offices, such as serving the monks at meal and at mass, lighting the candles, sweeping out the church, mending old cowls, &c. The preliminary to those ceremonies was an unusual preparation for eating and drinking: this important part of the business was committed to Frà Gabriele, whose skill in such affairs was universally acknowledged, and who had the management of every little donation that was made to the fraternity for festival purposes: to him the monk gave what might be

* The great difference in the elevation of the waters of the bay in different epochs is a curious subject, frequently referred to, but never well accounted for, nor are the times of its rises and falls ascertained.

considered as his *footing*; and, considering the smallness of the sum, honest Gabriele did a great deal. As soon as the ceremonies began in the church, we repaired to the choir, whence we observed all that passed. The church was crowded with people who came to see the *funzione*, which began with a *messa cantata*, wherein our worthy Superior exhibited his musical talents to great advantage, singing all the solos himself, and being always heard the loudest in the chorus: indeed, he might have said with Bottom, "I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove." The singing in the choir wasequaled by the unusual pomp below. After the grand mass, one of the novices preached a short sermon, or rather a eulogy in praise of those who made themselves monks; this the lay-brother seemed to listen to with humble devotion, and when it was finished he retired into the sacristy: immediately a bell by the side of the church door was rung, and a long range of *spari* (little mortars about five inches long) began to be fired off, and under the cover of this amusing battery, the Superior retreated to arrange his dress. When the firing was over, he made his appearance in the church through a side door; he was loaded with all the finery of the Monastery, and fine indeed he was: his robes were gaudy and heavy;—silk, and gold, and embroidery, rose on a ground which had once been white; and these, oppressive enough in themselves, were thrown over his ordinary monk's dress, which Heaven knows is none of the coolest. The weather was very warm, and, as he had been exerting himself pretty violently in singing, and bustling about to give due *éclat* to the festival, his face, when he peeped through the little door, was something like a London sun in a foggy day. He plunged into the church, vibrating from side to side, rolling his great head, (a particular practice he had) and evidently breathing hard from fatigue: his right hand held a pastoral crook, and his left was gracefully applied to his belly; he was followed by four monks, also covered with white robes, in the middle of whom walked the professing lay-brother; they advanced to the altar

and fell upon their knees; after a short prayer, they all arose except the lay-brother, upon whose head the Superior laid his hands, and began to repeat the vow in Latin, in which, although it was not very long, and he had been studying for a day or two, he was so imperfect, as to be frequently obliged to consult a book which one of the monks held open before him. The lay-brother repeated the vow, sentence by sentence, after the Superior, not comprehending much of what he repeated, but taking all on trust to be what had been explained to him beforehand. When the profession was finished, the strangest part of the exhibition began: the new made monk arose, and was conducted by the Superior, followed by the monks, who did not choose this time to be very close in their attendance for reasons about to be disclosed: they had hardly turned their backs to the altar when we observed a sudden movement in the congregation; there was a great rising from seats, rummaging in pockets, and standing on tip-toe, and presently there proceeded from every part of the church a discharge of rough comfits which were directed generally pretty successfully at the Superior and the new-made monk. This discharge was accompanied by the simultaneous movement of a number of ragged children who precipitated themselves on the floor to pick up the sweetmeats: by their number, and their struggling with one another, the progress of the procession was impeded, and the monks exposed to the fire, which was kept up very briskly. The Superior bore all this with admirable patience for awhile, and only sought to defend himself a little by holding up part of his finery; anon, however, a whole handful "hit him too hard," and then dropping his guard he began clearing away the hindrances, (i. e. the children) with his feet: just then some *confetti*, maliciously directed, took him clean about the face and eyes—he lost all his patience, and almost ran to the door of the sacristy. The procession remained a few seconds in the sacristy, and then returned in the same order in which it had gone out, to the altar. Though the ammunition, with which the spectators had supplied themselves, was now consider-

ably diminished, still enough remained to keep up a running fire; and as the children followed the comfits wherever they fell, even the steps of the altar were besieged by them, and they were heard squalling and seen sprawling on the ground, and struggling with one another in every part of the church, notwithstanding the admonishing voice of the Superior, and sundry manual arguments of the lay-brothers. After a short prayer at the altar, the monks retired again to the sacristy, and the ceremony ended.

The pelting very much surprised us, as we thought it so entirely at variance with the character of seriousness and decorum which would have been proper to the scene: however, nearly all the people present joined in it very merrily; they laughed, talked aloud, pushed one another, and seemed to have the same sort of relish for the function, as for a carnival procession.

When the church was cleared, we went into the cloisters, and loitered about until dinner time, which followed very closely on the morning fatigues. On entering the refectory, we found every face lighted up with smiles brighter than usual; a remission of the observance of silence had been granted, and they were all chattering about the *funzione*, applauding the various parts of it, and anticipating the luxuries of which they were about to partake. The dishes were served round, and the good humour increased. We took our seats by the Superior, who asked us with proud satisfaction how we had liked the ceremonies, and especially the singing; and anon he began to open the fountains of his wit, and repeated again and again every pleasantry with which his memory was stored. The dinner was really *qualche cosa di bello*; there was the usual soup and *boulli*; they were followed by a ragout of bullock's tongue, (esteemed a great delicacy by the monks) and then came an *arrosto di vaccina* (roast beef), and the rear of the repast was brought up by a *pizra*, a Neapolitan dish, composed of paste, covered with a composition of eggs and cheese,

sprinkled over with a little sugar: at the same time that the *pizra* was introduced, a lay-brother went round with a large bottle, from which he filled every one's glass with some pretty good wine. The wine as well as the *pizra* was a *complimento** paid by the new-made monk to his brothers; a little dessert was served round, and that concluded the dinner. As the repast had continued longer, and as the monks had undergone extraordinary fatigues, and had drunk a glass or two of wine more than usual, on retiring from the refectory they all went to bed to recruit their forces for the remainder of the day's work.

The other occasion of this sort, was the profession of a young man who had passed his noviciate in the monastery, and who now took the vows which raised him to the more dignified and comfortable rank of father: the ceremonies were much the same, but there was a greater profusion of comfits employed in pelting in the church, and some additional means furnished for the enjoyment in the refectory, as some sweetmeats, some *rosolio*, and some *sor-betti*. The young monk afterwards entertained himself in his cell with some relations and friends, who had come to assist at the ceremonies, and to rejoice with him on the happy change of his condition. They were very loud in their gaiety; one of them played a clarinet, and the others laughed, talked, and sang some Neapolitan burlesque songs, which were rather *broad*, and very curious to be heard in a monk's cell. This merriment was kept up for a long time: it ceased, however, at length, and they all took their after dinner's nap. The new-made monk did not appear in the refectory in the evening, but after supper, while we were sitting in the alcove, we heard the noise of plates and glasses in his cell, and somewhat later, the same rejoicing as in the afternoon; the gentlemen, however, were rather more noisy, and uttered a good deal of the slang of Naples, and acted a variety of imitations of the popular *Pulcinella*. The next morning the young man left the con-

* With the Neapolitans a *compliment* means something to eat or drink—*ci à fatto complimenti*, often means no more than that so and so has given us a glass of *rosolio*, or a bit of cake.

vent, in company with his friends, to go to Naples, it being customary for every new-made padre to have fifteen days' liberty and enjoyment after his profession, and previous to his entering upon the duties of his calling. We had occasion to go into town at the same time, and we met the gay *brigata* in the passage boat: they were by no means so merry as on the preceding day; and as it was rather a rough morning, they were soon reduced to a melancholy state of silence or complaint, and paid an abundant tribute to the waves in consequence of the excesses they had committed

at the convent. They were all very low fellows, vulgar, and brutally ignorant; in short, true Neapolitans of La Lavandara (a Saint Giles' quarter of Naples) and it is generally from such classes of persons that the Franciscan monasteries are supplied: the young monk, however, was very superior to them; he was a very decent youth: and indeed during our residence at Sorrento, we frequently observed the disparity between the monks and their relations, and the superiority of the former in every respect.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SUPPLEMENTAL ILIAD OF
QUINTUS CALABER.

(Continued from our last Number.)

PARTING OF NEOPTOLEMUS FROM HIS MOTHER DEIDAMIA.—BOOK 7.

This said, Achilles' valiant son replied;
"Then if the Greeks invite me to their side,
Warn'd by heaven's oracles, no more delay;
Brush we to-morrow the broad ocean's spray:
So may I to the wishing Greeks afford
Light; seek we now the hospitable board
My promised wedlock—let some future day
And the kind gods dispose it as they may."

He said, and pass'd before; and they elate
Trode on his steps and walk'd the hall of state.
Within they Deidamia found, who kept
Her widowhood aloof, and ceaseless wept
As snows that to the whistling breezes run
From mountain crags, and feel th' unconquer'd sun.
So for her glorious lord she pined away;
The princes hail'd her, thus to grief a prey;
Her son approach'd, and frankly told the fame
Of their high lineage, and each single name,
But till the dawn deferr'd the cause for which they came,
Lest weeping sadness on the mourner steal,
And supplications check his hastening zeal.

They took repast; and all were soothed with sleep,
Who lay in Scyros 'midst the sounding deep,
Where the still beating billows roar around,
And dash'd with broken foam th' Ægean shores rebound.

But slumber seal'd not Deidamia's eyes;
Her sleepless fear Ulysses' name supplies
Coupled with craft; and god-like Diomed
Who from her widow'd arms Achilles led;
Rouzing that dauntless heart for war to burn,
Till Fate surprised and barr'd him from return.
Thence boundless grief on her and Peleus fell,
And thence new terrors in her breast rebel;
Lest to the chance of war her son should go,
And woe be added to her bleeding woe.

Morn climbs the spacious heaven; the heroes rise:
 With tip-toe step each from his chamber flies,
 But shuns not Deidamia's watchful eyes:
 Round Neoptolemus' broad breast she clings;
 The thrilling air with her lamentings rings;
 As when the heifer unremitting wails
 Her youngling, moaning deep o'er hills and echoing dales:
 So rang the inmost chambers with her grief,
 That now indignant found in words relief;
 "Whither is flown thy sense, my son! my joy!
 That thou with strangers wend'st to tearful Troy?
 There many have made shipwreck of their life,
 Though train'd to battle and inured to strife:
 Thou art a youth; not thine the fence of art,
 That brunts the death-stroke and that shields the heart:
 Then listen; rest at home; rest safely here,
 Lest the death-news from Troy affright mine ear;
 My mind forebodes that from the battle plain
 Alive thou never wilt return again.
 Thy father fell himself; that mightier he,
 God-born, superior to the rest and thee;
 Their counsel, their deceit allured him on
 To dismal war, who now seduce my son:
 For thee I fear; I tremble at my heart:
 Thou leav'st me childless, if thy steps depart;
 No worse despair to woman can befall;
 Of husband, son, bereft, bereft of all:
 Her void house shrouded in one funeral pall.
 Then neighbouring ruffians rend her fields away,
 Reckless of right and greedy of their prey;
 Ah! what more wretched, what more weak than she,
 Whose house is desolate as mine will be?"
 She said, and wept aloud; her son replied,
 "Cheer thee, my mother! cast thy fears aside.
 Dismiss thy evil omen: can it be
 That I shall fall, unless by Fate's decree?
 If such my fate, may those I serve proclaim
 I perish worthy of Achilles' name!"
 He said; when Lycomedes reverend stood
 With snowy hairs, to check his fiery blood:
 "Brave son of valiant sire! his image thou:
 Thy father's valour sits upon thy brow:
 Yet war's most bitter end I dread for thee,
 And dismal peril of the surging sea:
 The mariner hangs on the brink of death:
 Fear, ere thou tempt the fickle breeze's breath,
 From Troy's, or other shores: then, when the sun
 Meets Capricorn involved in vapours dun,
 And leaves the Archer and his bow behind;
 Then clouds and storms come thickening in the wind:
 And when the stars are snatch'd in ocean's breast,
 And sinks Orion darkling to his rest.
 Dread in thy mind the equinoctial gale,
 Nor when the Pleiads set unfurl the sail:
 Then tempests scour the waters waste and wide,
 And on the surface of the billows ride.
 Fear too the Goat, when from th' horizon's verge
 He plunges headlong in the skirting surge:
 And other stars that set or rise around
 The broad expanse, and light the blue profound."
 He spoke, and kiss'd his grandson; nor withheld
 Longer his steps, to brawling fields impell'd;

He smiling blithe was hastening to the beech ;
But in the house his mother's tear-dew'd speech
Detain'd him yet awhile, though hurrying on
With buoyant feet, that seem'd already gone.
As when a youth his starting steed restrains,
Presses his side and draws the bitted reins ;
Neighing he champs the curb that has repress,
And throws the foam on his besilver'd breast ;
He shifts his feet that quiver'd on the bound ;
His light hoofs trampling clang with hollow sound ;
His mane's toss'd flakes athwart his shoulder flow ;
He flings his head aloft ; his breathing nostrils glow ;
His rider glorying smiles ; thus clinging round
Her Neoptolemus, the mother wound
Her fettering arms ; his feet but pause to part,
And the track'd dust is smoking ere he start :
Though grieved, she gazed with joy upon her son ;
Who kiss'd her o'er and o'er, and so was gone :
He left her in his father's hall to mourn
Her bitter sorrows, helpless and forlorn.

As round some mansion's jutting frieze on high
The swallow flits and mourns with piercing cry
Her dappled nestlings, whom a serpent foul
Caught shrieking, and with sorrow wrapp'd her soul ;
Sad cowers the mother o'er the vacant nest,
And plaining beats the cornice with her breast ;
So for his sake did Deidamia shed
Fast tears ; and on her son's deserted bed
Fall'n at her length, shriek'd loud ; and o'er and o'er
Wet with her tears the pillars of the door
Through which he pass'd away ; and fondly press'd
Each toy that pleased his childhood to her breast ;
Or if through tears she spied a chance-left spear,
She kiss'd it oft ; 'twas his, and it is dear.
He from his mother, thus lamenting sore,
Was far away, and heard her voice no more.
His limbs fast bore him on his shipward way ;
And like a meteor flash'd his armour's ray :
Ulysses, Diomedes, graced his side,
And twenty followers, valiant men and tried :
Them Deidamia from her house had sent
To serve her son, and guard him where he went.
They of Achilles' son composed the train,
Thus through the city hastening to the main :
He marching in the midst exulting trod ;
Glad Nereids look'd, and smiled the blue-hair'd god,
To see Achilles' son, a dawning star,
Languish to cope with fields of tearful war,
Though beardless was his cheek : strength nerved the frame,
And knit the joints ; the spirit lent the flame.
He bounded from his country's shores, like Mars
In form and aspect, when he seeks the wars ;
While the keen rage is kindling in his soul,
Bent are his brows, his eye-balls flashing roll ;
With fierceness clad his cheek has awful charms,
And gods shrink trembling as he stalks in arms ;
Such was Achilles' son : the temples burn
With incense for the prince's safe return ;
Heaven hears the city's prayers : and on he treads
Elate, and towering o'er his followers' heads.
By the deep-roaring ocean rolling dark
They found the rowers in their sculptured bark :

Busied from side to side, and to the gale
 Loosening the canvas of the running sail :
 The hero leap'd aboard : they straight unmoor
 The cable's noose that binds them to the shore,
 And heave the anchor's strength ; th' eternal stay
 Of mighty ships that roll within the bay.
 The spouse of Amphitrite kindly lent
 A passage through his calmy element :
 For care was at his heart, since Greece, his joy,
 Was press'd by brave Eurypylus and Troy.

Meanwhile the chiefs beside Achilles' son
 Beguiled his ear with deeds his sire had done :
 Joy in his spirit rose, and hope that he
 Should great and glorious as his father be.

But in her chamber, as they plough'd the tide,
 The virtuous Deidamia wept and sigh'd
 For her lost son ; with tears and many sighs
 Her heart dissolves in sorrow's ecstasies,
 As wax or yielding lead above the gleams
 Of living embers melts in trickling streams ;
 Nor e'er that anguish left her, as she stood
 Still looking out on the sea's shoreless flood :
 And still the son was in the mother's mind
 When at her lonely meal she sad reclined ;
 The sails have vanish'd from her eye, that bear
 That ship too far away, and seem as air :
 She all day long sobb'd in her lone despair.

But fresh the breeze, and through the furrow'd sea
 The ship upon her course sprang cheerily ;
 Lightly she skimm'd the undulating tides ;
 The dark, blue billow dash'd her foamy sides.

ARRIVAL OF PHILOCTETES BEFORE THE WALLS OF TROY.—BOOK 9.

Now reach'd they Lemnos, and the stony den
 Of Pæan's son, the wretchedest of men :
 Aghast they stood to see him as he lay,
 While groaning torments wore his life away :
 And many tinted plumes of birds were spread
 To form a tapestry for his flinty bed ;
 Others again his girdled waist enfold
 To shield him from the nipping winter's cold :
 And when unjoyous hunger seized, he sped
 The rapid arrow, where his fancy led,
 And on the birds, that lent him clothing, fed ;
 And oft their flakes of feathery down he bound
 To staunch the torture of his lurid wound.
 Wild round his temples floats his matted hair,
 Like some wild beast, far skulking in his lair,
 When, caught by hunter's spring, his own fierce fangs
 Lop the maim'd foot—a prey to pain's and hunger's pangs :
 So pined the man that spacious cave within,
 His bones gaunt staring through the shrivell'd skin :
 His squalid cheeks with rheumy damps o'erflow,
 And sharp and grievous is his lingering woe :
 Beneath shagg'd brows look out his hollow eyes,
 And groans express his constant agonies.
 A livid wound deep searching upwards thrill'd
 Ev'n to his bones, and all the man with anguish fill'd :
 As on the shore that breasts wide ocean's shock,
 The mining billow eats into the rock ;
 Hard though it be, the hollow'd cliff gives way
 To the sea-whirlwind and the ravening spray ;

So crept beneath his sole th' exploring wound ;
The venom'd bane his healthful juices drown'd :
A water serpent, fiercer, when ashore
He feels the sun, had fix'd th' immedicable sore :
And thus the bravest of the brave his breath
Had drawn in pain, that rankled near to death.
Ages to come would mark appall'd the gore
That ever trickling stain'd the roomy cavern's floor.
Beside his rocky tent his quiver lay,
Whence flew the shafts that struck his feather'd prey,
Or smote intruding foes ; the serpent's blood
Their barbed points with pestilence embrued :
And there the leaning bow enormous stands
Whose horns were rounded by Alcides' hands.
When towards the cavern's yawning mouth he saw
The men approach, he sprang at once to draw
The arrow to its head ; at either's heart
Vengeful he aim'd the wound-inflicting dart ;
For they had left him in his need before,
Though deep his groanings, on the desert shore :
And he had wreak'd his rage ; but on his flame
Minerva sprinkled patience ; nigh they came ;
He saw their sympathising mien and air
Of sorrow ; and they sate beside him there
Within the hollow cave ; and question'd mild
Of that his deadly wound and torment wild.
He told his tale ; and they his heart assure ;
And pledge his fatal suffering's ease and cure,
So he but join the Grecian camp ; where all
Felt with themselves, and mourn'd his hapless thrall.
" No Greek had caused his wrong ; but destiny,
Beneath whose influence all must live and die ;
Invisible she wanders to and fro
Among the toiling race of men below ;
Now at her will she grinds their strength to dust,
Now lifts them high ; and that must be, which must."
He at their voice straight laid his anger by,
Though late for heaviest wrongs his wrath was high.
They to the galley and the wave-beat strand
Led him elate, his arrows in his hand.
With porous sponge his bitter wound they lave,
And plunge his body in the copious wave :
Eased he respired : then to his famish'd lip
They spread the dainty food within the ship :
Themselves partook the feast : till down heaven's steep
Ambrosial night descended, shedding sleep :
So on the sea-girt Lemnos' lea they lay
Till morn should break, and with her early ray
Heaving the crooked anchor from the sand
Round the rigg'd ship they plied the hastening hand ;
Minerva sent a favouring breeze, that blew
Fair from the shore, and the beak'd galley flew :
While, either hawser stretch'd, the straining sail
Squared its full sheet before the gather'd gale.
The well-steer'd vessel sprang before the wind
O'er the broad surge, and left the shore behind :
Black groan'd the furrow'd wave around the prow,
And white the frothing waters chafed below :
And shoals of dolphins floated in the spray,
And cut beside them the hoar ocean way.
Now on the fishy Hellespontine flood
They burst, where ranged the harbour'd gallies stood ;

Joy fill'd the Greeks, as now th' expected train,
 Among the tents ascending, left the main.
 But Philoctetes each emaciate hand
 Lean'd on the chiefs, sore halting up the strand :
 As in some forest a tall beech, half cleft
 By woodman's axe, or resinous pine is left
 Nigh tottering to its fall, whence pitch distils
 To shed its torch-light in the lonely hills,
 The gusty wind and its own weakness rock
 The tree, that bends and labours with the shock,
 So resting on the chiefs, with tortures bent,
 His stooping weight the son of Pæan lent :
 They lead him through the camp, and all press round
 Pitying the glorious archer's wasting wound.
 But godlike Podalirius, swift as thought,
 Restored the man, and painless vigour brought.
 Discreet with medicated unguents came,
 And pious call'd upon his father's name.
 Then waters pour'd, and oily fragrance shed,
 And raised him up refresh'd as from the dead.
 The Greeks beheld the balms his woes appease,
 And saw him breathing from his drear disease.
 The red displaced the pale upon his cheek,
 The limbs moved vigorous that were bow'd and weak.
 As when the corn uprises from the plain,
 Which storms had deluged with a weight of rain ;
 The earth-bent stalks, by fanning breezes heal'd,
 Smile o'er the ridges of the blooming field ;
 Thus Philoctetes, languishing and low,
 Resumed his stature's height, his bloomy glow,
 And in his hollow cave he left behind
 The miseries that had quail'd his generous mind.

SKETCHES FROM MY LIFE, BY GOETHE.—FIFTH PART.*

THIS is the fifth volume of Goethe's Life, and, for aught we can see to the contrary, the work is likely to go on *ad infinitum* ; the old man seems determined never to finish his life, either virtually or metaphorically, for at the age of seventy-three he is as young as ever ; and at the end of his fifth volume he is no nearer the conclusion of his biography than he was when at the end of the third ; in fact, this volume is little more than a sketch of the advance of the Germans into France, under the Duke of Brunswick, and their subsequent retreat before the revolutionary forces. Taken altogether, it affords a curious map of the German brain, which appears to be strictly formed on the plan of the Cretan labyrinth, a tissue of roads and bye-roads, of serpentine and zig-zag, so

that you either do not reach the object at all, or by so circuitous a track that the toil is greater than the profit.

This volume imports to be the fifth of the second series ; but by a very German arrangement the third and fourth have not been yet published, from fear, it is said, of offending the privileged class, these locked-up pages containing matter not compatible with the interests of a professed courtier. The consequence of this new mode of publication is, that we leave him at Naples and find him at Mentz, with the Duke's army, without the slightest intimation of his purpose in being there, unless, indeed, he was taken along with the troops to record the victories they were expected to gain over the French ; in that respect, however, his office was a perfect sinecure, though the miseries of a

* Aus Meinem Leben, Von Goethe.—Fünfter Theil. Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1822.

forced retreat furnished him with abundance of materials.

It was on the 25th of August that he reached, and not without difficulty, the Prussian camp that was pitched at the bottom of a gentle hill; by this was a canal or ditch, intended to carry off the superfluous moisture from the fields, which was now made a receptacle for all the filth of the camp, and in consequence it became choked up, so that when the rains fell the water overflowed and scattered the noxious matter among the tents. All, however, were high with hope, and full of wrath against the French revolutionists, though the pride and insolence of the emigrant nobles soon alienated all hearts from them; still there was a general love for the cause; and even when the peasant shut his door against the Knight of St. Louis, he wished to see the monarch on the throne of his ancestors.

The camp now broke up, and the army advanced under the name of the French king, but though as friends to France they raised no contributions, they borrowed at a prodigious rate, seizing cattle, or whatever they might want, and recompensing the owners with notes made payable by Louis. In this way they maintained themselves comfortably, and, the roads becoming more practicable as they went on, they soon sat down before Verdun, and summoned the city to surrender. This of course the sturdy republicans refused to do, and the siege of the place was then commenced in good earnest. There appears, however, to be more amusement connected with these bloody businesses than could possibly be divined by men of civil habits; and, on one occasion, Goethe found an opportunity of studying the theory of the prismatic colours much to his satisfaction. Amongst other warlike stores, the German soldiers had brought with them complete sets of fishing tackle, meaning no doubt to make themselves quite at home in France, and were now seated about a pond amusing themselves with angling. Curiosity led our author to join them, when his attention was attracted from these soldier-fishermen to a piece of earthen-ware that lay at the bottom of the clear water,

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and sent forth the most beautiful prismatic colours: the opposite edge gave the blue and violet, the edge nearest to him gave the red and yellow, and, as he moved round the pond, the phenomenon of course followed him, while the colours, in reference to himself, appeared invariably the same. He then varied the experiment by flinging a second piece of earthen-ware into the water, and observed that the same thing took place when it was a little below the surface, increased as it sank deeper, and when it reached the bottom there was the appearance of a small pale flame.

From this philosophical farce he was called to a more tragic spectacle,—the bombardment of the city; and, seated at a convenient distance, he had all the pleasure, without any of the perils, of the amusement. By means of his telescope he could distinctly see all that was passing within Verdun, could distinguish the descent of the shells, and their consequent mischief; but the noise of the guns soon drove him from his post, and he retired behind the walls of a vineyard to talk philosophy with one of his princely friends. The next day Verdun surrendered, contrary to the will of the commandant, Beaurepaire, who was compelled to this measure by the importunity of the citizens, and, after having given his consent, he blew out his brains in the Senate-house. On taking possession of the city, the soldiers found every preparation for a long defence, and Goethe found an admirable proof of the dispositions of a favouring Providence in a ball having struck the lintels of a delf-ware shop, and passed on without any farther injury. Delf must have borne a high price at that time in Germany.

While the Prussians were occupied with the siege, Dumouriez, who had succeeded Lafayette in the command of the French, had taken possession of the important pass between Verdun and St. Menchould, and thus compelled the Allies to follow the course of the Aire, instead of marching straight towards Paris. Heavy rains too began to fall, the road became more and more difficult, and by the time they reached Malancour, they had got an ample foretaste of the miseries that were to follow, having

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by the way inflicted an equal portion on the invaded country. From this place they continued their march, till at last they got themselves fairly hemmed in by Dumouriez. Daily skirmishes took place, though the parties never came to a decisive engagement; and in one of these actions the author was led by curiosity to mingle more closely in the battle, from a desire to know the precise sensations of what he calls the *cannon-fever*,—but the story should be told in his own words.

Alone, and collected, I rode up the heights, to the left, whence I could clearly overlook the happy position of the French; they stood amphitheatrically in the greatest calm and security. Kellerman, however, on the left wing, was to be first reached.

I was now absolutely within the circle of the bullets; the sound is singular enough, as if it were compounded of the humming of a top, the seething of water, and the whistling of a bird. They were, however, less dangerous from the dampness of the ground; wherever one fell there it remained sticking, so that my foolish adventure was at least free from the danger of the balls rebounding.

Under these circumstances, I could clearly perceive that something unusual was going on within me. On paying a more close attention to it, I soon found that the feeling could only be explained by comparison. It seemed as if I were in a very hot place, and thoroughly penetrated with the same heat, so that I felt as one with the element in which I breathed; the eyes lost none of their power or clearness, but yet it was as if the world had acquired a certain brown-red hue, which made the condition, as well as the objects, still more apprehensive. I could perceive no hurry of the blood, but all seemed rather to be swallowed up in that glow; hence it is apparent in what sense this state may be called a fever. It is besides worthy of remark, that this dreadful anxiousness is conveyed to us through the ears only; for the thunder of the cannon, and the howling, whistling, and crashing of the balls through the air, are the real cause of these sensations. When I rode back and was in full security, I found that glow at once extinguished, and not the least of the feverish sensation remained.

After a hot day the troops returned to their old position, and things remained as they were before the battle, to the great surprise, as well as horror, of the Prussians, who had expected to kill the French army before

supper. The former unlimited confidence in the Duke of Brunswick was changed to disaffection and curses; and as the starving soldiers sat in melancholy parties about their watch-fires, the rain fell down in torrents, and deprived them even of this consolation. They were indeed in a desperate situation. The French were too strongly posted to be attacked with the least chance of success, and, hopeless of any other aid, the Duke at last commenced a retreat, which he was fortunate enough to effect, though not without the usual difficulties and losses; yet, even in the midst of these perils, his mind was occupied by trifles that never would have been noticed by a great commander under any circumstances; the place abounded with a fine chalk, and orders were issued from head-quarters, that every soldier should provide himself with as much as he could carry of this useful article, for the benefit of his clothes; though at the very time his troops were mouldering away with hunger. It was not so that Moore retreated.

It would be useless to follow Goethe through the tedious story of this march, and we therefore overleap a long space of time, and come at once to the May of 1793, when he was summoned from his quiet office of director of the theatre at Weimar, to be present at the siege of Mentz, which it was the object of the Prussians to wrest again from its French conquerors. Great preparations were made for this purpose, but it does not seem that the French were quiet spectators of them; they first endeavoured to dislodge their enemy from the village of Bretzenheim, and subsequently made a night-attack on Marienborn, both of them posts of importance; but to the latter affair they were chiefly led by a desire of seizing General Kalkreuth and Prince Louis. In this desperate attempt they were favoured by a lucky circumstance, which allowed them to press forward into the heart of the village before their presence was at all expected: on the day preceding the night of their attack, some peasants had been employed in cutting down the harvest before the city, and when they returned, after the accomplishment of their labour, the

French mingled with them; and thus passed the first of the Prussian out-posts: when at last they were discovered, they pressed on to Marienborn as fast as possible, and got there by one o'clock, where all were either asleep or held a careless watch, as having not the slightest expectation of an enemy. Wherever the French saw a light they fired into the houses, forced their way through the street, and fairly surrounded the quarters of the general. A regiment of infantry, the Saxon hussars, and a squadron of the Duke of Weimar, now came forward to the relief of their friends, and a confused battle followed, which ended in the defeat of the assailants, who left behind them thirty dead, while the Prussians and Austrians lost upwards of ninety men.

Hitherto Mentz could hardly be said to be besieged; but on the night of the 15th of June, the matter was commenced in good earnest.

The siege of Mentz, which had been so long talked of, and kept a secret from the enemy, at length approached; it was whispered, To-night the trenches will be opened. It was extremely dark as we rode up the well-known way to the Weissenauer ditches; we saw nothing, heard nothing, but all at once our horses stopped, and we perceived immediately before us an array that was barely distinguishable. Austrian soldiers clothed in gray, with gray fascines on their backs, marched forward in silence, only from time to time the clang of the spades and pick-axes faintly announced a near movement. An appearance more strange and spectre-like can hardly be conceived than this, half seen, and always repeated without becoming more distinct. We remained on the same spot till they had past, for from thence we could at least see the place where they were to work in darkness. As such enterprises are always in danger of being betrayed to the enemy, it was to be expected that a fire would be levelled from the walls against this spot, even at a venture; we did not, however, remain long in this expectation; for precisely at the spot where the trenches were to be commenced, a fire of small arms was suddenly directed, that was to all incomprehensible. Was it possible the French had stolen out and ventured upon our out-posts? We could not understand it. The fire ceased, and all sunk into the deepest silence; but the next morning we learnt that our own out-posts had fired on the advancing columns,

as if upon an enemy; the party in consequence hesitated, was confused, each threw away his fascines, and only the shovels and axes were saved. The French on the walls, being roused, were on their guard, the Austrians came back without having accomplished any thing, and the whole besieging army was confounded.

A second attempt by water, to take possession of the islets and meadows, succeeded no better than this against the city.

So much was talked about it (the swimming battery), that at last it was forgotten. I had scarcely reached the trenches above Weissenau, in my usual afternoon walk, when I observed a great bustle on the river; French boats were rowing assiduously to the islands, and the Austrian battery, placed there to command the stream, fired ricochets unceasingly across the water, a sight altogether new to me. When the balls for the first time struck the fluid element, an immense wave arose, lifting itself up many feet into the air; this had not yet fallen when a second was driven up aloft, powerful as the former, but not of the same height; and thus followed a third and fourth, always more distantly decreasing, till at last they reached the boats, worked in more level masses, and became, as accident directed them, dangerous to the small craft.

I could not sufficiently gaze on this spectacle, for shot followed shot; every moment arose new and immense fountains, while the old had not yet entirely whirled away.

On the sudden, a strange machine was let loose above, on the right shore, amongst the trees and bushes. A huge square thing, formed of rafters, floated along, to my great astonishment, and at the same time to my great delight, that I was to be an eye-witness of this important expedition, of which so much had been spoken. My wishes, however, appeared to be without effect, and my hopes did not last long, for the mass soon began to whirl round upon itself; we could see that it did not obey the rudder; and, as it revolved, it was carried along by the stream. Upon the Rhine banks, above Cassel, and before it, all was in a bustle; hundreds of French ran upwards to the shore, and raised a loud shout of joy, when this Trojan sea-horse, far from its intended destination on the tongue of land, was seized by the flowing Mayn, and now floated quietly and unceasingly between Rhine and Mentz. At last the current carried this helpless machine towards Cassel, where it stranded, not far from the bridge of boats, upon a flat ground, that was still covered with the water. Here all the French soldiery

was collected, and I now, with my glass, saw the portcullis, which enclosed this space, fall down, and those who were thus blocked up taken out and led off to prison. It was a vexatious sight: the draw-bridge did not reach to the dry land, and the little garrison was forced to wade through the water before they could reach the circle of their adversaries; there were four-and-sixty men, two officers, and two cannon; the prisoners were well received, then brought to Mentz, and finally to the Prussian camp to be exchanged.

But while the siege of Mentz was thus pregnant with evil to its inhabitants, it was a source of great amusement to the people of the surrounding districts, who, on Sundays and holidays, came in crowds to the trenches above Weissenau, that, independent of their military curiosities, commanded a noble prospect. Another great advantage was, that the visitors were tolerably safe there from the French shot, the requisite elevation of their guns making the aim very uncertain, and the balls, for the most part, passing over the redoubt. Whenever the centinel on the breast-work observed that a cannon was directed thither, he would cry out—"Duck!"—and all within the battery immediately flung themselves on their knees, at this magic word, with very singular devotion for this respectable though dangerous apparition. No sooner had the bullet past, than they rose to their former occupation, laughing, chattering, and staring about them, till the formidable—"Duck"—again sent them on their knees. But these same balls were not altogether without effect, for in passing over the batteries they reached the Frankfort road, at the back of the heights, and caused a sad confusion amongst the carts and carriages, horsemen and pedestrians, that were flocking to swell the numbers of the curious. This is the bright side of the medal; it has its reverse, and one that offers a fair antidote to those who are in love with the glorious art of war, though Goethe does not bring forward half its miseries.

Every hour (says our author,) was pregnant with evil; every minute we were anxious for our revered prince, for our dearest friends, and forgot to think of our own safety. Attracted by the wild and maddening danger, as by the glance of a

rattle-snake, we rushed into the deathful space;—walked and rode through the trenches,—let the bombs hurtle and whistle above our heads, the ruins topple down beside us; to many a one that was heavily wounded we wished a speedy release from his horrible sufferings, and the dead—none wished to recal the dead to life.

Of the respective positions of the attacking and defensive parties, thus much may be generally noticed. The French had provided themselves by times against the threatened danger, and thrown up smaller trenches, according to art, before the head-works, to keep the besiegers at a certain distance, and increase the difficulties of the siege. All these obstacles it was necessary to remove.—In the meantime we, in company with some friends, although without any call or order, betook ourselves to the most dangerous posts. Weissenau was in German hands, and the trenches, lying down the river, were already conquered; we visited the desolated spot, and held, in the bone-house, an after-gleaning of morbid bones, the best of which had probably got already into the hands of the surgeons. Not contented with this, we went on farther towards the nunnery, where, in truth, it looked wild enough, and where, for an adequate remuneration, wine was sold and drunk in the vaults below, while the bullets, rattling from time to time, forced their way through the roofs.

An end was at last put to these horrors by the surrender of the city; when Goethe more than hints that the most obnoxious of their enemies were suffered to escape by a purposed neglect. But the difficulties of the French were not yet over; the poor citizens of Mentz, who had been driven from their homes, now flocked in troops to return the evils they had suffered on the heads of their fallen persecutors. They had taken up a position on the cause-way; and, though they suffered the women to pass unhurt, they punished the soldiers without mercy. The Mentz girls, too, who had chosen lovers from amongst the French army, and now joined them in their retreat, came in for their full share of the popular execrations, their own friends assisting in the clamour; a circumstance which, according to our author, very little troubled the fair fugitives. We believe him; it is the morality of Charlotte and Werther.

On taking possession of the city, the Germans found at every step the mournful vestiges of war. The works

of ages lay in dust and ruin; the streets were loaded with filth; the hand of plunder was every where visible; of noble buildings a wall or a column only would remain, and those tottering to their ruin; but it would be useless to follow our author through these minute details, that run through many pages, till the moment when the Duke of Weimar

leaves the Prussian service, which of course concludes Goethe's campaigning, and his volume at the same time,—a volume which, though not altogether destitute of interest, might as well have been written by any man of moderate talent, as by him whom Germany styles the third in the trinity of genius.

CHRISTINA SWAYNE.

1.

O have ye been on Iceland isle,
And heard the sea-mew's clang?
And have ye been on Iceland isle,
To hear the minstrel's sang:
To hear the minstrel's music sweet,
With a sad note and a slow;
When stars shoot bright, at middle night,
O'er the hills of ice and snow?

2.

And have ye been on Iceland isle,
To hear the birds in June
Sing, while the flowers come bursting forth,
To the hot sun hung aboon;
To the hot sun hung in heaven aboon,
While soft, and sweet, and low,
Ye hear Tingalla's maidens sing,
O'er the sea-waves as they go?

The Ballad of Snorro.

"The island on which I was cast," said Allan Lorburne, recommencing his narrative, "appeared a cluster of wild and steep hills, striped on the sides with verdant mosses, and hooded on the summits with perpetual snow. Along their bases winded innumerable valleys, showered all over with a rich and varied abundance of flowers and blossomed shrubs. Small currents of water gushed among the flowers and grass; while from the clefts and fissures of the rocks, the summer had summoned all her tribes of odoriferous herbs—some peeping out in modest and stinted beauty, others streaming down in blossoming strings and garlands, perfuming our feet at every step.

"Now," said Christina Swayne, "we shall soon see our home, and happy are they whom the sea casts on our coast, for ours is a rocky but a pleasant land. We are a people, plain and frugal, prudent in speech, humane in deeds, and hospitable at our hearths. We go not down, like the

lords of other islands, to the great waters to work men woe, nor descend among the habitations of men with fire and with sword. We seek not the curse of silver, nor the plague of gold, nor the vanity of precious stones. We perfume not our chambers with spice, nor wear embroidered girdles, nor mantles edged with lace, and brought through the peril of plague, and fever, and tempest, from a far land. We are a plain and a simple people—our weapons are the fish-hook and the hunting spear, and we sleep on the skins of wild beasts in habitations of stone and turf. Behold our dwelling there, where it stands at the foot of that tall rock—it has no floor of cedar, and walls of marble polished by a cunning hand. There is no roof of fretwork and fine imagery—but a clay floor, bedded with moss and leaves—walls lined with wolf and wild-cat skins, and a roof stained by the smoke of many a hospitable feast;—so welcome to our home, young mariner. Whoso

marries a Swayne,' added Christina, with a side smile, and a tone between pleasantry and seriousness, 'weds one who can find her food in the sea when it rages at the loudest,—tame the wolf with her spear when he howls the fiercest,—bring the heron from the cloud when he soars the highest,—snare the eider-duck and the wood pigeon,—build a house, and hold it in order,—inspire a sweet song, and sing it as sweetly,—and win a kind heart, and keep it after it is won. And yet with all these attractive qualities, aided and abetted by two eyes indifferently bright, clustering looks curled by the kind munificence of nature, and cheeks good enough for the winter wind to blow upon without risking their roses, here am I, Christina, who, single and sackless, and with the maiden snood of singleness round my brow, must welcome thee into the home of Olave Swayne.'

" 'Christina,' said Olave, as he laid aside his hunting spear, 'thou wert ever wilful and full of mirth, yet in thy jesting thou hast spoken much truth of thyself. Marriage, which lessens the mirth of men and the laughter of maidens, as our Icelandic bard, Therman Snorro, sings, will never abate thy pleasantry, which breaks out alike in sunshine and storm, in merry-making and misfortune. Now let me see thee be hospitable to this poor castaway mariner; and though ye slight Wilfred Thorold, see that ye slight not him. Those whom the storm and the ocean spare are beloved of God, and should be cherished of man.' 'My brother Olave,' said Christina, half addressing herself to me, yet wishing to be heard by others, though she dropt her voice to something scarcely more audible than a whisper; 'My brother Olave thinks, because Wilfred Thorold draws his net full when other men draw theirs empty—leaps in and hews down the wild bear when dogs and men stand aloof—pursues the whale with his harpoon, till he spouts blood instead of water, and wears his seal-skin bonnet with something of a grace when the dance begins—that I his ae sister should fall desperately in love with a youth whose whole talk is of reindeer, white bears and black, spermaceti whales, seals, and sea-horses.'

" 'Ah, my ae sister,' said Olave,

'it is not the pleasant of speech, nor the smooth and fair in person, who should be near a woman's heart.' 'You say right, Olave,' said Christina; 'the man who should come nearest a woman's heart is he who can slay a bear, nor make a long history of the risks he ran from fangs and claws—who can harpoon a whale, nor fill all the land with the deed, and who can moisten his hunting boots with wild beasts' grease, nor tell us that the fittest season for slaying the white bear is when he is fattest, that his skin carries fur, and that his fat is good for our winter lamps. All these matters I have faith in, and even some small knowledge—but the man who hopes to win me must know more than how many foreteeth a sea-horse has, and how many bob-corks are on a haave-net.'

" All the while, Christina prepared a couch, heaped with mantles and furs, for the mariner's widow and her child; and, placing food on a little table—the simple food of that wild region, which the people of happier climes serve in a richer sauce, and in more costly plate—smoke-dried fish, swimming in melted butter, and fragrant with wild herbs—motioned me to be seated on a square block of wood, ornamented round the top with a kind of sunken frieze or border, curiously inlaid with shells and the teeth of bears and wolves. 'There,' said the maiden, 'rest and refresh thyself—on the same seat, and at the same table, where my ancestors sat, who defeated the Scotch and the Danes—where they heard the harpings of the minstrels, and the battle songs of the Scalds, and hearkened too to the wisdom of those Christian teachers whose genius and learning made our little island bright, while the mainlands were in darkness. There,' said she, changing her tone till it bordered on irony, 'rest and feed, where Wilfred Thorold feeds on the wild beast he has slain, and tells me how many cubs are found in a blue bear's den—and then, while the fat of the feast is yet unwiped from his lips, he turns and caresses his three favourite hounds, Rover, Ringwood, and Comely.'

" 'Come, my sister,' said Olave, 'you are not so sarcastic when young Edwin, the descendant of the ship-

wrecked Saxon, comes from far Rodefiord, and plays on the harp a whole evening beside you, and sings songs which he says he heard in his father-land. But truly, the bard who made them must have seen my sister in a vision; for in every song has he pictured her out, with her curling tresses and her sparkling eyes, and endowed his verses with much that adorns her person and mind. But my poor friend Wilfred loves best the music of the hound and the horn; and my simple opinion in this weighty matter is, that he would find subsistence with his spear and his harpoon, where Edwin would fail to charm the eider-duck or the dolphin with the sweetest song he could sing.' 'Brother,' said the island maiden, 'the descendant of the Saxon, as ye disdainfully call him, is expert alike in the chase and in the dance—the fleetest elk escapes not his lance—the swiftest wild swan soars not beyond his arrow. He knows, too, the tales of our warriors and our sea-kings, sings the legends of our Scalds, and the ballads of our maidens—the productions of those inspired spirits will make our land renowned, when Wilfred Thorold and his three dogs are forgotten. Compare him not, therefore, with the rude in speech and in understanding. Though the love of the daughter of

Haco Swayne, the sea-king, was not on him, he would be worthy of being named when my brother is named; for in gentleness, kindness, and enthusiasm, they are similar.'

" 'Well spoken, my sister,' answered the young islander, with a smile; 'but ye forget to cheer the stranger and the cast-away at our board, according to the rule of our fathers. Have ye not heard how they ever welcomed the stranger with food—with music and with song—that the harp ever rung, and the minstrel ever sung, while men feasted in our halls?' 'A shealing of turf and unshapen stone, my brother,' answered the maiden, with a look of grave and considerate humour, 'is a pretty hall for the high feast and the lordly strain. But ye have chosen your minstrel well—the charms of my voice, and the beauty of my song, will harmonize with the outward and inward splendour of the hall of the children of Haco Swayne. Listen, therefore, ye ladies, with your mantles of wadmaal, and your ear ornaments of fish-bones—and listen too, Wilfred Thorold, with thy three comrades, Ringwood, Rover, and Comely, till the daughter of Haco soothes the stranger with her strains in her hall of ruble stone, with its roof of grassy turf.'

CHRISTINA SWAYNE'S SONG.

1.

Sleep, gentle sleep, ye bring my love
In gentle dreams to me;
But, gentle sleep, thy fairest shape
Is ne'er so fair as she;
Her shining ringlets flowing,
Her lily-white hand I see,
The lights of true love glowing,
In my Annie's bonnie black ee.

2.

Sleep, gentle sleep, ye bring my love
In visions bright and rare;
Ye love to come in my love's form,
There's nought so sweet and fair;
Though 'tween me and her dwelling
Rolls foaming and wide the sea,
In slumber she comes smiling,
My charming young Annie, to me

3.

Go, vision'd sleep, I love thee not;
For memory, kinder far,
Comes with the hour I met my love
Aneath the trysting star;

The silver stream was roving
 Adown by the fairy lea,
 The silver moon was moving
 Aboon bonnie Annie and me.

4.

O, my love's like the morning star,
 Before the sun she shines,
 And lovelier than the evening light
 Among Dalgona pines ;
 And tall is she and tender,
 And as fair as fair can be,
 Her dark eyes beam diviner,
 When young Annie muses on me.

"To the attractions of her song, Christina added a voice sweet and gentle, which echoed the spirit of the verses—nor seemed she at all unconscious of having honoured her guests by the sweetness of her strain.

" 'As I live, by the net and spear,' said young Olave, looking up the narrow glen, in the gorge of which his shealing stood, 'here comes a moving and breathing illustration of my sister Christina's eulogium on the modesty of woman's nature, and the simplicity of her apparel. Behold, here she comes who may raise common prose speech like mine into the metaphor of a Highland Senaschie. Her mantle is as broad as a displayed banner—she glitters at every step like an armed man—she diffuses frankincense as she walks, and looks from side to side, with the hope that the rocks will stoop their heads and acknowledge her beauty and the bravery of her apparel. Word I it well, my sister? and have I not caught up the distempered language of the bards? Behold, is yon Catrina Snorro, or a pillar of sun-beams, on the heath? She carries the thrift of three generations on her boddice and mantle, and the worth of seven nets on the latchets of her shoes. She strides along with the gait of a swan as it paces the river bank—she has the neck too of the swan, for pride has bent it one way, and vanity has pulled it back the other. Here she comes, and how shall I greet her?' 'Greet her according to Scripture,' said his sister Christina—'even welcome her with kisses of thy mouth—dost thou think Catrina Snorro, of Scalholt, comes here to see thy father's daughter, without the wish of meeting thy father's son?' The young hunter stepped from the door; I heard the quick

rustling of agitated silks, and something like the half-suppressed utterance of a tongue which knows not how to deny a favour it is anxious to bestow. That the primitive mode of salutation was followed on this occasion, I have no further assurance than the condescension of female beauty to a handsome youth; and I wish it not to be believed, that I state such to be the usual mode of greeting between the sexes in this lonely island.

"Olave entered, leading in a maiden tall and beautiful; the heiress, I afterwards learned, to the wealth of a very opulent islander, and whose personal loveliness was only equalled by the richness and extravagance of her dress. She wore an undress of quilted and flowered silk, bordered with the finest lace, over which a jacket or jupes of damasked satin came midwaist down, ornamented with edgings of lace and gold, the long wide sleeves of which terminated in a golden netting, closing over a wrist very small and white. Her fingers, long and round, were nearly concealed under a profusion of broad rings of gold; a chain collar of the same metal, wrought over a ground of silk, enclosed her neck; while over the whole a loose mantle of many colours, and curiously enriched round the border with the plumage of foreign birds, descended mid-leg down, beneath which, the end of an embroidered garter was seen touching an ankle, and approaching a foot, formed for mirth and dancing. Her head was uncovered—at first I imagined she wore some sort of a fantastic turban, adorned with artificial curls, and sparkling with gold and gems; but I soon discerned that she was indebted for her beautiful headgear

chiefly to the lavish hand of nature. Here and there she had taken and plaited a ringlet; and, gathering the whole of her luxuriant locks together, fastened them with a narrow ornamented fillet, or snood, from beneath which they gushed in a long and thick succession of nutbrown clusters down her back, till they touched her girdle. Vanity and nature strove hand in hand to render this singular head attire graceful and becoming; and the manners of the island beauty were all of that soft and winning kind, which conspired, with a fair face and dark hazel eyes, to make her presence acceptable among men.

“ ‘Catrina Snorro,’ said Christina, concealing, under the mask of maiden gravity, no small inclination for mirth; ‘are you come to invade us, and discover the humility of our dwelling? You alarm us, arrayed in this splendour; look if my brother be not practising a poetic speech to welcome you from the vale of Scalholt. Come, disarray thee, my old schoolfellow; lay aside that mantle, which bears an island’s riches on its hem—the fishy smell of our shealing is not the smell of frankincense; and, instead of setting your jewelled slippers upon carpets of dyed wool, you place them on kneaded clay. Alas! you come not to the painted chamber, and the attiring room, attended by menial maidens; but welcome, nevertheless. I have not seen thee since thy grand uncle died—him with the close hand and the hard heart, and the riches of the Indies at his disposal; and now, like a dutiful relative, thou art giving his treasures to the sun and the wind.’ ‘Christina,’ said her visitant, dropping her embroidered cloak negligently from her neck, and waving back her thick luxuriance of locks, so that the air might circulate about her bosom and shoulders; ‘Christina, you are the same giddy girl still; mirth will be scarce in Oddo when you are mute; but laugh on, my lass—stint not your laughter for me; nay, be as sarcastic as you may choose; put on your cloak of coarse wadmaal as you do now in derision of mine. But I can tell thee, my merry scoffer, that the mantle which Edwin gave thee is more rich and rare than mine; and when shall I, with my inheritance of

an hundred haave-nets—my fields of oxen, and parks of deer, and all my eastern riches, have such sweet and beauteous songs sung in my praise as little lovely Christina Swayne? Ah! my lass, all the hills of Scalholt ring with thy praise; and the riches of my close-handed uncle adorn me not more than the young Saxon bard has endowed thee with the grace and riches of poesie. Go, now; we are both alike vain—only the fair mantle which the muse has thrown over thee will endure and remain lovely whilst the hill of Hecla stands; and mine will fade as the grass of the summer vale, or perish as the snow of Oddo when the sun brings back the flowers.’

“ ‘Ah!’ said Olave, ‘I wish we had young Wilfred Thorold here to hearken to this clamour of female wit; to see this encounter between two painted sparrow hawks—to see two young peacocks counting the stars in their trains, and quarrelling over the summary.’ ‘In good time was the wish uttered,’ said Christina; ‘for hither comes the knight of the harpoon and fishhook—two spears are in his hand—a fox hangs at his back, and before him run his three four-footed favourites, Ringwood, Rover, and Comely. Room, there, room; and prepare ye all for the natural history of the sea bear, and the cormorant, and the fox, with a crafty head and four mischievous legs.’ And the maiden, seating herself as Wilfred entered, extended her distaff like a spear, assumed a huntsman’s air, and the tone of one who carries destruction among partridges and pigeons. ‘See you all this mighty bird?’ said the mischievous maiden, imitating the voice of Wilfred, and snatching a wood pigeon from his belt; ‘it is no common creature of the elements—the egg from whence it sprung was hatched on the hot hill of Hecla; it found its first food in the poke of an English pilgrim, who was drowned in the lava—it drank its first water from the hot spouting spring of Geyser, and then it winged its way, not, like the hook-beaked vulture and cormorant, to prey on the birds of song, but to feast on the staff of human life, on the fatness and fullness of man—I found it preying on a field of corn; I broke its wing with a smooth

stone, and my friends Ringwood, Rover, and Comely, caught and overcame it; lo! their mouths are yet bloody from the encounter.'

" 'Will nothing charm thy satiric tongue, Christina?' said the young huntsman; 'I would go to the sea in a midnight storm; I would go upon the first drift isle of ice, and take the polar bear by the beard; I would go to the summit of burning Hecla amid its wildest convulsions, and bring thee a bird broiled in lava for one kind word of thy lips—for one kind glance of thine eyes.' 'There is little in all that but what I could do for myself,' said the maiden, with a smile; 'and when will you go down to the deep sea in a storm, Wilfred, and fish from the surge such a comely acquisition as this?' and she laid her hand upon my head, and thus addressed me: 'Look up, young mariner, it is thy misfortune that thou wert born in a strange, perhaps a Saxon land, and that thy hand is yet odorous with the touch of hemp and tar. For had I not vowed never to

wed a Saxon born, or one who has gone down into the devouring sea to seek his subsistence in ships, I protest I see nothing frightful in an active form, and a pleasant look like thine. I'll warrant, this youth,' said she to Catrina, 'notwithstanding his meek and downcast eye, could sing us a pleasant song; the merrier the better; and hark ye, young man, if ye could cast something like courtship into it, it would taste on our lips like honey. Have ye never a ballad, man, where a knight with his three dogs comes to wooe the lady of a sodded sheal, with a portion of seven bear skins, and a bed of the down of the eider-duck?'

" Thus dragged unwillingly into notice, and desirous of acquitting myself with my best skill in minstrelsy, it was my fortune to be able to remember a lyric of no greater note than the old song of 'The Greyhounds Three;' and, such as it was, I chaunted it forth, in a tone between gravity and humour; even as the strain requires.'

THE GREYHOUNDS THREE.

1.

The lark is in the summer cloud,
The flower is on the lea,
The lamb is on the mountain side,
The blossom on the tree;
And Johnstone of Dargavel,
With his greyhounds three,
Is away to wooe the lady
Of bonnie Logan lea.

2.

Now, come ye here to chase the deer?
My hills are rough and high:
Or come ye for to hunt the gowk,
And see my falcons fly?
Or come ye with your greyhounds good,
With bow and bended knee,
And all to wooe the lady
Of bonnie Logan lea?

3.

I care not for your roebucks wild,
Your hills so steep and high:
Nor care I for your falcons fleet,
And fairer may not fly.
But I come here with bended bow,
And gallant greyhounds three,
And all to wooe the lady
Of bonnie Logan lea.

4.

Is woman's heart a walled town,
 Ye come with bow in hand?
 Or is she like a hunted hart
 Your greyhounds may command?
 When Criffel hill, and Burnswark top,
 Lie low in Solway sea,
 Then come and wooe the lady
 Of bonnie Logan lea.

" 'Enough, enough,' cried the maiden, bursting out in uncontrollable laughter, till hill and glen re-echoed; 'enough, enough; thy song shall give thee the head of the supper board, and the first claim to my hand in the dance. What! and has old Scotland, as well as our little wild isle, had its gallant wooer, with his greyhounds three? Happy land! to possess such an original will be the boast of thy children, and embalm the inimitable lyric which records him till woods cease to grow and greyhounds to run. But Johnstone of Dargavel, and thy greyhounds three, what art thou to Wilfred Thorold, and his three dogs—Ringwood, Rover, and Comely? Thou wert but a type, thou Caledonian gallant, of the wooer of little Iceland; Rover, Ringwood, and Comely, let me pat your heads; you are immortal, and will flourish in tale and rhyme, while there is smoke on Hecla, and snow on Snaefjells.' 'I vow,' said Wilfred, reddening in anger at those close and characteristic verses, and at the satirical comment of the young maiden; 'I vow these are rhymes made in open scorn of me, and sung on the sudden to make me be laughed at, and become ridiculous—were he not under your roof I would beat respect into his head with the staff of my hunting spear, else let my name be chaunted by beggars and ballad-makers, like him of Dargavel.' And he made a step towards me, as if resolved to fulfil his threat. Christina started up, snatching her distaff, which she levelled at his bosom with a smile of bitter scorn, and then dropping one knee till it nearly touched the floor, held up her hands in supplication, and said, 'O! valorous Wilfred, slayer of seals, and shooter of cormorants, forgive the idle song of a poor cast-away mariner. Let not the hearts of

thee and thy three dogs burn in anger against him. His song is of ancient date, and we knew not that it typified thee, and that to warble it would move thy mood, and enchain thy spirit. The youth is not of a martial turn; but even now I saved him from the stormy sea; forgive him, I entreat thee. But I see, by that clenched hand, and frowning brow, that ye breathe battle—Olave—Catrina—come and examine my chin, and I vow if ye can detect half a hair—nay, the symptom of approaching down, that I will for a while forswear womanhood, and war with this man and his three dogs myself.' Nothing was to be gained by anger; so Wilfred, with a smile, sought to smooth his brow, and now and then eyeing Christina and me, with a sharp and jealous glance, he took his seat among us; and mirth, and laughter, and idle converse, prevailed by turns.

"In such converse and company, busied in the chase by day, and in drawing our nets by night, with dancing and with song, I passed the summer months among this simple and curious people. The indications which nature gives of an approaching period of more than common storm were frequent, and passed not unnoticed. The birds forsook our land in flocks; the flowers died earlier away; the mountain tops obtained a fresh accession of snow; the wild animals seemed more than commonly busied in preparing retreats for winter; the wild cat lined her bed deeper with down and feathers; the fox burrowed farther into the earth; and the mouse filled its nest with nuts and grain, and sheltered itself in the sunward side of the hill. Man profited by this lesson from nature. Mantles, lined with triple fur, were prepared; beds filled with the softest and most comfortable materials, for warmth

and repose, were made ready; the grain was carefully stored away; fat, to feed the perpetual lamp with its wick of rush, was treasured by; and fish from the flood, and flesh from the field, were amassed with a careful and ready diligence. Amid all this preparation, the sun contracted its daily circle; its light began to lessen upon our vales, and a red and horizontal beam was shed upon us over the illimitable expanse of waters.

"To me, who had never been accustomed to behold this gradual diminishing of the comfort of sunshine, who had never seen the sun set without the perfect assurance that he would return at morn, this sight was impressive and mournful. In vain Christina assured me, that the absence of the sun for a time would be recompensed by dancing and by song, and nocturnal excursions on the wastes of frozen snow, in quest of the bears from the Polar shores, who, wafted over on fields of ice, invaded the land, and braved the force and the arms of man. Even by her side, or with a spear in my hand; while in pursuit of food, have I halted and gazed on the beautiful luminary, whose journey, contracted almost to a span, or at most a stride, was marked upon the ocean and sky. On others, something of the same depression was visible; the talk of the old men became more solemn; they collected in groups, and summed up the time which would elapse ere the sun's return. I saw them smooth their grey hairs with their hands, and gaze upon the bright descending orb, and then look towards the churchyard, with its long ridges, where their ancestors lay each under his flat and inscribed stone. Day after day we assembled and looked; the sun at last only raised half an orb, brilliant as fused gold, and, shooting along the ocean, a sharp and frosty beam struck the hills at half height, and, slowly receding, left, for many minutes after he became invisible, a red and wavering glow on the mountain of Snaelfiels. I saw the old and the young turn their faces away and retire to their homes, nor lift again their looks from the ground.

"*'Come,'* said Christina to me, *'if you wish to live with us, you must learn to reverence our supersti-*

tions; turn your eyes away from yon departing sun, nor look at him again if you desire to behold his beams relumining once more the summit of Snaelfiels, and gleaming on the grey roofs of Oddo. It is a belief of long descent,' said the maiden as we walked homeward, with our eyes cast to the ground, 'that those who look on the sun's departure will never see his return. Let us not seek to be wiser than our fathers in matters where wisdom only helps to remove a poetical impression, and takes the stamp from our fancy of many a wild and mystical thing. Beliefs that delude our minds, and debase our thoughts, we should employ the light of reason and of the gospel to dissipate; but beliefs which impress us more strongly with the majesty of heaven, with the dignity of invisible things, which give us dark and mysterious glimpses of a higher order of beings, and show us the skirts and the mists of another world, I hold it unseemly and unwise to remove.' As we passed the threshold, we heard, from cottage and hill, an universal song of sorrow pouring forth; it seemed to be full of the forebodings of age, and to murmur, as the stream of rude melody flowed overhead, as if the frost and snow had already descended, and the monsters of the great deep had left their frozen domain, to molest the abodes of men.

"The maiden took down a small harp; and as she adjusted and tuned the strings, there was an awe and a silence like that inspired by domestic devotion. *'Let us sing,'* said Christina, *'the song of Snorro, the bard; the song at which Haco Swayne laid aside the spear which he had reddened on the Dane. It is not a song for smiles; it is an ancient strain of dool and sadness. Tradition says that the people were gathered together, blessing the sun, while he was descending into the southern ocean, during the season of snow. Their favourite bard, who was as their prophet and their priest, also came suddenly among them, with his harp-strings rent, and his hair dishevelled, and warned them, in a wild, and yet remembered strain, of the approaching desolation of the land, from the first and most disastrous eruption of Mount Hecla. During the sing-*

ing of the bard, earth and sea gave token of the truth of his song ; and the destruction which followed made the day of the sun's departure ominous to man. It also gave his lyrics the stamp of prophetic truth, and as

such are they still esteemed from side to side of Iceland. Let us hearken with awe to the song of Snorro, the son of the sea-king, when woe came upon his native land.'

THE SONG OF SNORRO.

1.

Come, haste from the mountain ;
Come, leap like the roe ;
Like the sea-eagle, come ;
Or the shaft from the bow :
Cast away the wet oar,
And the gleaming harpoon ;
Leave the love-tale half told,
And the sweet harp in tune ;
Leave the broad banner flying
Upon the rough flood ;
Leave the ships' decks unswept
From the Orkney-men's blood.

2.

And why should we leave thus
The whale when he's dying,
Our ships' decks unswept,
And our broad banners flying ?
And why leave our loves
With their white bosoms swelling,
When their breath lifts their locks
While the soft tale we're telling ?
The cloud when it snows,
And the storm in its glory,
Shall cease ere we stay,
Ancient bard, for thy story.

3.

Bow all your heads, dames,
Let your bright eyes drop sorrow ;
Hoar heads, stoop in dust,
Said the sweet voice of Snorro.
Fear not for the Norsemen,
The brand and the spear ;
The sharp shaft and war-axe
Have sober'd their cheer :
But dread that mute sea,
With its mild waters leaping ;
Dread Hecla's green hill
In the setting sun sleeping.

4.

It was seen in no vision,
Reveal'd in no dream,
For I heard a voice crying
From Tingalla's stream—
Green Hecla shall pour
Its red fires through Oddo,
And its columns of flame
Through the Temple of Lodo.
Where the highland shall sink,
Lo, the deep sea shall follow,
And the whale shall spout blood
Between Scalholt and Holo.

5.

The bard wept—in his palms
 His sad face he conceal'd ;
 And a wild wind awaken'd,
 The huge mountain reel'd ;
 Beneath came a shudder,
 Above a loud rattle,
 Earth moved too and fro
 Like a banner in battle ;
 The great deep raised its voice,
 And its dark flood flow'd higher,
 And far flash'd ashore
 The foam mingled with fire.

6.

O spare sunny Scalholt,
 And chrystal Tingalla !
 O spare merry Oddo,
 And pleasant old Hola !
 The bard said no more,
 For the deep sea came dashing ;
 The green hill was cleft,
 And its fires came flashing.
 But matron and maiden
 Shall long look, in sorrow,
 To dread Hecla, and sing thus
 The sad song of Snorro.

"The maiden, concluding her song, laid aside her harp, and retired to her devotions. A chill rough wind came over the Greenland sea ; the snow flakes fell thick and fast, and a mantle of frozen snow, deep and dazzling, and equal to the weight of an active hunter, covered mountain and vale, and the habitations of men, in the first forty-eight hours of darkness. All that was visible, for months, was the radiance of the moon, and stars, and streamers ; and the currents of dark smoke from the house tops, curling on the wind, or staining the white and trackless waste. All that was heard was the din of the dancer's heel, the sound of the minstrel's song, and the hymn, prolonged and holy, ascending from the domestic circle round the glowing hearth. A ruder sound sometimes greeted our ears—the moan of the storm, the chafing of the sea waves on cliff and headland, the sharp and melancholy cry of the polar bear, as he roamed hungering for food over the desert waste, and smelled in the wind the abodes of men—and not unfrequently his groans in the death-pang under the huntsman's spear. At last, the wind waxed softer and milder, the stars and streamers became dimmer, the sea-fowls began

to move their wings, conscious of coming day, and the wild animals of the waste turned to a faint gleam of livelier light, which, ascending from the ocean, tinged half a quarter of heaven. At length the light gathered strength—a brighter and broader beam shot into the sky, and glowed along the waters,—the red edge of the returning sun fairly rose above the wave, and a sharp and level beam glimmered on cliff and promontory, and glowed redder still midway down the steep and shaggy mountain of Snaefjells, with its head stooped over the ocean, and its top sparkling with icicles, and white with eternal and untrodden snow. Man, and bird, and beast, welcomed the sun with a shout and a hail—the poet's song—the song of the bird, and the scarcely less melodious cry of the household dog, softened into music by delight and joy, gave greeting to a luminary, which, without a profane or idolatrous feeling, obtains the reverence, and something like adoration, of the people of Iceland. Peace be with them :—a bark from my native land wafted me away, half unwillingly, from a land which I was fortunèd never to behold again."

NALLA.

THE MANIAC.

1.

To see the human mind o'erturn'd,—
 Its loftiest heights in ruin laid ;
 And Reason's lamp, which brightly burn'd,
 Obscured, or quench'd in frenzy's shade ;
 A sight like this may well awake
 Our grief, our fear,—for Nature's sake.

2.

It is a painful, humbling thought—
 To know the empire of the mind,
 With wit endow'd, with science fraught,
 Is fleeting as the passing wind ;
 And that the richest boon of Heaven
 To man—is rather LENT, than GIVEN.

3.

To-day he sits on Reason's throne,
 And bids his subject powers obey ;
 Thought, Memory, Will,—all seem his own,
 Come at his bidding, list his sway ;—
 To-morrow—from dominion hurl'd,
 Madness pervades the mental world !

4.

Yet think not, though forlorn and drear
 The Maniac's doom,—his lot the worst ;
 There is a suffering more severe
 Than these sad records have rehears'd :
 'Tis his—whose virtue struggles still
 In hopeless conflict with his will.

5.

There are—before whose mental eye
 Truth has her chastest charms display'd ;
 But gaudier phantoms, flutt'ring by,
 The erring mind have still betray'd ;
 'Till gathering clouds—in awful night
 Have quench'd each beam of heavenly light.

6.

There are—whose mental ear has heard
 The "*still small voice* !" yet, prone to wrong,
 Have proudly, foolishly preferr'd
 The sophist's creed, the syren's song ;—
 And staked, upon a desperate throw,
 Their hopes above,—their peace below.

7.

There are, in short, whose days present
 One constant scene of painful strife ;
 Who hourly for themselves invent
 Fresh conflicts ;—'till this dream of Life
 Has made their throbbing bosoms ache,
 And yet, alas ! they fear to wake.

8.

With their's compared, the Maniac's doom,
 Though abject, must be counted blest ;
 His mind, though often veil'd in gloom,
 At times may know a vacant rest :—
 Not so while thought and conscience prey
 Upon the heart which slights their sway.

9.

O THOU ! whose cause they both espouse,
 In mercy bid such conflict cease ;
 Strengthen the wakening sinner's vows,
 And grant him penitence and peace :—
 Or else, in pity, o'er the soul
 The dark'ning clouds of madness roll.

BERNARD BARTON.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN WHOSE EDUCATION HAS BEEN NEGLECTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

MY DEAR SIR,—When I had the pleasure of meeting you at Ch——, for the second time in my life, I was much concerned to remark the general dejection of your manner. I may now add, that I was also much surprised; your cousin's visit to me, having made it no longer a point of delicacy to suppress that feeling. General report had represented you as in possession of all which enters into the worldly estimate of happiness—great opulence, unclouded reputation, and freedom from unhappy connexions. That you had the priceless blessing of unfluctuating health, I know upon your own authority. And the concurring opinions of your friends, together with my own opportunities for observation, left me no room to doubt that you wanted not the last and weightiest among the sources of happiness—a fortunate constitution of mind, both for moral and intellectual ends. So many blessings as these, meeting in the person of one man, and yet all in some mysterious way defeated and poisoned, presented a problem too interesting both to the selfish and the generous curiosity of men—to make it at all wonderful, that at that time and place you should have been the subject of much discussion. Now and then some solutions of the mystery were hazarded: in particular, I remember one from a young lady of seventeen, who said with a positive air, “That Mr. M——’s dejection was well known to arise from an unfortunate attachment in early life:” which assurance appeared to have great weight with some other young ladies of sixteen. But upon the whole, I think that no

account of the matter was proposed at that time which satisfied myself, or was likely to satisfy any reflecting person.

At length, the visit of your cousin L—— in his road to Th—— has cleared up the mystery in a way more agreeable to myself than I could have ventured to anticipate from any communication short of that which should acquaint me with the entire dispersion of the dejection under which you laboured. I allow myself to call such a disclosure agreeable, partly upon this ground—that where the grief or dejection of our friends admits of no important alleviation, it is yet satisfactory to know, that it may be traced to causes of adequate dignity: and, in this particular case, I have not only that assurance, but the prospect of contributing some assistance to your emancipation from these depressing recollections by co-operating with your own efforts in the way you have pointed out for supplying the defects of your early education. L—— explained to me all that your own letter had left imperfect; in particular how it was that you came to be defrauded of the education to which even your earliest and humblest prospects had entitled you: by what heroic efforts, but how vainly, you laboured to repair that greatest of losses: what remarkable events concurred to raise you to your present state of prosperity; and all other circumstances which appeared necessary to put me fully in possession of your present wishes and intentions. The two questions, which you addressed to me through him, I have answered below: these were questions which I

could answer easily and without meditation: but for the main subject of our future correspondence, it is so weighty, and demands such close attention (as even *I* find, who have revolved the principal points almost daily for many years), that I would willingly keep it wholly distinct from the hasty letter which I am now obliged to write; on which account it is that I shall forbear to enter at present upon the Series of Letters which I have promised, even if I should find that my time were not exhausted by the answers to your *two questions below*.

To your first question,—whether to you, with your purposes and at your age of thirty-two, a residence at either of our English universities—or at any foreign university, can be of much service?—my answer is firmly and unhesitatingly—no. The majority of the under-graduates of your own standing in an academic sense will be your juniors by twelve or fourteen years; a disparity of age which could not but make your society mutually burthensome. What then is it, that you would seek in a university? Lectures? These, whether public or private, are surely the very worst modes of acquiring any sort of accurate knowledge; and are just as much inferior to a good book on the same subject, as that book hastily read aloud, and then immediately withdrawn, would be inferior to the same book left in your possession, and open at any hour to be consulted, retraced, collated, and in the fullest sense studied. But, besides this, university lectures are naturally adapted not so much to the general purpose of communicating knowledge, as to the specific purpose of meeting a particular form of examination for degrees, and a particular profession to which the whole course of the education is known to be directed. The two single advantages which lectures can ever acquire to balance those which they forego—are either 1. the obvious one of a better apparatus for displaying illustrative experiments than most students can command; and the cases, where this becomes of importance it cannot be necessary to mention: 2. the advantage of a rhetorical delivery, when *that* is of any use (as in lectures on poetry,

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&c.) These, however, are advantages more easily commanded in a great capital than in the most splendid university. What then remains to a university, except its libraries? And with regard to those the answer is short: to the greatest of them under-graduates have not free access: to the inferior ones (of their own college, &c.) the libraries of the great capitals are often equal or superior: and for mere purposes of study your own private library is far preferable to the Bodleian or the Vatican.

To you, therefore, a university can offer no attractions except on the assumption that you see cause to adopt a profession: and, as a degree from some university would in that case be useful (and indispensable, except for the bar), your determination on this first question must still be dependent on that which you form upon the second.

In this second question you call for my opinion upon the eleventh chapter of Mr. Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, as applied to the circumstances in which you yourself are placed. This chapter, to express its substance in the most general terms, is a dissuasion from what Herder, in a passage there quoted, calls *Die Autherschaft*; or, as Mr. Coleridge expresses it, “the trade of authorship:” and the amount of the advice is—that, for the sake of his own happiness and respectability, every man should adopt some trade or profession—and should make literature a subordinate pursuit. On this advice, I understand you to ask, 1. whether it is naturally to be interpreted, as extending to cases such as yours: and 2. if so, what is my judgment on such advice so extended? As to my judgment upon this advice, supposing it addressed to men of your age and situation, you will easily collect from all which I shall say—that I think it as bad as can well be given. Waiving this, however, and to consider your other question—in what sense, and with what restrictions the whole chapter is to be interpreted; that is a point which I find it no easy matter to settle. Mr. Coleridge, who does not usually offend by laxity and indcision of purpose, has in this instance

G

allowed the very objects of his advice to shift and fluctuate before him; and from the beginning to the end, nothing is firmly constructed for the apprehension to grasp, nor are the grounds of judgment steadily maintained. From the title of the chapter (*an affectionate exhortation to those who in early life feel themselves disposed to become authors*), and from the express words of Herder, in the passage cited from him as the final words of the chapter, which words discountenance "authorship" only as "zu früh oder unmässig gebraucht" (practised too early, or with too little temperance), it would have been a natural presumption that Mr. Coleridge's counsels regarded chiefly or altogether the case of very youthful authors, and the unfortunate thirst for premature distinction. And if this had been the purpose of the chapter, excepting that the evil involved in such a case is not very great, and is generally intercepted by the difficulties which prevent, and over-punished by the mortifications which attend, any such juvenile acts of presumption, there could have been no room for differing with Mr. Coleridge, except upon the propriety of occupying his great powers with topics of such trivial interest. But this, though from the title it naturally should have been, is *not* the evil, or any part of it, which Mr. Coleridge is contemplating. What Mr. Coleridge really has in his view are two most different objections to literature, as the principal pursuit of life; which, as I have said, continually alternate with each other as the objects of his arguments, and sometimes become perplexed together, though incapable of blending into any real coalition. The objections urged are:

1. To literature considered as a means of livelihood;—as any part of the resources which a man should allow himself to rely on for his current income, or worldly credit, and respectability: here the evils anticipated by Mr. Coleridge are of a high and positive character, and such as tend directly to degrade the character, and indirectly to aggravate some heavy domestic evils.

2. To literature considered as the means of sufficiently occupying and

exercising the intellect. Here the evil apprehended is an evil of defect: it is alleged that literature is not adequate to the main end of giving due and *regular* excitement to the mind and the spirits, unless combined with some other summons to mental exercise of periodic recurrence—determined by an overruling cause acting from without—and not dependent therefore on the accidents of individual will, or the caprices of momentary feeling springing out of temper or bodily health.

Upon the last objection, as by far the most important in any case, and the only one at all applicable to yours, I would wish to say a word; because my thoughts on that matter are from the abundance of my heart, and drawn up from the very depths of my own experience. If there has ever lived a man who might claim the privilege of speaking with emphasis and authority on this great question—By what means shall a man best support the activity of his own mind in solitude? I probably am that man; and upon this ground—that I have passed more of my life in absolute and unmitigated solitude, voluntarily, and for intellectual purposes, than any person of my age whom I have ever either met with—heard of—or read of. With such pretensions, what is it that I offer as the result of my experience? and how far does it coincide with the doctrine of Mr. Coleridge? Briefly this: I wholly agree with him that literature, in the proper acceptation of the term, as denoting what is otherwise called the *Belles Lettres*, &c. i. e. the most eminent of the fine arts, and so understood therefore as to exclude all *science* whatsoever,—is not, to use a Greek word, *αυτάρκης*—not self-sufficing: no, not even when the mind is so far advanced that it can bring what have hitherto passed for merely literary or *æsthetic* questions, under the light of philosophic principles: when problems of "taste" have expanded to problems of human nature. And why? Simply for this reason—that our power to exercise the faculties on such subjects is not, as it is on others, in defiance of our own spirits: the difficulties and resistances to our progress in these investigations is not susceptible of

minute and equable partition (as in mathematics); and therefore the movements of the mind cannot be continuous, but are either of necessity tumultuary and *per saltum*, or none at all. When, on the contrary, the difficulty is pretty equally dispersed and broken up into a series of steps, no one of which demands any exertion sensibly more intense than the rest, nothing is required of the student beyond that sort of application and coherent attention which in a sincere student of any standing may be presumed as a habit already and inveterately established. The dilemma therefore to which a student of pure literature is continually reduced,—such a student suppose as the Schlegels, or any other man who has cultivated no acquaintance with the severer sciences,—is this: either he studies literature as a mere man of taste, and perhaps also as a philologist; and in that case his understanding must find a daily want of some masculine exercise to call it out and give it play; or (which is the rarest thing in the world) having begun to study literature as a philosopher, he seeks to renew that elevated walk of study at all opportunities: but this is often as hopeless an effort as to a great poet it would be to sit down upon any predetermination to compose in his character of poet. Hence, therefore,—if (as too often it happens) he has not cultivated those studies (mathematics, e.g.) which present such difficulties as will bend to a resolute effort of the mind, and which have the additional recommendation that they are apt to stimulate and irritate the mind to make that effort; he is often thrown by the very cravings of an unsatisfied intellect, and not by passion or inclination, upon some vulgar excitement of business or pleasure, which becomes constantly more necessary to him. I should do injustice to myself, if I were to say—that I owed this view of the case solely to my experience: the truth is—I easily foresaw, upon the suggestion almost of an instinct, that literature would not suffice for my mind with my purposes. I foresaw this; and I provided for it from the very first: but how? *Not* in the way recommended by Mr. Coleridge, but ac-

cording to a plan which you will collect from the letters I am to write; and which therefore I need not here anticipate. What, however, you will say (for *that* is the main inquiry), what has been the success? has it warranted me to look back upon my past life, and to pronounce it upon the whole a happy one? I answer in calmness and with sincerity of heart—Yes. To you with your knowledge of life I need not say that it is a vain thing for any man to hope that he can arrive at my age without many troubles—every man has his own; and more especially he who has not insulated himself in this world, but has formed attachments and connexions, and has thus multiplied the avenues through which his peace is assailable. But setting aside these inevitable deductions, I assure you, that the great account of my days, if summed, would present a great overbalance of happiness; and of happiness, during those years which I lived in solitude, of necessity derived exclusively from intellectual sources: such an evil indeed as time hanging heavy on my hands, I never experienced for a moment. On the other hand, to illustrate the benefits of my plan by a picture of the very opposite plan, though pursued under the most splendid advantages, I would direct your eyes to the case of an eminent living Englishman, with talents of the first order, and, yet upon the evidence of all his works, ill-satisfied at any time either with himself or those of his own age. This Englishman set out in life, as I conjecture, with a plan of study modelled upon that of Leibnitz: that is to say, he designed to make himself (as Leibnitz most truly was) a *Polyhistor*, or Catholic student. For this reason, and because at a very early age I had become familiar with the writings of Leibnitz, I have been often tempted to draw a parallel between that eminent German, and the no less eminent Englishman of whom I speak. In many things they agreed: these I shall notice at some other opportunity: only in general I will say that as both had minds not merely powerful, but distinguished for variety and compass of power, so in both were these fine endowments com-

pleted and accomplished for work of Herculean endurance and continuity, by the alliance of a bodily constitution resembling that of horses. They were Centaurs: heroic intellects, with brutal capacities of body. What partiality in nature! In general, a man has reason to think himself well off in the great lottery of this life if he draws the prize of a healthy stomach without a mind, or the prize of a fine intellect with a crazy stomach: but that any man should draw both, is truly astonishing; and I suppose happens only once a century. Thus far (as indeed much farther) they agreed: the points of difference were many, and not less remarkable: two I shall allege as pertinent to the matter before me.—First, I remarked that Leibnitz, however anxious to throw out his mind upon the whole encyclopædia of human research, yet did not forget to pay the price at which only any *right* to be thus discursive can be earned: he sacrificed to the austerer muses: knowing that God geometrizes eternally, he rightly supposed that in the universal temple Mathesis must furnish the master key which would open most shrines. The Englishman, on the contrary, I remarked to have been too self-indulgent, and almost a voluptuary in his studies; sparing himself all toil, and thinking apparently to evade the necessity of artificial power by an extraordinary exertion of his own native power. Neither as a boy, nor as a man, had he submitted to any regular study or discipline of thought: his choice of subjects had lain too much amongst those dependent upon politics or other fleeting interests; and when this had not happened, yet never amongst

those which admitted of *continuous* thinking and study, and which support the spirits by perpetual influxes of pleasure, from the constant sense of success and difficulty overcome. As to the use of books, the German had been a discursive reader: the Englishman a desultory reader. Secondly, I remarked that Leibnitz was always cheerful and obliging; most courteous and communicative to his fellow-labourers in literature or science; with a single exception (which rests, I think, as the sole stain upon his memory) just, and even generously just to the claims of others: uncensorious, and yet patient of censure; willing to teach, and most willing to be taught. Our English contemporary was not, I think, naturally less amiable than Leibnitz: and therefore I ascribe it to his unfortunate plan of study, leaving him of necessity too often with no subjects for intellectual exertion, but such as cannot be pursued successfully, unless in a state of genial spirits,—that we find him continually in ill humour, distempered and untuned with uncharitable feelings; directing too harsh and acrimonious a spirit of criticism always against the age in which he lives, sometimes even against individuals; querulous* under criticism, almost to the extent of believing himself the object of conspiracies and organized persecution: finally (which to me is far the gloomiest part of the picture) he neither will consent to believe that any man of his own age (at least of his own country) can teach *him* any thing—professing all his obligations to those *who are dead*, or else to some rusty old German; nor finally will he consent to teach others, with the

* That this appears on the very face of his writings, may be inferred from a German work, published about two years ago, by a Hamburg barrister (I think)—Mr. Jacobs. The subject of the book is—the Modern Literature of England, with the Lives, &c. of the most popular authors. It is made up in a great measure from English literary journals; but not always: and in the particular case of the author now alluded to, Mr. Jacobs imputes to him not merely too lively a sensitiveness to censure, but absolutely a “*wasserscheue*” (hydrophobia) with regard to reviewers and critics. How Mr. Jacobs came to use so strong an expression, or this particular expression, I cannot guess; unless it were that he had happened to see (which however does not appear) in a work of this eloquent Englishman, the following picturesque sentence:—“by an unconscionable extension of the old adage—*Noscitur a socio*, my friends are never under the waterfall of criticism, but I must be wet through with the spray.”—*Spray*, indeed! I wish some of us knew no more of these angry cataracts than their spray.

simple-minded magnanimity of a scholar, who should not seek to mystify and perplex his pupil; or to illuminate only with half-lights: nor put himself on his guard against his reader, as against a person seeking to grow as knowing as himself. On the contrary, who should rejoice to believe (if he could believe it) that all the world knew as much as himself; and should adopt as his motto (which I make it my pride to have done, from my earliest days) the simple grandeur of that line in Chaucer's description of *his* scholar—

That gladly would he learn,—and gladly teach.

Such were the two features of difference which I had occasion perpetually to remark—between two great scholars, in many other features so closely resembling each other. In general these two features would be thought to exist independently; but, with my previous theory of the necessity in all cases that, with studies of so uncertain and even morbid an effect upon the spirits as literature, should be combined some analytic exercise of *inevitable* healthy action in this respect, it was natural that I should connect them in my mind as cause and effect; and, in that view, they give a double attestation to Mr. Coleridge's advice where it agrees with mine—and to mine where it differs from his.

Thus far I have considered Mr. Coleridge's advice simply as it respects the student. But the *object* of his studies is also entitled to some consideration: if it were better for the literary body, that all should pursue a profession as their *ἐργον*, (or business) and literature as a *παρεργον* (an accessory or mere bye-business),—how far is literature itself likely to benefit by such an arrangement? Mr. Coleridge insists upon it that it will: and at page 225 he alleges seven names, to which at page 233 he adds an eighth, of celebrated men who have shown "the possibility of combining weighty performances in literature, with full and independent employment:" on various grounds it would be easy, I think, to cut down the list, as a list any way favourable for Mr. Coleridge's purpose, to one name—viz. that of Lord Bacon. But

waiving his examples, let us consider his arguments. The main business, the *ἐργον*, after exhausting a man's powers during the day, is supposed to leave three hours at night for the *παρεργον*. Now we are to consider that our bright ideal of a literatus—may chance to be married: in fact, Mr. Coleridge agrees to allow him a wife: let us suppose a wife therefore; and the more so, because else he will perhaps take one without our permission. I ask then what portion of these three hours is our student to give up to the pleasure of his wife's society? For, if a man finds pleasure in his wife's company at any time, I take it for granted that he would wish to spend the evening with her. Well, if you think so, (says Mr. Coleridge, in effect, who had at first supposed the learned man "to retire into his study,") in fact, he need *not* retire. How then? Why, he is to study, not in his study—but in his drawing-room, whilst "the social silence, or undisturbing voices of a wife or sister, will be like a restorative atmosphere." Silence, by the way, is a strange mode of social pleasure. I know not what Mr. Coleridge does when he sits with a young woman: for my part, I do "mon possible" to entertain her both with my wit and my wisdom; and am happy to hear *her* talk, even though she should chance to be my own wife; and never think of tolerating silence for one instant. But, not to quarrel about tastes, what is this "sister" that so pleasantly intrudes herself into the party? The wife, I understand: but, in the North of England, or any place where I have lived, wives do not commonly present men with sisters, but with children. Suppose then our student's wife should give him a son; or, what is noisier, a daughter; or, what is noisier than either,—both? What's to be done then? Here's a worshipful audience for a philosopher; here's a promising company for "undisturbing voices," and "social silence." I admire Mr. Coleridge's way of blinking this question, of masking this youthful battery with "a sister." Children, however, are incidents that do and will occur in this life; and must not be blinked. I have seen the case again and again;

and I say it, and say it with pain, that there is no more respect for philosophy amongst that lively part of society than Mr. Coleridge and I have for French philosophy. They may, however, be banished to their nursery: true; but, if they are ever admitted to the drawing-room, in houses where not much company is kept, I observe that this visit is most interesting to all parties in the evening; and, if they would otherwise be admitted, no good-natured student would wish to have their expulsion charged upon his books. After all, however, it is clear that Mr. Coleridge's voice is for the "retiring" system: and he gives us pretty plainly to understand (p. 230) that it is far better for men to be separated from their wives throughout the day. But in saying this, he forgets that in the case under consideration, the question is not so properly whether they are ever to be separated—as whether they are ever to meet. Indeed, taking what Mr. Coleridge says on this subject, as addressed to literary men especially, I know not why they should be supposed likely to make unhappy marriages more than other men. They are not called upon to pass more of their time with their wives than country gentlemen, or men generally without a profession. On the other hand, if we are to understand the words of Mr. Coleridge as of universal application, I hope that he gives us a very unfair view of the average tenour of life in this important particular. Yet, if it be settled that men will quarrel, and must quarrel with their wives, or their wives with them, unless separated,—would not a large screen meet the emergency? Or might not the learned man, as soon as breakfast is ended, bow to his wife—and withdraw to his library; where he might study or be sulky, according to his taste; leaving her for the rest of the day to amuse or to employ herself in the way most agreeable to her sex, rank, and previous education?

But, in whatever way this difficulty may be disposed of, one point is most clear to my judgment: that literature must decay, unless we

have a class *wholly* dedicated to that service, not pursuing it as an amusement only with wearied and pre-occupied minds. The reproach of being a "*nation boutiquière*," now so eminently inapplicable to the English, would become indeed just, and in the most unfortunate sense just, if from all our overstocked trades and professions we could not spare men enough to compose a garrison on permanent duty for the service of the highest purposes which grace and dignify our nature.

You will not infer from all this any abatement in my old respect for Mr. Coleridge's great and various powers: no man admires them more. But there is no treason, I hope, in starting a little game now and then from the thickets of *The Friend*, the *Biographia Literaria*, or even from Mr. Coleridge's *Sermons*, considering that they are *Lay* ones. Young men must have some exercise this frosty weather. Hereafter I shall have occasion to break a lance with Mr. Coleridge on more difficult questions: and very happy I shall be, if the amusement which I shall make it my business to strike out, by my hammering, from the flinty rock of his metaphysics, should either tempt any one to look into his valuable writings—or should tempt Mr. Coleridge to sally out of his hiding-place in a philosophic passion, and to attack me with the same freedom. Such an exhibition must be amusing to the public. I conceive that two transcendentalists, who are also two——s, can hardly ever before have stripped in any ring. But, by the way, I wish he would leave transcendentalism to me and other young men: for, to say the truth, it does not prosper in his hands. I will take charge of the public principles in that point: and he will thus be more at leisure to give us another *Ancient Mariner*; which, I will answer for it, the whole literary body would receive with gratitude and a fervent "plaudite."

Yours, most faithfully,

Dec. 24, 1822.

X. Y. Z.

GRIMM'S GERMAN POPULAR STORIES.*

THIS little book is well timed—for with the wood-fires and long evenings of merry Christmas-tide, what helps on old drowsy Time so kindly with those whose imaginations are just flowering, and whose hopes and joys are in the bud, as the marvel-Tale, which an old servant narrates just before bed-time, or over a social cup of tea around the huge and well-logged kitchen fire? When we were young—and despite our grey hairs and tottering feet, we feel young still over a fairy-tale,—we used to sit, per favour, of a winter evening sometimes, and take a story and a sweet dish of brown sugared tea in the kitchen. Those evenings are in our memory as vivid as ever—and we can, in one particular dead fire light, still call them up with all their dark glory and mystery, to make us tremble like children in our old age. There was the square large cell of a fire-place,—and there the long dull grate—with the dull depressing coals—and there the low rush-bottomed chairs—the round deal table, and the single sickly candle, smothering its own light with unmolested wick. And there—there, in that very spot—is our old nurse, with the same gossip voice, telling the story of Bloody Jack, with an earnestness utterly terrific. We see the whole like a *Teniers* of the mind.—We hear the thin countrified voice of the nurse sounding still—and *Bloody Jack* is awful yet.

This book, we say, is well timed. It is a collection of traditional stories, translated and purified from the original German, and yet not robbed of the rich improbability which makes them golden. They are simple in their manner of recital—potent in mystery and innocent extravagance. It is the vice of parents now-a-days to load their children's minds with useful books—books of travels, geography, botany, and history only, and to torture young thought with a weight beyond its strength. Why should little children have grown-up minds?—Why should the dawning imagination be clouded and destroyed

in its first trembling light? Is the imagination a thing given to be destroyed?—Oh no!—Let the man and the woman have the dry book—the hard useful leaves—for their food; but give to childhood the tender green and flowers for its yearning imagination. Casuists in go-carts are not for our affections. We love to see the earnest child on a low stool, lost in the wonders of *Goody Two Shoes*;—not straining the thin fibre of its little intellect over villanous abridgments. The tiny springs of an infantine mind are not strong enough to sustain the weight of *reasonable* books;—but piled up with airy tales, and driven by the fairies, they pass on and strengthen for better things.

Many of these stories are well known to old children—and some are new even to *us*!—We shall give one,—a pretty one,—to show how pleasantly the work is translated—and how much may be done with light materials, when the fancy goes kindly and cheerfully to work. The following is sweetly told, and as sweetly conceived. What delightful food for a child's imagination!

JORINDA AND JORINDEL.

There was once an old castle that stood in the middle of a large thick wood, and in the castle lived an old fairy. All the day long she flew about in the form of an owl, or crept about the country like a cat; but at night she always became an old woman again. When any youth came within a hundred paces of her castle, he became quite fixed, and could not move a step till she came and set him free: but when any pretty maiden came within that distance, she was changed into a bird; and the fairy put her into a cage and hung her up in a chamber in the castle. There were seven hundred of these cages hanging in the castle, and all with beautiful birds in them.

Now there was once a maiden whose name was Jorinda: she was prettier than all the pretty girls that ever were seen; and a shepherd, whose name was Jorindel, was very fond of her, and they were soon to be married. One day they went to walk in the wood, that they might be alone: and Jorindel said, "We must take care that we don't go too near to the castle." It was a beautiful evening; the last rays of the setting sun shone bright through the long

* German Popular Stories, translated from *Kinder und Haus Märchen*. C. Baldwyn, 1823.

stems of the trees upon the green under-wood beneath, and the turtledoves sang plaintively from the tall birches.

Jorinda sat down to gaze upon the sun; Jorindel sat by her side; and both felt sad, they knew not why; but it seemed as if they were to be parted from one another for ever. They had wandered a long way; and when they looked to see which way they should go home, they found themselves at a loss to know what path to take.

The sun was setting fast, and already half of his circle had disappeared behind the hill: Jorindel on a sudden looked behind him, and as he saw through the bushes that they had, without knowing it, sat down close under the old walls of the castle, he shrank for fear, turned pale, and trembled. Jorinda was singing,

"The ring-dove sang from the willow spray,
Well-a-day! well-a-day!
He mourn'd for the fate
Of his lovely mate,
Well-a-day!"

The song ceased suddenly. Jorindel turned to see the reason, and beheld his Jorinda changed into a nightingale; so that her song ended with a mournful *jug, jug*. An owl with fiery eyes flew three times round them, and three times screamed, Tu whu! Tu whu! Tu whu! Jorindel could not move: he stood fixed as a stone, and could neither weep, nor speak, nor stir hand or foot. And now the sun went quite down; the gloomy night came; the owl flew into a bush; and a moment after the old fairy came forth pale and meagre, with staring eyes, and a nose and chin that almost met one another.

She mumbled something to herself, seized the nightingale, and went away with it in her hand. Poor Jorindel saw the nightingale was gone,—but what could he do? He could not speak, he could not move from the spot where he stood. At last the fairy came back, and sung with a hoarse voice,

"Till the prisoner's fast,
And her doom is cast,
There stay! Oh, stay!
When the charm is around her,
And the spell has bound her,
Hie away! away!"

On a sudden Jorindel found himself free. Then he fell on his knees before the fairy, and prayed her to give him back his dear Jorinda: but she said he should never see her again, and went her way.

He prayed, he wept, he sorrowed, but all in vain. "Alas!" he said, "what will become of me?"

He could not return to his own home, so he went to a strange village, and employed himself in keeping sheep. Many a time did he walk round and round as near

to the hated castle as he dared go. At last he dreamt one night that he found a beautiful purple flower, and in the middle of it lay a costly pearl; and he dreamt that he plucked the flower, and went with it in his hand into the castle, and that every thing he touched with it was disenchanted, and that there he found his dear Jorinda again.

In the morning when he awoke, he began to search over hill and dale for this pretty flower; and eight long days he sought for it in vain: but on the ninth day early in the morning he found the beautiful purple flower; and in the middle of it was a large dew drop as big as a costly pearl.

Then he plucked the flower, and set out and travelled day and night till he came again to the castle. He walked nearer than a hundred paces to it, and yet he did not become fixed as before, but found that he could go close up to the door.

Jorindel was very glad to see this: he touched the door with the flower, and it sprang open, so that he went in through the court, and listened when he heard so many birds singing. At last he came to the chamber where the fairy sat, with the seven hundred birds singing in the seven hundred cages. And when she saw Jorindel she was very angry, and screamed with rage; but she could not come within two yards of him; for the flower he held in his hand protected him. He looked around at the birds, but alas! there were many nightingales, and how then should he find his Jorinda? While he was thinking what to do, he observed that the fairy had taken down one of the cages, and was making her escape through the door. He ran or flew to her, touched the cage with the flower,—and his Jorinda stood before him. She threw her arms round his neck and looked as beautiful as ever, as beautiful as when they walked together in the wood.

Then he touched all the other birds with the flower, so that they resumed their old forms; and took his dear Jorinda home, where they lived happily together many years.

We only wish we had room for more, but already we have gossiped, like old nurses, late into the night. We must to our more serious avocations! But in closing the book, we cannot help complimenting the publishers on the prettiness of their volume. Cruikshank has given a dozen little sketches, which have more of the spirit of Fairy Tales in them than any others we ever looked at. The book too is published at a reasonable price:—the etchings are worth the money.

THE MISCELLANY.

We present our readers with a second number of our Miscellany. We are glad that they (*i. e.* that many of them) approve the plan. It is something like an *imperium in imperio*, perhaps, at first sight; only its policy does not jar with the general interests of our wider kingdom of learning. On the contrary, it will enable us to give a variety to our Magazine, by relieving the long essays and more profound disquisitions, by brief, rare, sparkling facts and fancies. We shall thus do a service to ourselves, and afford our more indolent wits an opportunity of sending to us their short compositions (sudden thoughts, or single conceits), which are too diminutive for regular essays, and yet are too good to be lost. Our wish is to offer to our friends (in the apothecary's phrase) an agreeable *mixture*—where the salt of wit, the acid of satire, the volatile of the imagination, the graceful, the sweet, the liquid flow of melodious rhyme (the true *aurum potabile*) may meet without neutralizing each other. This seems all very ambitious, at first sight; but we nevertheless hope to accomplish our end.

Our first paper this month is a letter from Professor Hill, who has kindly enabled us to give the Public the name and a few particulars of the author of a very clever poem called the *Connubia Florum*. This poem was probably the origin of Darwin's celebrated Botanic Garden, and, *par consequance*, of the Loves of the Triangles, and of Miss Porden's mineral amours.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

Sir—The intent of this address to you being to do justice to departed merit; to give to the public the true name of the writer of an ingenious Latin poem, the *Connubia Florum*, which has hitherto appeared under the disguised signature of *Demetrius de la Croix*; and to verify a fact, before the evidence of it, which now solely of all that live on earth rests with me, shall become extinct; this motive I hope may gain it a place among your valuable collections.

When I was formerly Professor of Botany in the University of Dublin, I had prepared matter for a re-publication of this poem; but desisted when I found my lucubrations superseded by the edition published by Sir Richard Clayton in the year 1791.

I was led to this intention by its intrinsic merit (which I think might probably have attracted the notice of Dr. Darwin, and suggested the design of his *Botanic Garden*), by its relation to the science which I then taught, and because it was the work of an *Irishman*. This latter is a circumstance of which the public have never been informed; for who could

discover DERMUID M'ENCROE in the Helleno-Gallic disguise of *Demetrius de la Croix*? My knowledge on this point is not received from rumour, but from the personal testimony of Dr. Lionel Jenkins, a learned and judicious physician, who resided for many years in this city, and died about 35 years ago, at a very advanced period of life. With him, a man of the purest integrity, I was well acquainted. He and M'Encroe studied physic together at Paris; and Dr. Jenkins has shown me several letters of his subscribed with his name *D. M'Encroe*; and containing philosophical and botanical inquiries, and critical remarks on some topics of polite literature. The life of a man engaged in philosophical pursuits cannot be marked by many conspicuous events: but, from the irrefragable testimony of Dr. Jenkins, and of many passages in those letters, it appears, above all doubt, that Dr. M'Encroe was a native of the South of Ireland; that he acquired his school education in the county of Clare or Kerry, where the Latin is almost a vernacular language; and

that he passed many years in France, whence I am not informed of his having ever returned to his native home. His friend Jenkins always spoke of him with affectionate remembrance, and represented him as a man of fine talents and amiable moral character. The poem was printed at Paris in 1727. A copy was given to me by Dr. Jenkins, to whom the author sent it, with a letter, which I have read, requesting his opinion of it. There is not, most probably, any person now living, besides myself, who can with equal certitude and

truth attest these anecdotes concerning M'Encroe.

The attention with which this poem has been regarded, is the strongest evidence of its worth. I would fain, therefore, indulge a hope, that Sir Richard Clayton may be influenced by this disclosure to reiterate his edition, and to vindicate his country's right to the author of so ingenious a performance. His *manes* claim that justice from his editor.

E. HILL,

Reg. Prof. of Physic. Trin. Col. Dublin.

Dublin, Dec. 5, 1822.

THE FÊTE-DIEU.

1.

By six o'clock all Paris was awake,
By seven her population all in motion,
Messieurs and *Dames* all hurrying for the sake—
Some few, perhaps, it may be—of devotion;
But all the rest, to reach that grand *pinacle*
Of earthly bliss to Frenchmen—a *spectacle*.

2.

And really 'tis a pretty sight to see
Parisian *belles* tripping on holiday;
Be they of gentle blood, or low degree,
It matters not, for all alike display
Each on her head so pretty a *chapeau*—
You're half in love before you peep below.

3.

Perhaps you'd better not; but that's all taste;
Some think but lightly of a face; more stress
Is laid by others on a taper waist;
And some lay most upon the air or dress;
Hands, arms, or feet, claim others' approbation;
But as for me, I like a combination.

4.

But this is a digression: eight o'clock
Proclaim'd aloud from every tower and steeple,
That *Notre Dame*, *St. Sulpice*, and *St. Roch*,
Were sending forth their priests among the people,
Loaded with blessings, ready to bestow them
On all to whom the morning air might blow them.

5.

First, floating banners, moving onward, told
The holy cavalcade was now in motion;
Then scores of virgins, rather plain and old
To be themselves the objects of devotion,
A pretty substitute in rose-leaves found,
Which they, from holy vessels, scatter'd round.

6.

Then cavaliers, dress'd out in all their orders,
Looking less humble than perhaps they might;
And priests, with crimson robes and golden borders,
Their precious charge supported, left and right;
And in the rear, which would the most engross you,
Devoutly walk'd the *Duchesses** and *Monsieur*.

* Berri and Angoulême.

7.

Alas ! alas ! there came a sad mishap ;
 Who could have guess'd,—the sky so clear at seven ?—
 A flash of lightning, and a thunder clap,
 Raised all the eyes of devotees to heaven ;
 But two or three drops of rain might well excuse
 Their quick transition to their robes and shoes.

8.

The rain in torrents pour'd, the flowing street
 By *Dames* and *Messieurs* was deserted quite ;
 Thus to neglect a spiritual treat
 For straw and silks was surely far from right ;
 The most devout expected no *miracle* ;
 But all were vexed at losing the *spectacle*.

9.

The frankincense and blessings were bestowed
 Upon some groups of ragamuffin boys,—
 Who by their grinning undevoutly show'd
 How wickedly the human mind enjoys
 Such ills, as sometimes even have permission
 To visit princes on a holy mission.

H. H.

THE CHOICE OF A GRAVE.

In Fontenelle's Dialogues of the Dead, Mary Stuart meets Rizzio, and by way of reconciling him to the violence he had suffered, says to him, "I have honoured thy memory so far as to place thee in the tomb of the Kings of Scotland." "How," says the musician, "my body entombed among the Scottish Kings?" "Nothing more true," replies the queen. "And I," says Rizzio, "I have been so little sensible of that good fortune, that, believe me, this is the first notice I ever had of it."

I have no sympathy with that feeling, which is now-a-days so much in fashion, for picking out snug spots to be buried in. What is the meaning of such fancies? No man thinks

or says, that it will be agreeable to his dead body to be resolved into dust under a willow, or with flowers above it. No—it is, that while alive he has pleasure in such anticipations for his coxcomical clay. I do not understand it—there is no *quid pro quo* in the business to my apprehension. It will not do to reason upon of course ; but I can't feel about it. I am to blame, I dare say—but I can only laugh at such under-ground whims. "A good place" in the church-yard!—the boxes!—a front row! but why? No, I cannot understand it: I cannot feel *particular* on such a subject: any part for me, as a plain man says of a partridge.

ON DEDICATIONS.

It is not an easy thing to write a good dedication. An inscription seems to me preferable to an address ; and the shorter it is the better. The latter mode almost necessarily implies a flattery ; or it speaks a humbling of the spirit which nothing can justify but *surpassing* merit in the person addressed. It is, "Oh ! king, live for ever, in these my lines. Let us go hand in hand to immortality, and cheat the bitter malice of the grave." Now this to an unknown patron would amount to the ludicrous ; but to Milton, or Shakspeare, or Apollo, such dedication were good:—it is like a votive offering of the first

fruits of genius,—like laurels laid upon the altar of a god.

And yet I would not deprive men either of their privileges. If they wish to consecrate a poem to their mistress, or to perpetuate a friendship, let them do it ; but be it done modestly, discreetly, wisely. A dedication to a lady is graceful ; or it may be apt, as to a friend—if he be worthy of it ; or to the public—if the author have reason to be grateful ; or to a parent—if he owe him respect ; or to an enemy—if he owe him an ill turn ; or to a creditor—for obvious reasons ; or it may even be to the "reader" (that something be-

tween a friend and the public); or to any body, in short, whom circumstances shall point out, by which a man can either give or receive pleasure, profit, or distinction.

Methinks my good-nature here has almost hurt my argument. I have allowed so many exceptions, that the rule or order which I set up is in a manner repealed. The "*exceptio probat regulam*," will scarcely help me. What I mean to say, however, is—that inscriptions are better than addresses, and that short dedications are better than long ones. I do not object to the usual tokens of friendship or love; but I war with those gratuitous pieces of flattery which disgraced the pages of the last century. How much better is Keats's—(poor Keats! ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνις). How much better is his dedication of Endymion. It is

Inscribed to the memory of Thomas Chatterton.

I own I like this. It is simple and unaffected. It is fine to compliment the dead thus. No one can accuse us of flattery, or fear, or base self-love. We have nothing to gain or lose. There is no rivalry between us and the grave: there is nothing to be wrung from it,—no applause, no requital. We have only (but that is enough) the honest approbation of our own spirit.

Dryden, who was one of the bitterest of satirists, was fulsome in his dedications. One can scarcely help thinking that he often purposely overcharged his battery of praise. *Swift's* dedication to "Prince Posterity" is good; and one would not moreover quarrel with an author who thus speculates on contingencies.—*Paley's* dedication of his *Natural Theology* appears to me to be written simply and to the purpose: and *Mr. Shelley's* dedication of *The Cenci* is graceful and full of pathos. But the most striking thing of the sort, which I remember at present, is the opening of *Machiavelli's* dedication (of his 'Prince') to Lorenzo, the son of Pietro de Medicis. He says:—"They that desire to ingratiate themselves with a prince, commonly use to offer themselves to his view with things that he takes most pleasure and delight in. Whereupon, we see that they are many times presented with horses and arms, cloth of gold, precious stones, and such like ornaments, worthy of their greatness. Having then a mind to offer myself to your Magnificence, with some testimonies of my service to you, I found nothing in my whole inventory that I think better of, or more worthy esteem, than the knowledge of great men's actions." And these he accordingly offers to his patron.

DICATUS.

FAIR INES.

1.

O saw ye not fair Ines?—

She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest.
She took our day-light with her,
The smiles that we love best;
With morning blushes on her cheek
And pearls upon her breast.

2.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivall'd bright:
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

3.

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;

And gentle youths, and maidens gay,
 And snowy plumes they wore ;—
 It would have been a beauteous dream—
 If it had been no more !

4.

Alas, alas, fair Ines !
 She went away with song,
 With music waiting on her steps,
 And shoutings of the throng ;
 But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
 But only music's wrong,
 In sounds that sung, farewell—farewell,
 To her you've loved so long !

5.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines ;
 That vessel never bore
 So fair a lady on its deck,
 Nor danced so light before ;—
 Alas ! for pleasure on the sea,
 And sorrow on the shore,—
 The smile that blest one lover's heart
 Has broken many more.

H.

WILKS.

It is very pleasing to discover redeeming points in characters that have been held up to our detestation. The merest trifles are enough, if they taste but of common humanity. I have never thought very ill of Wilks since I discovered that he was ex-

ceedingly fond of South-Down mutton. But better than this: "My cherries," he says, "are the prey of the blackbirds—and they are most welcome." This is a little trait of character, which, in my mind, covers a multitude of sins.

OBITUARY.

Lately died at Strasburgh, in the 31st year of his age, the celebrated Italian philosopher *POPOLINO*. He had been employed on certain poisonous and other pungent experiments, for the benefit of the red Indians and the civilized inhabitants of Antiqua Scotia. His preparations were generally in the shape of a powder (for the sake of its bearing land-carriage), and on applying some of what he conceived to be No. 37 to his nostrils, he fell down and expired in a moment. The world will long have cause to lament the premature decease of this great philosopher and sage. A few particulars of his early life have escaped ; and as we believe that they are not generally known in England, we shall lay them before our readers.

Pietro Pinto Popolino was born in the neighbourhood of Peschiera, in the north of Italy, in the midst of the cold weather of 1791. His father claimed (and he insisted) on being descended in a right line from the famous *Gasco Mendez*, formerly one of the self-elected Dukes of Trieste.

When very young, scarcely exceeding the tender age of eleven years, young *Popolino*, it is said, used to sing the verses of Catullus in an extraordinary way, and to accompany them with his violin. It was confidently expected that he would become a shining ornament in the musical circles. One day, however, he became acquainted with two travellers from North Britain, who were regaling themselves with a 'haggis,' or rather an olla podrida, (the landlord was a Spaniard,) and some pickled herrings, in the "public" at Peschiera. These gentlemen took great quantities of snuff, which seemed to enable them to argue with infinite vivacity. Young *Popolino* begged a pinch, and sneezed. He begged another, and sneezed again. This seemed to him very extraordinary. Begging a third pinch, he put it carefully in a small piece of whity-brown paper, and took it home, with a determination to ascertain what its peculiar virtues were. This trifling incident it was which turned this genius into the road of practical philosophy. A few years afterwards

he came over to England, and entered himself as a pupil of the celebrated Fribourg. He became the inventor of "*Canaster*," of No. 37, of *The floral mixture*, and even made some improvements in "high-dried." He was a great advocate for the system of driving out one disease by another; and invented a poison (made of the *Lamas* and the *Ticunas*—Indian specifics) which, had it been adopted, would have completely put the measles to flight, and expatriated the hydrophobia. He was the only person acquainted with the virtues of Dr. Solomon's Balm of Gilead, and Dr. Brodum's nervous cordial. He was the inventor of Day and Martin's blacking, and the Congreve rockets (he sold the patents to the present proprietors). He was the first man who perceived the connexion between the Aurora Borealis and the French

Revolution. He constructed the automaton chess player and the invisible girl, and gave the first hint of lighting London with gas. He was an excellent arithmetician, a sound theologian, a good poet and whist-player, a tender father of a family, and a virtuous man. He has left a wife and 17 small children to lament his death, which will be long felt, not only by them, but by the whole scientific and literary world. He is buried in the Protestant church at Strasburg, and a tomb, with an elegant inscription, by Messrs. *Mokriffchusky and Price*, (proprietors of the Russia oil,) has been erected to his memory.

GUST. VOSTERMANN.

* * By the bye, *Gasco Mendez*, mentioned in that very clever scene, "*The Voyage, a Dramatic*," (in your last number,) may be related perhaps to Popolino's ancestor. G.V.

GERMAN HONESTY AND SIMPLICITY.

"An inhabitant of Leipsic," says Madame de Staël, "having planted an apple-tree on the borders of a public walk, affixed a notice to it, requesting that people would not gather the fruit." How the wise-acres and "knowing-ones" laugh at the trusting simpleton! But hark! "not an apple was stolen during ten years." So much for a people, all of whom read and think. In Eng-

land there are not a few who have resisted the instruction of the poor, lest it should corrupt them; but, with the protection of ignorance, what would have been the fate of the apple-tree in the neighbourhood of London? What a contrast between this respected tree with its harmless defence, and the steel-traps and spring-guns of our British Pomona!

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A GHOST.

It has been much questioned amongst the learned, whether there be such things (or nothings) as ghosts; but whether or not, and leaving this argument to the curious, the following may be relied upon as an instance of extraordinary presence of mind in an apparition.

In the year 1421, the widow of Ralph Cranbourne, of Dipmore End, in the parish of Sandhurst, Berks, was one midnight alarmed by a noise in her bed-chamber, and, looking up, she saw at her bed foot the appearance of a Skeleton (which she verily believed was her Husband), nodding and talking to her upon its fingers, or finger-bones, after the manner of a dumb person. Whereupon she was so terrified, that after striving to scream aloud, which she could not, for her tongue clave to her mouth, she fell backward as in a swoon;

yet not so insensible withal but she could see that at this the Figure became greatly agitated and distressed, and would have clasped her, but upon her appearance of loathing it desisted, only moving its jaw upward and downward, as if it would cry for help but could not for want of its parts of speech. At length, she growing more and more faint, and likely to die of fear, the Spectre suddenly, and as if at a thought, began to swing round its hand, which was loose at the wrist, with a brisk motion, and the finger bones being long and hard, and striking sharply against each other, made a loud noise, like to the springing of a watchman's rattle. At which alarm, the neighbours running in, stoutly armed, as against thieves or murderers, the spectre suddenly departed.

Hist. Berks, vol. xxv. p. 976.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Mr. Kean and Mr. Young.

When we expressed our anxiety to see Mr. Kean and Mr. Young perform together in the same play, we must honestly own, we had not the smallest expectation of witnessing a well-contested struggle on both sides, or of seeing in the two actors alternate success and alternate failure:—we looked for the exaltation of the natural style over the artificial. We longed to see Mr. Kean spirited up by the presence of Mr. Young (the self-elected chief tragedian of the day) to do such deeds as Genius can ever do when it is bearded by its imitator. Those who saw Mr. Kean annihilate Mr. Junius Brutus Booth on the memorable night of their Othello meeting, will know how the former can be irritated into greatness, on great occasions. We have heard from pretty good authority that Mr. Booth protested in the Green-room, that he was terrified at Mr. Kean's earnestness and fury—and that he would not continue the tragedy with him: by great persuasion only, was he induced to go through with his part. It had been given out that Booth closely resembled Kean. They met,—and Kean wrung the neck of his rival's glory for ever! When it was arranged by Mr. Elliston that Young and Kean were to appear together, the daily papers vaunted much of "the union of talent" being brought about by *their* means—amused the idle curiosity of the town with alternate praises of the one and the other—eulogized Young's classic attainments and correct deportment—said handsome things of "the little Jupiter Tonans;"—in short, gave out that there would be a sort of grand dramatic prize-fight on a certain day, at which the Randall and Martin of the drama were to show which "was the best man." The battle was well got up. On the great night, "vehicles were in motion at an early hour," as the Reporters have it. The scene of action was crowded almost to suffocation—the bell—no—the *ring* was whipped out at a little before seven—and in a few minutes after that hour, Mr.

Young, with Penley for his second, and Talent for his bottle-holder, threw his hat (with his head in it) into the ring! He was loudly cheered, and certainly looked confident and well. In due time, Kean, with Elliston for his bottle-holder (unrivalled in this department), and Genius for his second, followed. The pit waved hats and handkerchiefs—the galleries whistled through their shrill and expressive knuckles—the boxes applauded with an orderly enthusiasm—and the fight commenced. We must not, we fear, continue this style of criticism, although it is really the most fitted for the occasion—but if our readers will dip into Boxiana, and read the account of Randall and Martin's first contest—they will have a tolerably correct notion of the manner in which the struggle was carried on. Young was *long*,—cautious,—measured—and collected:—Kean was quick,—muscular,—compact,—and graceful,—we dare say no more "after this fashion." Let us remember where we are, and of whom we are speaking.

It may be remembered by our readers that we promised to be present on the night of Othello, when Kean and Young should perform together,—and we kept our words like true men and critics, by engaging seats a week, at least, before the eventful play, and by occupying them at an early hour on the night. We were delighted to see a handsome house filled to the very throat, with people of respectability and intellect—all anxious to behold two several great ones of the city meet in mental struggle and in the warfare of passion. The critics were all there. The great lovers of the Drama were plentifully scattered over the house. The resolute play-goers were on their appointed benches near the orchestra—wiping their red glowing faces in the misty pit, and looking in a sort of wonder at the cold formal people who came quietly into the house and the boxes, in treason, as it were to the true spirit of the night. Some bald noble heads, of acknowledged taste, were sprinkled in the private boxes. And the aspect of the night was generally

one of deep intellectual interest. Why was all this? What could it be, but the fond expectation of seeing the triumph of genius;—the general belief that Kean would tower with gigantic superiority over all his former efforts. Time wore tediously away to the tune of clapping benches and doors, and the hubbub of a full pit. The musicians dropped in with their usual indifference to the interest of the scene. The lights arose, gilding the green of the curtain. The very scent of the theatre became more fragrant,—“that mixture of orange peel and oil,” as Mathews so well describes it.

The overture finished—the lights drooped as *per order*; and the curtain ascended, baring the Venetian house of old Signor Brabantio to the gaping multitude. The several entrances of Young and Kean were the signals to the separate partizans of the two rivals to shout the very roof off the new house, and make the gilt pillars tremble in their shoes. Young was dressed like a cavalier in the time of Charles, and looked extremely well as a cavalier—but he looked nothing Venetian; Kean was habited as usual, and, rich as the dress is, we think it very ill-suited to his figure. The Iago of Mr. Young failed in points which we should have considered him safe in; the character wanted ease, gaiety, and keeping. In the scenes with Roderigo there was a vulgarity about his manner, and a broad brawling craftiness which not even such a fool as Roderigo ought to be duped with. The customary mouthing and word-measurement of Mr. Young made dead havoc with the acute villany of Iago: and those who are deep-learned in the drawling lisping cadences of Mr. Young’s voice will conceive how tediously and miserably the fine third act dragged over his tongue. In the scene where he first stings the Moor’s mind, he looked all kinds of tragic things, and clung to the hints he uttered as though he never would part with them. It is not by the studied mystery of Iago—by dark looks and fearful starts, that Othello is seduced to jealousy:—The careless half-shaped hints—light and apparently unmeaning questions—casual and momentary surprise—by these the noble nature of the Moor is abused,

Not until Othello’s passions have lashed themselves to madness does Iago venture to unhood his suspicions, and to pamper jealousy with circumstance. We always have thought the scene in the third act, commencing with Iago’s question of “Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed your lady, know of your love?” as being the most terrific and intense piece of dramatic writing ever accomplished. There is in it no bombast of language or of thought. It is peculiarly colloquial and simple in its commencement—and never rises into poetry until the passion of the Moor is stirred. Young, in representing this fine scene, anticipated the horrors he was breeding, too much in his looks,—too much in his voice and manners. He carried his purpose in his face. The truth is, that Mr. Young, with all his classical attainments, has not the wit to understand the finely drawn character of Iago; and instead therefore of giving it with a high spirit of intellect and gaiety, he touches it off in the old established tragic fashion—and brings all the villany out into the foreground. Kean was great, as we expected—surpassingly great.—And in the third act, he let himself loose on the ocean of his passion, and drove on in darkness and in tempest, like an abandoned bark! The agony of heart was the fiery Moorish agony! not cramped in within an actor’s or a schoolman’s confine, but fierce, ungovernable, dangerous. You knew not what he would do next, in the madness of his spirit:—he knew not himself what he should do! Mr. Young wisely kept to his preconcerted plan, and acted by rule steadily. One of the finest instantaneous actions of Kean was his clutching his black hand slowly round his head, as though his brain were turning; and then writhing round and standing in dull agony, with his back to the audience:—what other performer would so have *forgotten* himself? We think Mr. Kean played more intensely on Mr. Booth’s *benefit*, but then he had a motive and a cue for passion, which with Mr. Young was wanting. He had to show that Mr. Booth was not of his quality. No one accuses Mr. Young of approaching him.

The play in its other characters

was poorly filled. Where was Mr. Elliston for Cassio? Is the part beneath his notice—or does Mr. Young stipulate for his exclusion? Elliston has the round merry face and handsome laughing eye which are suited for the part—he is of smooth dispose. Poor Terry, with his wise face and iron tones, was sentenced to hard labour in the character for the night. And, to be sure, with Mr. Young to suggest jealousy, and Mr. Terry to be the object suspected, Mr. Kean's monster must have been peculiarly green-eyed. Mr. Terry is a sensible man, and therefore he *played under*, as the phrase is,—but do what he would, he could not look or speak like the gallant Cassio, “framed to make women false.” Mrs. W. West bravadoed rather in Desdemona: and Penley, in Roderigo, carried on a minor rivalry of power with Mr. Powell, in Brabantio.

Old and Young.—*Miss C. Fisher.*—An ingenious piece under this title has been produced, for the purpose of exhibiting the surprising talents of Miss C. Fisher in various and opposite characters. This little girl is, in herself, worth a bushel of grown-up actresses whose names we could mention; but whatever pleasure her cleverness occasions, it is damped by the consciousness which we feel, that this cleverness must and will *out-grow* itself. We look upon the vast dome of Drury Lane as the hot-house glass that forces her beauty and her talent to early maturity and premature decay. No present salary can be a compensation to her for the ruin which is being brought upon her mind!

COVENT GARDEN.

Maid Marian.

Robin Hood—and his gallant men of Sherwood—hunters of the deer under the green shades of the forest—feasters at the wild-wood table—bold men and true at the quarter-staff—your only “Constitutional Association” for the preservation of liberty—are like eagles caged—or as chained lions, when penned within the petty limits of a theatre. “Grieve and assistants” are great men, as all lovers of a romantic scene can attest; but “Grieve and assistants” may paint away, till their brushes have not a hair left upon their heads,

JAN, 1823.

and still not succeed in giving the mind even a distant idea of Sherwood Forest, with its soft verdant turf—pleasant waters—and wilderness of broad trunks. Robin Hood's oaks are of the open air—they must look freedom and serenity.

A new Opera, with Robin Hood for its hero, has been produced at Covent Garden, with all the accustomed splendour of dress, scenery, and appointments, for which that theatre is so deservedly celebrated. But although the dialogue was taken chiefly from the most spirited passages of the great novelist (as the author of *Ivanhoe* is called, to distinguish him from Fielding and Smollett), and although the songs were agreeable modern versions of the fine wild ballads of the olden time—still the characters came poorly off—and the interest continually flagged almost to the Opera's destruction. Robin Hood had his vest of Lincoln Green, his bugle slung over his forest-coat, his cap and buskins fitted for the dewy wood. But he had no space to wander in, and trod his poor allowance of stage and mimic wilderness with confined and spiritless tread—mocking at liberty. The white bear at Exeter Change seemed not more limited in his movements. What indeed is Robin Hood without his free range of hill and brake? What is he, unless the true trees are over him, and the forest airs in his face? What, without the bounding hart fleeting before his whistling arrow, and his foot ready for the track? When a curtain can be drawn over Sherwood Forest, and the summer wind can play overture to the songs of Maid Marian and her serving men,—then we shall have hope of Robin Hood becoming a fit hero for an Opera; but until the Forest itself shall be the stage, the notes of Robin must be as the notes of the caged lark—a song to lost liberty!

Having thus spoken of the hopeless task of any one attempting a successful Drama on this subject, from the impossibility of mastering the spirit of outlawry—we shall proceed to speak of the present opera of *Maid Marian*, as it is acted. If a play *could* be attractive in which Robin Hood, William Gamwell, and Little John are imprisoned—the pre-

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sent production would stand no ill chance of success? There is a mass of famous men and women. Richard the First is splendidly introduced. Robert, Earl of Locksley, has his merry men all fitly appareled—Maid Marian sings, so that you would think the green boughs were woven over her head—and that the forest echoes might awaken at such sweet breath. All that *could* be done, is done.

Mr. Abbott, in the Earl of Locksley, is, perhaps, a falling off; for it requires something more than *respectability* to fill the part of the brave outlaw; and, unfortunately, no living performer so often calls this fatal word of negative praise into use as Mr. Abbott. We are not at all aware of any reasonable obstacle standing between the character and Mr. Macready—for whom indeed we think it eminently fitted. We remember this gentleman's spirited sketch of Rob Roy and cannot help thinking that he makes a mistaken husbandry of his talents when he refuses lending himself to the performance of romantic characters, of this description, although they do not exactly come within the circle of the legitimate drama. Mr. Macready's Rob Roy was the Freebooter himself—rudely and strongly dashed off, and proudly showing the hand of a master. If he had played Robin Hood,—which, for his own sake, and that of the public, we think he ought to have done—we should then have seen an outlaw worthy of Sherwood. The elastic foot, and manly mellow voice of Macready, are such as our fancy gives to Robin. Mr. Abbott, respectable as he is, is not the light, free, fearless man we dream of. He is not of the trees!—The summer light is not in his eye—the summer airs are not in his face. His limbs are not springy—as though they were ever forest-free! Robin Hood should show to the eye as the man who could hit the flying hart—or run him down on the merry hills!—We fear Mr. Macready is giving in to the hateful vices of the stage—and that he is for standing aloof from particular characters, and in particular dramas. He is certainly a gentleman of great and undoubted talent, and should not be above playing any

part which would show that talent to advantage; he should remember that he gained much of his present popularity by his powerful delineations of romantic characters,—and that now to whistle them off, is betraying a want of prudence and good sense, which we should not expect to find in him. Garrick was not above playing Abel Dragger.

Mr. Charles Kemble made an excellent, jolly, tipsy, taking Abbot, (of course not the respectable Abbot). His bald head seemed mocked by his handsome merry visage—and the long grey cloak and holy insignia were admirably unformalized by the loose eye, swinging arms, hands flask-filled, and staggering feet, of the young confessor. His voice pitched and tossed about like a vessel in distress—and he himself never stood still, but appeared to be riding at anchor. He really drank, hallooed, and sang, like a true monk—and the soul of good fellowship reigned in his reeling eye!—We never saw Charles Kemble so happy, wild, and spirited. Rubygill Abbey, with six such fellows as he, would make no bad palace for merry Christmas!

Baron Fitzwater, a tetchy old Baron, built rather upon the Anthony Absolute scale, was given to Mr. Farren, and was not badly played by that gentleman. But Mr. Farren is too rigid a performer for any character out of the old school of stiff genteel comedy! A Mr. Hunt Gog'd the part of Little John to admiration.

The music is extremely pretty, though it has the freebooter's mark a little too strongly upon it in certain parts. We have heard some of the notes somewhere before. But let that pass!

We must not conclude without expressing our delight at Miss M. Tree's performance—her name seemed to be her nature. She was Maid Marian to the life. When she sang, and when she spake, the forest of Sherwood spread its green boughs in the air, the herd went trooping by, and the ear seemed to feel the noise of the foresters, and the rustling of the forest leaves come swooning upon the air as in the very days of the merry merry Outlaw—Bold Robin Hood!

The Huguenot.—This extravagant play, from the extravagant pen

of the author of *Adelaide* (an old dead German horror), was advertised as a tragedy; but so great an impostor has seldom suffered the pains and penalties of exposure. It is, however, gathered to its fathers—or rather, to its mother—old Mrs. *Adelaide*!—and we shall therefore dismiss it with few words. It was an agonizing version of the *Two Galley Slaves*—dragged through five acts of unaccountable horrors, and ending in a happy joining of hands at the scaffold's foot, and at the instant of a parent's death. Macready played with great vigour and effect; but no acting could excuse the monstrous exaggerations which broke out in every scene. A slave and a supposed murderer are sad company through five long acts. Mr. Abbott was the only good person, for he forgot his part, which we rather think mainly contributed to the temporary success of the Drama. Every incident was carried to the verge of reality, and then as suddenly broken off. A marriage is all but solemnized—the hands are joined—the altar is near—the

priest has begun the ceremony—when the murderer with his red cross rushes in—demands to speak with the bride, and converses desperately for ten minutes, while the husband respectfully stands aloof!—An execution is all but executed! The axe is ready, the scaffold, black as the sweeper at the Obelisk, is ascended,—the neck is bared!—when a messenger arrives to say, that the intended victim's father has just died, and acknowledged himself the murderer. Of course, the axe is arrested, and the prisoner set at large;—he rushes into his mistress's arms, and they live very happy ever after. The language is bad blank verse—heavily laden with nonsense and horror. One other sin this tragedy has to answer for—it has shaken our faith in the powers of Miss F. M. Kelly!—We did say that we felt sure of her—but her acting in this new Tragedy has alarmed us—and until we have seen other evidence of her talents we shall suspend our great opinion of her. How is it, that she plays no other part but Juliet?

REPORT OF MUSIC.

THE most important novelty in the musical circles is the establishment of THE BRITISH CONCERTS. We alluded in our last report to the probability that a plan for the encouragement of British talent would be tried, and, since we wrote, the proposals have been issued. The increasing influence of foreign musicians, and the substitution of foreign compositions for those of English masters in all our concerts, have for ages been matter of continual complaint among the professors of our own country; but nothing has hitherto been done towards combating the adversary. Every circumstance has, on the contrary, been favourable to this introduction and exaltation. Italy has ever been considered as the parent of vocal art. The Italian opera exhibits the richest specimens. Hence, as from a central light, rays are darted in every direction. The *prima donna* of the King's Theatre is sure to be found at

every superior concert, private or public; we have too from thence a succession of superiority. Catalani, Fodor, Bellocchi, and Camporese, to say nothing of the Buffa ladies, have all appeared, while the English stage has presented no other eminent vocalist than Miss Stephens, (Miss Tree can hardly yet be said to have risen to this distinction). Variety, therefore, lends its powerful aid, and the effect is such as it must ever be while opera continues in its present low state in England. From the King's Theatre, the most beautiful compositions are transmitted to the Orchestras of the Concert rooms, and of late they have even been suffered to usurp the most prominent places in the Lent Oratorios. The same circumstances attend almost all the other branches of public music. The importation of male singers is in a like comparative profusion; Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Knyvett, are standing dishes; and

they are admirable fare beyond all question; but all of them have been before the public these five-and-twenty years at least, while the Tramezzanis, the Naldis, and the Crivellis, the Ambrogettis, the Garcias, Curionis, Zuchellis, De Begnis, and a hundred others, afford a never ending train of diversity both in quality and manner. The country must be most prolific where there are so many nurseries for talent. There are not only the conservatories, but there are great theatres in almost every city. The captivation of Mozart and Rossini has completed the triumph. They are now omnipresent. The melodies and the comic concerted pieces of the latter fix themselves in every fancy. It is in vain that our musical philosophers, or philosophical musicians, appeal to sense and sentiment. Melody, catching melody, wafts away all their solid theories at a breath. Voluptuous sensations, or lively pleasures, are preferred to the lofty affections. It ought not to be so, say our wise men. Granted; replies the public—but nevertheless so it is.

But though we adore Mozart, and are certainly animated and affected by Rossini; though Catalani has entranced us; though we have been raised by Tramezzani, have admired the whim of Naldi, and even wept for their miserable fate;* though we have been melted by Crivelli, are still enthralled by Camporese, and are more than half in love with De Begnis (Madame, gentle reader, for *we* are not a Lady, though boasting ourselves the fairest of critics); in spite of all these *thoughts*, we are rejoiced to see our countrymen come hardily forward to vindicate their claims and to assert their powers, for in truth, they have never been able to obtain an impartial hearing. The history of the British Concerts is plainly this. About twenty-five years ago, a society of the then eminent writers of vocal English music, Webbe, Robert Cooke, Callcott, Horsley, Pring, and some others, associated for mutual correction and improvement, under the name of the Concentores. They met monthly at each other's

houses, and brought some new composition every night; but jealousies crept in, and death and calamity made serious inroads amongst them, and the society was dissolved. But after a time, some of the most zealous of the survivors reunited the existing members of the body; they attracted new companions, and persevered in a cause which has been found to be privately and publicly useful. These same individuals now stand forward for the almost abandoned honour of British art; and, disavowing all personal interests, they offer to the English composer of talent an orchestra from whence his works may be heard to advantage, and to the public, the power of patronizing and warming into life and excellence the native genius of the country. At the outset they begin warily and prudently. They limit the subscription to two guineas; the admission for this sum to four persons for three Concerts. Their band will be principally vocal, with perhaps half a dozen accompanying instruments. But they declare their intention to extend their views according to the means which patronage may furnish. The Concerts are to be held on the 10th and 24th of February, and the 10th of March; the names of the members of this praise-worthy institution are as follow:

Messrs. Atwood, Bishop, Elliot, Goss, Hawes, Horsley, Jolly, Linley, Sir G. Smart, and Mr. Walmesley.

The associates of the society are

Messrs. King, Leete, Terrail, and J. B. Sale.

Messrs. Atwood, Hawes, and Horsley, are appointed directors for the present year. Here is certainly great talent, the flower indeed of English talent; and it will be the greatest dishonour the art has yet suffered in this country, if the scheme be not joined by all who are interested in the exaltation of the profession, and patronized by those who hold England in estimation.

The City Amateur Concerts are abandoned; but wherefore is not known. The subscription last year

* Tramezzani went mad; and Naldi was killed by the explosion of a cooking apparatus.

was full, and the subscribers, to all appearance, perfectly satisfied. Such a termination, however, accords with general experience. It very rarely happens that Concerts established by Amateurs, and depending either upon their direction or performance, survive for any considerable time. It is not difficult to understand that the management of such a Concert demands from mere amateurs even more time and attention, than from the practical and professional conductor. They soon get weary of what they find amounts to a positive restriction, both upon their time and pursuits, of far greater amount than they calculated upon: if successful, they are soon satiated with praise; if, on the contrary, things do not go on as well as they should do, they are disgusted with the envy and jealousies, and such other motives, to which alone they attribute the disregard to which they are exposed; thus they are equally spoiled by victory or defeat, and it is well if they do not fall together by the ears.

At Cambridge there were three evening Concerts, but no morning performances; but, either from the election, which happened at the time, or from some other cause, though the first since his appointment, under the conduct of the new professor of music, Dr. Clarke Whitfield, the worthy professor suffered a loss. Miss Paton was the *prima donna*, and, with Miss Travis and Mr. Vaughan, made up the vocal orchestra. But the great strength was given to the instrumental band, which was complete throughout.

Dr. Smith has had his annual Concert at Richmond. Mrs. Salmon, Miss Witham, and Mr. Rovedino, assisted. Miss Witham is a pupil of Mr. Rovedino, but, though possessed of fair abilities, gives no promise of far excelling eminence.

It should seem somewhat extraordinary that Bath, a place of fashionable resort, that promises, after London, the most ample patronage, should be found unequal to the support of a public Concert. Such, however, appears of late to have been the fact. The performances have generally commenced in December (on Christmas Eve very frequently); and in January, last year, Mr. Ashe

the conductor, since the death of Rauzzini, stated by advertisement, that through the losses he had experienced during the three previous seasons, together with the failure of the series then in progress, he was compelled to give up the undertaking. He announced his last benefit, and related that himself and Mrs. Ashe had relinquished permanent engagements in London, in the hope of succeeding in this enterprise, which, after a trial of twelve years, he was thus at length obliged to abandon. He subsequently even returned a part of the subscriptions, so hopeless did he consider the concern. But Sir George Smart and Mr. Loder have adventured to take them up. They advertise nine concerts, and have either engaged, or are in treaty with, the whole circle of musical talent. There is scarcely a name of eminence, either vocal or instrumental, which their list does not include; while, with a liberality which does them credit, Sir George and Mr. Loder yield both the leading and the conduct in turn to other eminent professors. The plan of the concerts, if not novel, embraces a principle which ought to be better understood, and more generally practised. This principle is to make good music *cheap*, and, by such means, accessible to the many. A Concert should be viewed in some such light as the following. Its expences should be estimated, and a fair compensation set apart for the risk and the trouble of management. The conductors, having made this computation, should endeavour to obtain the sum by a liberal concession to subscribers, and rather seek to gain by numbers than by a high price of admission. Nothing, we are persuaded, would so certainly tend to the diffusion of art, and to make Concerts frequent and profitable, as such a plan. And provided the room be sufficiently spacious, what does it matter to the *entrepreneur*, whether he derives his gains from one hundred or from two hundreds of auditors? Thus the directors of the Bath Concerts, apparently keeping this public end in view, have arranged a scale of prices, ascending in proportion to the number of tickets subscribed for. The subscriber for twenty-seven tickets (for the nine

Concerts, and all transferable to ladies) pays about 4s. each; he who takes eighteen, about 5s.; he who takes nine, 6s. 6d.; and the purchaser of a single ticket is charged 8s. This scheme enables families to unite, and thus opens the door as wide as is consistently possible. In such an adaptation to circumstances, very often lies all the secret of raising the power to support a Concert. There is many a town which, by dividing the rate of admission in a similar manner, might enjoy the finest talents; whereas, by insisting upon fixing the tickets at eight shillings or half a guinea, the possibility of success is precluded.

A series of Concerts is also commenced at Bristol, under the direction of Sir George Smart.

The Royal Academy has taken a house in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, and the Committee of Management are proceeding to carry their project into practical execution. At present the subscription amounts to about 6000*l.* and the annual donations to about 600*l.* sums totally inadequate to the completion of their extensive design. One of the most remarkable circumstances is, the almost total absence of professional names from the list of subscribers, which sufficiently speaks the opinion artists entertain of its merits. At present its prospects are certainly not promising; but if the institution fails, it will be from the total want of deference to public feeling, from the absence, we may say, of all *tact* in the proceedings of the self-elected managers. The list of professors has undergone some material alterations. Mr. Clementi has declined the honour intended him; and Mr. John Cramer's name does not appear. It is said his terms were fixed at 200*l.* per annum, which were considered inadmissible!! If the time such a man as Mr. Cramer must give up be not worth such a sum, the Royal Academy must not go to the mart of *eminent* talent for its professors.

The following are the new compositions:—

Introduction and Rondo for the pianoforte, by Moscheles. Op. 54. This piece, though somewhat below some of Mr. Moscheles' former compositions, in difficulty

and contrivance, is equally distinguished for gracefulness and expression. The Introduction is very beautiful: we particularly admire the passage for the left hand beginning at stave 4, bar 1, page 2; it is rich and impressive. The effect of the chromatic passages, in page 3, is very good; and here we may point out to the observation of the young composer the admirable application of set forms; for though general and common phrases, they are here so introduced as to have the effect of new combinations, and conduce in no small degree to the expression. It is at this time of day so difficult to invent passages, that genius and fine taste are, perhaps, most displayed in a judicious and powerful application of those which are most striking. The Rondo is full of sweet and graceful melody, heightened and contrasted by the peculiar strength of Mr. Moscheles' style.

Paisiello's favourite air, *Quant è piu Bella*, with variations for the organ or pianoforte, by Thomas Adams; a composition best adapted to the former instrument; and although it partakes of the lighter qualities of pianoforte music, it will be found an interesting and advantageous study to the amateur organist.

My lodging is on the cold ground, with variations and alterations for the pianoforte and flute, by John Purkis. The variations contain nothing particularly new; but the union of the instruments gives them animation and spirit. This description also applies to the Coronation March, by the same composer.

Mr. Purkis's *fourth Fantasia* merely consists of an arrangement of several of Mozart's favorite airs in Figaro, with an introduction and flute accompaniment. The intrinsic merit of the airs will sufficiently recommend the piece.

Mr. Rimbault's *Variations to Partant pour la Syrie* are very easy, and will be admired by beginners.

Mr. Rimbault has arranged Mozart's *grand Symphony, No. 4, Jupiter*, for the pianoforte, with ad. lib. accompaniments for the flute, violin, and violoncello. He has also printed Rossini's lively overture to *Il Turco in Italia* in the same form.

Mr. Sola has adapted Rossini's *Per Piacere alla Signora; Di Piacere*; and *Occhi miei*, for the pianoforte and flute. They make very pretty duets; the part for the latter instrument is rather difficult.

A series of *moral songs*, the words by Mr. W. Collard, and the music (with the exception of one melody) by Mr. Clifton, are light, pretty, and easy vocal exercises. In this case it happens, as we often see, that the amateur (Mr. Collard) equals, if he does not exceed, the professor in melody.

Dec. 26.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

SINCE the departure of Napoleon from the scene, the whole political world seems lost in speculation and uncertainty. During the entire of the last year, our lucubrations were directed almost every month to the apparently impending rupture between Russia and the Porte, an event still in suspense, and with as little prospect of any ultimate decision as ever: this year, we commence with the equally important and equally doubtful negotiations between France and Spain; what the result may be, we believe even the heads of the respective Cabinets are almost as unable to conceive as ourselves; but if, as appearances indicate, it should terminate in war, difficult indeed is it to foresee the consequences. The Congress of Verona has, however, terminated its sittings, and the different crowned heads, together with their diplomatic suites, have either returned or are on their way to their respective countries. The Duke of Wellington has already arrived in England, having made rather an abrupt departure from the French capital. The result of the negotiations has been kept a profound secret, but it is said that the ground taken by the British representative was decidedly pacific, and that his remonstrances and great local knowledge of the Spanish territory, and the natural difficulties which it presents to an invading army, were not without their weight. Indeed domestic reports, and reports are all which at present we have to guide us, go still farther, and assert that our new foreign secretary is not inclined to look even with an eye of neutrality on any French interference with the internal policy of Spain. Upon this subject, it is said that Mr. Canning transmitted to Congress, through the Duke of Wellington, a state paper, which made a deep impression, and which, for its enlightened views and eloquent exposition of them, has seldom been surpassed. This, of course, will be laid before Parliament, which has at last been summoned for the 4th of February, for the dispatch of business. In France, however, the voice of the majority of the Cabinet is known to

be "for war," against the understood desire of M. de Villele and the King. Accordingly we find by the Paris papers, that dispatches were transmitted definitively to Madrid, declaring the ultimatum of the French Government, in which the allied powers (with the exception of England) are thought to have concurred, and upon the answer to which depends the decision of war or peace. Unless we have mistaken much the character and energy of the Spanish constitutionalists, there can be but little doubt as to the nature of the reply. The requisitions on the part of France, as handed about in the political circles, are stated to be as follow:—

1st. The restoration of the King to his personal freedom, without delay, as it is now distinctly understood that he is in a state of confinement in his palace of the Retiro.

2d. The restoration of the King to his sovereign rights.

3d. Such a change in the constitution of Spain as shall give to the nobles a great share of the power which they possessed under the old regime.

4th. The exclusion of the present ministers from office, or, at least, most of the heads of the different departments.

5th. An amnesty for all persons, of whatever rank, engaged in the cause of the Regency.

6th. A more strict regulation of the laws relating to the press.

7th. The possession of certain strong places on the frontiers of France, as a guarantee for the performance of any undertaking into which the Spanish Government may enter.

Such are the requisitions circulated in France as having been made a *sine quânon*, by the ultra administration of that country, with the Spanish Government. They certainly appear to us as in every point of view likely to excite the anger, rather than the assent, of those to whom they are addressed; containing as they do a direct assertion of their implied right to interfere in the internal arrangement of the affairs of the peninsula; and, as if that were not enough, even with the choice of their political ministers. To this is added, lest any thing should be wanting, an expressed doubt of the veracity of Spain herself by the

claimed surrender of her frontier towns as a guarantee! This is certainly going very far; even Mr. Burke himself, in all the fury of his zeal against the revolutionists of 1792, never affected to justify any interference with France except upon the ground of her own insane declaration of war against the established principles of every other country. Spain as yet has, at all events, confined herself exclusively to the reorganization of her own internal economy, without even hinting at any hostility against the regulations of her neighbours. If the accounts from Bayonne are to be credited, however, the ultras of France seem actively preparing to enforce their requisitions. That town has assumed quite the appearance of a camp—every day waggon loads of lint and dressings for the wounded are arriving; a park of artillery is prepared, consisting of 300 tumbrils and 36 field-pieces, which is in readiness to move at a moment's notice; and the army first designated the sanitary cordon, and then the army of observation, is very likely soon to change its name for that of the army of invasion. One of the French papers also adds, that a royal ordonnance has been issued calling out 40,000 conscripts of the class of 1822, without, however, specifying their particular destination; and in a week, it says, the Duke D'Angoulême is to set out for the frontier. This has indeed every "note of preparation," and even M. de Villele himself, the pacific minister, is reported to have answered a body of merchants, who waited on him in consultation, that "he would by no means advise any extensive speculations in the present political state of Europe. In the mean time, the constitutionalists of Spain are preparing themselves for the worst by the expulsion in the first place of all the remaining partizans of the Army of the Faith, and in this they are represented as being eminently successful. Mina has dispersed almost all their troops, and compelled their leaders, for the most part, to betake themselves across the Pyrenees; amongst the latter are the celebrated Trappist and Baron D'Erolles, who they say lost an ear in his flight, from the excessive cold.

The Trappist has for a time taken refuge in a convent in France, and, with his military belt flung over the habit of his order, reminds us of Friar Tuck in the new opera—"the church militant of Sherwood." His extraordinary character attracts many visitors to the convent. Some of the ultra French journals deny, of course, the alleged successes of the Constitutional army; but, if their statements be true, it is difficult to account for the admitted flight of both these celebrated leaders. There is, however, a single circumstance, which of itself would prove that these successes were not merely visionary, and that is, that on the 22d of November there was no trace of the Regency in the district of Puycerda, the members having quitted even Llivia and retired into France. They had seven mules laden with panniers, which the French humorously said contained "*the archives of the Regency*." Mina had advanced to Real on the 17th, a small town within about two days' march of the frontier. He had under his immediate command there a force of 16,000 men, and his disposable troops in Catalonia alone are estimated at 30,000 men. In Navarre, another constitutional leader named Torrijos commanded 4000, with which force he had defeated Jaunito, a Regency General. Of O'Donnell we hear nothing except that he was encamped on the banks of the De Lombies, and was in daily expectation of an attack from Torrijos. O'Donnell, our readers will recollect, issued a very *promising* proclamation on his joining the army. In Andalusia a temporary insurrection took place under the auspices of a chief named Zaldivar, which, however, was soon terminated by his death; the soldiery dragged the dead body to a scaffold, and exhibited it there as that of a malefactor. This speaks more even than a determined spirit in the Constitutionalists; and that their cause is considered popular may be inferred from Mina's proclamations, who, on entering any place, calls upon the people to take arms; a call very unlikely to be made by him unless he thought they sympathised in his cause. There is an anecdote told of this enterprising officer, in private letters from Paris, which, if true,

would induce us to think that the French ministers may yet pause before they scale the Pyrenees. They say that, after he had chased the Army of the Faith across the fordable river which divides France from Spain, some of the fugitives fired upon their pursuers, and thus violated the neutrality of the French territory. Mina instantly sent a *parlementaire* to General Curial, whose division of French troops were by no means unconcerned spectators; Curial respected the remonstrance, caused the soldiers of the Faith to ground their arms instantly, and had them broken to pieces by his own troops on the spot. When Mina observed this, he ordered his men to pile their arms, and they were left to themselves, upon which they spontaneously advanced to the river, and shouted "Liberty and the Constitution for ever," an exclamation loudly echoed by the French division. An official notice had been printed in Spain, which had been sent in to Government by the different corporations, and which stated that on the 28th November no less than 10,800 of the insurgents had returned to their homes. So completely reformed was the spirit of these men, that they were now forming into three battalions, ready to take arms against their former associates! The popular enthusiasm at Madrid is represented as extreme; there were constitutional songs, constitutional ribbands, even constitutional plays; in short nothing is tolerated which is not sanctified by the name of constitutional. The King and Royal Family, who had lived in retirement for some time past, had again appeared in public, and were received respectfully; a gala, given on her Majesty's birth-day, was well and numerous attended; and notwithstanding all that has passed, it certainly does appear as if a very little trouble upon their part would even still render the Royal Family popular at Madrid. Although, naturally enough, in the frenzy of the moment, the Landaburian, and other popular clubs, are extremely violent, and anxious enough to run into extremes, still the Cortes appear to be influenced by a much more temperate spirit. On the memorable 7th of July 400 of the rebel guards laid down

their arms to two constitutional officers, who gave them, though unauthorised to do so, a pledge that their lives should be spared. This pledge the Cortes not only confirmed, but they decreed that even the rebel guards taken *without capitulation*, and now in process of trial, should be exempted from their legal liability to the punishment of death. Even when a commercial courier had arrived on the 17th from Paris, whose intelligence depressed the funds, and appeared to all as the herald of immediate war, the question was calmly and deliberately discussed, Riego himself declaring that "Spain ought by no means to provoke a war, but that, if forced on her, she should receive it as a benefit, if hostilities should be the means of annihilating those perfidious intrigues which involve a nation in anarchy." Riego seems to be a kind of idol in Madrid, and the chaunting of a hymn which bears his name generally marks the termination of each popular paroxysm. The feeling that a war was inevitable had, however, become pretty general in the capital; and the last accounts state that orders had been sent to Galicia, Andalusia, La Mancha, and Valencia, instantly to dispatch all disposable troops and levies to Mina with the greatest expedition. A decree had also been published for raising a fresh loan of 40,000,000 reals. Such is the state of the question between France and Spain, according to all which we can glean from a very minute inspection of every published account. A few weeks, however, will in all probability preclude all doubt upon the subject, as things cannot certainly remain long as they are. The Pope has already evinced his disposition by refusing to receive the Spanish constitutional ambassador; a step induced, they say, by the influence of the Court of Vienna, and not likely certainly to conciliate the anti-Trappists of the councils of Madrid.

In Brazil the revolution appears to be complete. An edict has been promulgated at Rio Janeiro, which may be considered as the final separation between the South Americans and Portuguese. It states, that as people may still remain in Brazil, who are inimical to the independence

proclaimed and ratified by Prince and people, it becomes an imperious duty to separate them from the sound part of the community by their expulsion from the country. A general amnesty is therefore given to all persons for past political opinions down to the date of the decree, excluding only those who are now in the course of trial. Every European or Brazilian Portuguese, who has embraced the present system, and is ready to defend it, is, by way of distinction, to wear on the left arm a green flower, with the inscription, "Independence or Death." Those who choose to depart from the country have a certain reasonable time allowed them to settle their affairs, and are strictly enjoined in the interval from either writing or acting against the present system, under a denunciation of the penalties attached to high treason. The same penalties are of course denounced against all persons who may choose to remain in Brazil and commit the like offence. Soon after the promulgation of this decree, the Senate proceeded to the inauguration of the Prince Regent in his new title of Constitutional Emperor and Perpetual Defender of Brazil. The day selected for the solemnization was the 12th of October, the Prince's birth-day, he having then attained the age of twenty-four years. The Prince, upon the wishes of the Senate and people having been made known to him, declared his consent in the following terms—"I accept the title of Constitutional Emperor and Perpetual Defender of Brazil, because, having heard my council of state and procurator-general, and examined the representations of the corporations of the several provinces, I am fully convinced, that such is the general will of all the others, and that it is only from want of time that they have not yet arrived." This answer made by his Majesty to the President of the Senate having been announced to the people, from the balcony of the palace, was received by all ranks with the most enthusiastic demonstrations. The President of the Senate then proclaimed the following *Vivas*, which were loudly re-echoed by the multitude—"Our holy religion"—"Long live Senor Don Pe-

dro I. Constitutional Emperor of Brazil, and the House of Braganza, reigning in Brazil."—"The Independence of Brazil."—"The Constituent and Legislative Assembly of Brazil."—"The Constitutional People of Brazil."—This having been concluded, it was proclaimed to the surrounding country by a salute of 100 pieces of artillery and three volleys of musketry, at the end of which the people, approaching the barriers of the troops, repeated the above mentioned *Vivas*. Soon after this the Empress proceeded to the Imperial chapel, with her infant daughters, whither she was soon followed by the Emperor, amid the acclamations of the army and the people. A solemn *Te Deum* was then performed in the presence of the municipality and all the corporate bodies, and thus ended the solemn and impressive ceremony, which has, we trust, consummated the establishment of a rational and constitutional monarchy in the Brazils. It does not appear that the new Emperor has inherited his constitutional sentiments, at least, from his mother, the Queen of Portugal, as that Royal personage has declared she cannot conscientiously subscribe to the Constitution at Lisbon, to which her husband has acceded and sworn! Her Majesty demands the fortune which she brought the King, and liberty to retire and spend it wherever she chooses, as a kind of compensation for rejecting the unanimous requisition of the people who raised her husband to the throne.

With respect to the state of the Greek cause we have not much to say, but we are happy in adding, that our short notice is favourable. The very latest accounts bring intelligence of a victory, and a signal one, obtained over Omer Vrioni, at Missolonghi, the consequence of which, it is said, will be the liberation of all Western Greece from any hostile attack till the expiration of the winter. An equally important, and, in some degree romantic, incident has occurred in the destruction of the grand Turkish fleet at Tenedos, by two light Espariot vessels, accompanied by a fire-ship. They entered the port by night, and steered directly to the Admiral's ship, which was set on fire and blew up; the whole fleet

was either totally destroyed, or so much damaged as to become useless. The Greeks on board the fire-ship saved themselves on board the other ships; one of these gallant men, who seems born to redeem and consecrate the name of incendiary, observing that the inflammable matter did not catch fire, seized in his hand the red hot burning coals, and ignited it. The Capitan Pacha was blown up in his flag-ship; it is a remarkable circumstance, that this is the third Capitan Pacha which the Ottoman power has lost within the year: the last was a man of great skill and gallantry, and so highly esteemed by his nation, that letters from Trieste say, that when the news of his death reached Smyrna, the Turks there cast themselves on their knees, and invoked the assistance of the All Powerful and his Prophet. All the accounts which have arrived lately from the East concur in stating an increasing harmony between the Greeks and the British. It is said, in the accounts from Italy and Germany, that at the Congress certain conditions were resolved upon as an ultimatum to be presented to the Divan by Lord Strangford, and supported by the Austrian, French, and Russian Ministers; their nature, however, has not transpired. In the mean time the Sultan seems to have been occupied with something of considerable personal interest nearer home. He had received several very significant hints, that all was not exactly as it should be among the Janissaries; and as their hints are generally the prelude to rather serious activity, he determined, in person, to ascertain how matters stood. For this purpose he paraded Constantinople by night, incognito, and learned sufficient to induce him, on the very next morning, to strike off the head of his especial favourite, Haleb Effendi, and also of another confidential Minister, Barber Bachi; the rest of the Cabinet were instantly dismissed, so that Lord Strangford will have the pleasure of an entirely new official acquaintance on his return. Such is the tenure, not merely of power, but of human life, in these anti-human governments.

The foreign newspapers announce, during the last month, the death of

an extraordinary personage. Her last words were singular; and as it is not impossible that they may one day turn out prophetic, we give them a place in our record for more purposes than that of mere amusement. The evening preceding her death she called together all her household; she was supported on white velvet pillows; her bed was crimson damask, and in the centre hung a crown decorated with flowers. The whole of the apartment was superbly decorated and illuminated. She called her servants, one after another, to her bedside, who knelt and kissed her hand, which was one blaze of gems! To her chief director of finances, Juan Berosa, she said,—“Juan, my blessing go with thee and thine.” To Maria Belgrade, her waiting-maid, she said, “Go to Jerome, he will take care of thee. *When my grandson is Emperor of France, he will make thee a great woman.*” She then called Colonel Darley to her bedside; he had attended her in all her fortunes, and in Napoleon’s will was assigned to have a donation of 14,000*l.* “You,” said she, “have been a good friend to me and my family; I have left you what will make you happy. *Never forget my grandson—and what he and you may arrive at is beyond my discerning—but you will both be great.*” She then called in her junior servants, and as their names were mentioned, marked down with a pencil, on a sheet of paper, the pecuniary donation which she intended for each. When they were dismissed, she then declared, that she had done with this world, and demanded some water, in which she washed her hands. Her attendants found her dead, with her hand under her head, and a prayer-book on her breast. “Thus,” says the account, “perished the mother of one who has been a meteor upon earth, and a blazing star to direct others.” Madame Mere, as she was called, died immensely rich; the bulk of her fortune goes to young Napoleon. She was latterly a very religious woman, and much under the influence of her brother, Cardinal Fesch.

We have devoted such a portion of our space for this month to our foreign digest, that we have but little

to spare for our domestic occurrences. They are, however, very few, and of no interest whatever, except so far as relate to Ireland. Circumstances have, however, taken place there, which are likely to put Lord Wellesley's firmness to the test, and call forth some of the Indian energy of his youth. It has, indeed, now literally become a question, whether he is to be Viceroy, or whether a despicable and detestable faction is to be "Viceroy over him." In the beginning of the month we observed with pleasure, that he had at length commenced that truly Herculean task, the purification of the Augean magistracy of Ireland; this he set about with firmness and impartiality; and, indeed, our readers may form some idea of his design when we announce, that in seven counties no less than two hundred noblemen and gentlemen, without distinction of party, have had writs of supersedeas directed to them. This was quite necessary—it was long called for by the wishes and the grievances of the country. Proceeding in the same spirit of general good, and indeed only acting in strict conformity with the injunction contained in his Majesty's parting admonition, he determined also, as far as in him lay, to repress on all sides every party demonstration. He, of course, forbade the annual insulting decoration of the Orange idol in College Green. This gave mortal offence to a body of men, who have long monopolized the places under government, and, therefore, laid claim also to a monopoly of the loyalty of the country, which, by the bye, seldom manifested itself, except in annual insult and civic hostility towards their Catholic brethren. The consequence was, that when Lord Wellesley, for the first time, last week visited the Dublin theatre, he was assailed by the most miscreant outcry which ever disgraced the metropolis of a *soi disant* civilized country. It is not our intention to go through the nauseous details of the outrage furnished by those criminal calendars, the Irish journals. Our readers may have some idea of the fact when we inform them, that not only was the Viceroy's life attempted, by flinging at him a *quart bottle*, but that such was

the apathy shown by the precious municipal police of Dublin, that even out of decency eight of them have been since dismissed! One fact more, and we have done—a respectable citizen of Dublin has *deposed on oath*, that after this horrid attempt at assassination had been made, he actually heard one of the *Sheriffs* of the City declare, "that all things considered, he thought the evening had gone off very well!!!" Need we add a word more?

Next month, perhaps, we shall go a little more at length into this subject, and show, that if this spirit is sought really to be repressed, writs of supersedeas must be directed to even higher persons than the local magistrates of the country. The Cabinet of Ireland, at this moment, reminds one strongly of *Burke's* "teselated" Ministry.

COMMERCE.

The markets, during the course of the last four weeks, have not on the whole offered any considerable variation; and the only interest excited has been by the varying reports respecting the probability of war between France and Spain, and between Russia and Turkey. The news at the very beginning of this month being quite of a warlike tendency, naturally caused much sensation among the merchants, as long as hostilities were supposed nearly certain. It was evident, if there should be such a war, and especially without England being implicated, a great and very beneficial change in the trade of the United Kingdom must ensue. The effect would be an immediate advance in warlike stores of every description; and, indeed, of all exports to the Continent: and as almost every article of East and West India produce, and the staple commodities of the country, have fallen below any reasonable medium price, even below the price at which they can be brought to market, every article of trade might be expected to advance, which would of course give an extraordinary impulse to our commerce. Saltpetre, rice, rum, corn, &c., would probably be immediately affected. It is, therefore, no wonder that every report favouring the opinion of an immediate war has been eagerly caught up; but the

subsequent accounts having on the whole tended to render the permanence of peace more certain, the momentary ebullition caused by the contrary opinion has subsided, and the markets have, in general, relapsed into the same languid state as they were in before. As the shipping season is now at its close, no great alteration can be expected for the present, unless, indeed, in case of war between France and Spain, which would have an immediate influence on our commerce.

AGRICULTURE.

The wheats are every where looking thrivingly and well, and the almost total absence of frost contributes to a healthy and early growth. Perhaps the seed never lay so short a time in the ground. But little la-

bour has been used that could be avoided, consequently improvements are rare. The price of wheat remains nearly stationary. Barley looks upwards. The sales of stock are slightly improving in almost all the country fairs and markets, and beef in Smithfield (in some degree owing to the Christmas demand) advanced considerably on Monday the 16th. Prime Herefords and Scots fetched 4s. 4d. and even higher prices per stone. Mutton, if any thing, rather lower, except choice pens of the best Downs, which obtained the prices of the season. Wool remains nearly stationary, and dull in sale. The turnips are improved by the open weather, and there is now no fear of scarcity of feed.

Dec. 21.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

France.—Though few works remarkable for their importance or literary merit have lately appeared, the Parisian presses were seldom more occupied than at present. The greater part of the books now publishing consists in new editions of standard authors, in translations from foreign languages, and in compilations which, if they have little originality to boast, are, in many instances, highly useful and meritorious undertakings. In mentioning the original works first, we shall give precedence to the tragedies of Clytemnestra and Saul, both by M. Soumet, brought out in the same week, and both successful, especially Clytemnestra. The admirable manner in which this play was performed, especially the wonderful acting of Talma, certainly contributed, in a high degree, to its success; but it reads well also, and will probably long be a favourite. The tragedy of Saul, though containing some fine passages, and striking situations, has not proved quite so successful as Clytemnestra. The idea of this tragedy appears to have been taken from Alfieri, but the plan, the situations, &c. differ entirely; there is much more of the author's invention; and, first of all, the idea of the part of the Pythoness (the witch of Endor) is entirely his own.

The *Corrupteur*, a comedy, by M.

Lemercier, author of *Agamemnon*, has met with mixed success; the principal character, Noirville, has something of Richardson's *Lovelace*, of Valmont in the *Liaisons Dangereuses*, and of the *Seducteur* of M. Bievre; yet the character, as a whole, is original and spirited.

Among the most important works lately published are four new volumes of the *Précis des évènements militaires*, by Count Mat. Dumas. This work excited very considerable attention at its first appearance (about 1800 or 1801) by the precision and simplicity of the style, and especially by its great impartiality. The volumes now published are the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th, and treat of the campaigns of 1805; with a folio atlas. The work being on so extensive a scale, is not suited to the generality of readers, but it will be invaluable to the historian, and to all who wish to obtain an accurate knowledge of the wars of the revolution.

M. Llorente, whose history of the Inquisition has acquired him well merited reputation, has published a Political Portrait of the Popes, considered as Temporal Princes and as Heads of the Church, from the establishment of the Holy See at Rome to 1822. 2 vols. 8vo. He has likewise published a new edition of the works of Las Casas. M. Llorente successfully refutes the accusation, first

brought forward by Herrera, against Las Casas, of having been the author of the African slave trade. He observes, that the Spaniards purchased negroes long before the discovery of America; that they brought some with them at their very first settlement in St. Domingo, and that the African slave trade was authorised at least eight years before the time when Las Casas is stated to have advised it.

Among the latest novels are *Gabriela*, by the Duchess D'A., author of the *Two Friends*; and the *Countess of Fargy*, by Madame de Souza, forming part of a new edition of her works. The *Travels of Anthony and Bartholomew Bacheville*, relating their incredible misfortunes and adventures in various parts of the world, have all the interest of fiction.

Madame le Genlis' *Diners du Baron D'Holbach* introduces by name many courtiers and literati of the eighteenth century, such as Diderot, Voltaire, the Abbé Morellet, &c. She of course does not spare the philosophers.

Two biographical dictionaries are in the course of publication, one under the title of *Biographie Nouvelle des Contemporains*, by Messrs. Arnault Jouy, Jay, &c., is written in opposition to a similar work printed in Belgium, which did not do justice to the heroes of the revolution; the 8th volume (GA—GV) is published. The other is a new edition of the *Belgium Dictionary*, considerably augmented; it will form 10 volumes, and will probably be the better work of the two.

M. Barbier has published the 1st vol. of his useful *Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous Works*, composed, translated, or published in French and Latin, with the names of the authors, translators, and editors, accompanied with historical and critical notes. This edition will consist of four volumes: the second will be published in January, 1823.

The splendid edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, in 24 Nos. is completed. The translation is new by M. G. T. Villenave, printed by P. Didot, and ornamented with 144 engravings from the designs of Moreau, Jun. and others. The price of the 24 Nos. is from 192 francs to 960. Two copies only, on vellum, cost each 4800 francs; and one copy, with the original drawings, is offered at 24,000 francs.

The 35th No. of the *Musée des Antiques*, designed by Mr. P. Bouillon, is published. Mr. Bouillon engages that it shall not exceed 45 Nos., and expects to complete it in two years more. It will contain not only every thing in the King's collection, but all the masterpieces which the French possessed for a time, but have since restored to their right owners.

The new edition of the great work on Egypt, by the French Savans, proceeds with rapidity.

Of Gau's Nubia, which is printed as a supplement to the *Description of Egypt*, six Nos. are published, of the twelve of which it is intended to consist. It is a most splendid and interesting performance.

The new *Florence Gallery*, which is conducted on a grand scale, must not be confounded with any preceding work bearing the same title. The prints are from the drawings of Wicar, who resided 15 years at Florence, where he employed himself in making admirable drawings on a reduced scale of the masterpieces of the great painters; among which the portraits of the masters, painted by themselves, are a distinguished ornament of the Gallery. They have been beautifully copied. The statues and antique bronzes are rendered with consummate skill. The gems have been magnified. The explanations are all by M. Mongez, member of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. The whole will consist of 50 Nos. at 18 francs each. The splendid collection of original drawings in 10 folio volumes, magnificently bound, and enclosed in a mahogany case, richly ornamented with bronze, gilt, are in the possession of M. Pancoucke, who offers them for sale in one lot.

A taste for oriental literature is becoming more and more general in France, and the study of it will be greatly promoted by the institution of the Paris Asiatic Society, which counts amongst its members, Messrs. Silvestre de Sary, Klaproth, Remusat, Chezy, Martin, &c. They have commenced the publication of a monthly journal, and intend to publish, as soon as possible, many important works, such as a Sanscrit grammar and dictionary, and various Arabic, Persian, and Sanscrit works.

Russia.—Of the works lately published in Russia, the most important is the concluding part of the great Russian dictionary, compiled by the Imperial Society, which is now complete in six volumes. Another important enterprise is the Grand Atlas of the Russian Empire, the Kingdom of Poland, and the Grand Duchy of Finland, finely engraved on 70 sheets in folio. The spirit of naval enterprise which has prevailed since Krusenstern's voyage round the world, has caused several voyages of discovery to be undertaken, with the results of some of which the public are already acquainted; for instance, Golownin's Account of Japan, and Kotzebue's Voyage. In the course of the last year, no less than three expeditions have returned to Cronstadt, the accounts of which are preparing for publication; one is Captain Bellinghausen's Voyage to the South Seas, where he is said to have made some interesting discoveries; another that of the Discovery and Good Intent to the North-west coast of America, where they proceeded to a higher latitude than Captain Cook, and discovered a pretty considerable island; the third is that of the Golownin and Baranow, two vessels belonging to the Russian North American Company, which have just returned, after making a more accurate survey of the North-west coast of America. They also discovered a pretty large island called Numirack, in 59 deg. 54 min. 57 sec. N. latitude, and 193 deg. 17 min. 2 sec. E. longitude. Besides these expeditions, others have been undertaken in the North of Siberia and the interior of Asia, some particulars of which have transpired, and cause the detailed accounts to be looked for with interest; but it is uncertain how far the policy of the Government may interfere to withhold any part of the particulars. Since the annexation of the Crimea to the Russian Empire, the foundation of Odessa, and the rapid increase of population in the Russian provinces on the Euxine, a multitude of interesting discoveries have been made. Unknown medals, beautiful Greek inscriptions, daily disclose interesting facts, which we might seek in vain in ancient authors: we may expect to become better acquainted with the numerous Greek colonies which for-

merly occupied all the coasts of the Black Sea, and we shall learn the yet unknown revolutions of the Greco-Scythian Kingdom of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, which maintained itself for nearly eight centuries amid the barbarous tribes of Europe and Asia. Among the works already published may be mentioned, 1. A Notice of the Medals of Rhadameadis, an unknown King of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, by M. Stempouski. 2. A Selection of the Medals of the ancient Greek City of Olbiopolis, by M. de Blaremborg, 8vo. with 22 plates. The discoveries of these gentlemen have furnished M. Raoul Rochelle, of the Academy of Belles Lettres at Paris, with means to compose a learned work on the Greek Antiquities of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, 1 vol. 8vo. The extension of the Russian dominion in Asia has likewise been the means of adding immense collections of Oriental MSS. medals, &c. to the museum of St. Petersburg. The cabinet of Mahometan medals in particular is of the highest importance, and is expected, when duly arranged, to furnish most interesting materials for the elucidation of the history of Asia. The learned M. Fræhn is actively engaged in preparing a work on the subject of these medals in the form, we understand, of a *Catalogue raisonné*, respecting which he published a preliminary report above a year ago.

Germany.—In the catalogue of the Leipzig Michaelmas fair, we observe a great number of works of various dimensions on the affairs of Greece and Turkey; a pretty considerable list of voyages and travels; translations of almost every work of the least importance published in England and France; the usual host of almanacks or pocket-books, a branch of literature (for so it must be called in Germany) in which the Germans are unrivalled; and no inconsiderable number of books of devotion, besides a great collection of works for youth.

D. Scholz, of Bonn, well known both in England and France by his oriental studies, has published his *Journey in the Environs of Alexandria, the Libyan Desert, Egypt, Palestine, and Syria*, in the years 1820 and 21. Neither Buckingham, nor any other modern traveller, and, least of all, Chateaubriand, have

given us so faithful an account of the most recent situation of the various Christian sects, together with the physical and political state of the Holy Land, as this traveller, who is so profoundly versed in the manners and languages of the East. He commenced his journey in Egypt, in company with the Prussian General, Baron Minutoli, who however parted from him at the very outset of the expedition. A great deal has been said in the public papers of the discoveries made by the Baron in Egypt, and the unhappy loss of the greater part of his highly valuable collections by the wreck of the ship, on board which he sent them to Hamburg. Fortunately, however, his journal, and part of his drawings and collections were sent from Trieste by land to Berlin. From them will be published in the course of the year 1823, *A Journey to the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, in the Libyan Desert, and to Upper Egypt, in 1820 and 1821, with the opening of the great pyramid of Saccara, from the Journals of Baron Minutoli, with an Appendix, by Dr. Toelken, Professor in the University of Berlin, with a map of the Desert, and thirty lithographical plates (many of them coloured) in imperial folio.* Two other German literati who were with the Baron have proceeded to Nubia; and though their researches are chiefly directed to Natural History, they cannot fail to add important particulars to our information respecting that country. In the west, also, German travellers have distinguished themselves, and we had almost said seem to have fixed on Brazil as their own. The *Travels of the Prince of Nieuwied in that country* (of which only the first volume has been translated into English,) in two vols. 4to. with numerous fine plates, has been so well received, nearly 1000 copies having been sold, that the publisher has now printed an 8vo. edition of it, and has commenced the publication of a great and expensive work on the Natural History of Brazil, from the drawings and collections made by the Prince in that country. Another far more important work on

Brazil, is the account of the *Journey of Drs. Spix and Martius, of Munich, now preparing for publication, under the immediate patronage of His Majesty, the King of Bavaria, by whom they were sent to that country.*—Other important works are announced, among which we will mention Mr. Baader's new *System of the Mechanism of Wheel Carriages, Iron Rail Roads, &c.* and a *History of the House of Hohenstaufen and their Times, in 4 vols. large 4to. by Frederick Von Raumer.* This work is expected to be highly important towards the history of the middle ages. The author obtained most valuable materials in various public libraries in Germany and Italy, particularly among the MSS. of the Vatican library; he was even permitted to examine the archives of the Vatican, which have been inaccessible to almost every writer, except Baronius and Ravnaldus. At the conclusion of the work, will be added some essays, tending to throw great light upon it, some of which have already been printed separately in periodical publications, and fully prove the author's qualifications for the important and laborious task which he has undertaken. The history will extend from the latter years of the reign of the Emperor Henry IV. to the end of the Crusades. Twelve copper-plates, chiefly portraits, will be added.

With respect to the translations of foreign works, those of the Scotch Novels, and of all the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, take the first place. Translations of these novels are advertised as soon as there is even an intimation that one is preparing for the press; generally, two or three different translations are published, and sometimes almost simultaneously with the original. Nay, it seems certain, that Peverel of the Peak, though not yet published here, has been already for some weeks before the German public. We are inclined to think it probable, that the German translator has published the first or perhaps the second volumes, without waiting for the remainder, for it seems impossible that he should have the whole.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The author of the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, announces the speedy appearance of his *Prolegomena* to all future Systems of Political Economy, the publication of which has been so long delayed by his illness.

The new novel of the *Great Unknown* is not to appear we understand till the middle of January. The author has found it necessary to add a fourth volume to the work.

The Rev. Mr. Cary, the translator of *Dante*, is engaged on an English version of the *Odes of Pindar*.

A new Historical Novel, the scene of which is laid in England in the time of Charles I. and Cromwell, is about to be published, under the title of *Marston Moor*, or the *Queen's page*. It is the production of a celebrated literary character.

Mr. Cunningham's collection of Scottish Songs, ancient and modern, will be put to press immediately.

It is reported, that three more Cantos of *Don Juan* are in town, but we believe it is not decided who is to have the honour of publishing them. The poem of *Heaven and Earth*, which Mr. Murray is said to have refused to publish, will appear in the *Liberal*.

The new Poem from the pen of Mr. Barry Cornwall, will appear very early this season.

The *Letters of Edward Herbert, Esq.* to the family of the *Powells*, will be collected and published in one volume.

Proposals have been issued for the publication of an uniform edition of the *Works of the Rev. John Owen, DD.* edited by *Thomas Cloutt, MA.*

A Spanish Quarterly Magazine is about to be published, under the title of *Variedades, o Mensagero de Londres*. Each number will contain about 100 pages in royal 8vo. and 12 coloured engravings.

It is proposed to publish by subscription, the *Portraits of the late Rev. John Owen, Dr. Steinkopff, and the Rev. Joseph Hughes, Secretaries to the Bible Society.*

The *Works of Shakspeare* are about to be printed in Miniature volumes, uniformly with the *Spenser Classics*.

Mr. T. E. Evans is engaged in translating a Collection of the *Constitutions, Charters, and Laws*, of the various nations of Europe, and of North and South America, with historical sketches of the origin of their liberties and political institutions. From the French of Messrs. P. A. Dufau, J. B. Duvergier, and J. Guadet. The first volume, containing the rise and progress of the governments of France and the Netherlands, will appear very shortly.

The Fortieth volume of *Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce*, with an *Analytical Index for Vols. XXVI. to XL.* will be ready for delivery early in January.

JAN. 1823.

The following works are in the press:—

Diary of a Journey through Southern India, Egypt, and Palestine, in the years 1821 and 1822, by a Field Officer of Cavalry, illustrated with maps, &c.

The Cabinet of Portraits, Part I, containing Burns, Corneille, Shaw, Sherlock, and President West, with Biographical Notices, by Robert Scott, to be continued.

Don Carlos, a Tragedy, translated and rendered into verse, from the German of Schiller, and adapted to the English stage.

Pulpit Orations, Lectures, and Sermons, delivered in the Caledonian Church, Hatton Garden, in one Volume, 8vo. By the Rev. Edward Irving, AM.

Sequel to an Unpublished Manuscript of Henry Kirke White's; designed to illustrate the Contrast afforded by Christians and Infidels, at the Close of Life. By the Author of the *Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom Displayed*, &c.

The Antiquities of Free-masonry. Comprising Illustrations of the Five Grand Periods of Masonry, from the Creation of the World, to the Dedication of King Solomon's Temple. By George Oliver, Vicar of Clee, in the county of Lincoln.

History and Topography of London and its Environs, to correspond with Pinnoek's County Histories. With a Map of twenty-five Miles round the Metropolis.

Rassela, Principe D'Abissinia, opera del Signor Dottor Johnson, 12mo.

An Introduction to the Hebrew Language, by W. Heinemann, Professor of the Hebrew and German Languages.

Relics of Literature, by Stephen Collet, AM. in 8vo. with a Frontispiece of Autographs of eminent characters.

The Lives of Scottish Poets, complete in 3 Vols. with 30 Portraits.

Liberalism Examined, 1 Vol. 8vo. by the Author of *Italy and the Italians in the 19th Century*.

Highways and By-ways; or, Tales of the Roadside, gathered in the French Provinces. By a walking Gentleman, 8vo.

Proseings, by a Veteran; or, the *Lucubrations of Humphrey Ravelin, Esq.* late Major in the * * Regiment of Infantry, 8vo.

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BIRTHS.

Nov. 24.—At Albury-park, Lady Harriet Drummond, a son.

25. In Saville-row, Newcastle, the lady of A. Compton, Esq. of Carham-hall, near Coldstream, a daughter.

26. The lady of Cyril J. Monkhouse, Esq. of Craven-street, Strand, a son.

Dec. 4.—At Hobland-hall, Suffolk, the lady of John Penrice, Esq. a daughter.

— In Queen-street, May-fair, the lady of Henry Boldero, Esq. a daughter.

5. At Underwood-cottage, near Exeter, the lady of John Tyrell, Esq. a daughter.

6. The lady of Thomas John Phillips, Esq. of Landne, Cornwall, a daughter.

— At Gorhambury, the Countess of Verulam, a son.

9. The lady of J. B. Heath, Esq. of Bloomsbury-place, a daughter.

11. Mrs. Haydon, wife of Mr. Haydon, historical painter, a son.

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20. At Bromley Common, Kent, the lady of H. Meux, Esq. a daughter.

21. In Bruton-street, Berkeley-square, Lady Eleanor Lowther, a daughter.

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ABROAD.

At Naples, the lady of George Baring, Esq. a son.

At St. Ann's, Jamaica, the lady of W. G. Mac-knight, MD. a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 21.—At Bowden, Edward J. Lloyd, Esq. of Manchester, Barrister-at-law, to Eliza, youngest daughter of William Rigby, Esq. of Oldfield-hall, in the county of Cheshire.

26. At Hull, the Rev. G. Browne, of St. Alban's, Herts, to Grace, second daughter of the late T. Riddell, Esq. of Hull.

Dec. 2. At Broxburn, Hants, Henry Browne, Esq. eldest son of Colonel Browne, of Amwell Bury, Hants, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of John Walmesley, Esq. of Castlemeer, in the county of Lancaster.

2. At Flaxley, Gloucestershire, by the Rev. Chas. Crawley, Rear Admiral Ballard, to Catherine Crawley, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Sir T. B. Boever, Bart. of Flaxley Abbey.

2. At Cheltenham, by the Bishop of Norwich, Major Hill Dickson, 64th Regiment, son of the late Archdeacon of Down, to Caroline Emma, second daughter of Thomas Stoughton, Esq. of the county of Kerry.

— At Southampton, W. Baker, Esq. MD. to Miss Bernard, only daughter of Peter Bernard, Esq. of Southampton.

5. Henry Pringle Bruyeres, Esq. of the Royal Engineers, to Anne Judith Laurie, eldest daughter of the late John Minet Fector, Esq. of Dover, in Kent, and of Kearnsey Abbey.

5. At Holkham, the Hon. Spencer Stanhope, to Miss Coke, daughter of T. W. Coke, Esq. MP.
6. By special licence, at St. James's church, the Earl of Belfast, eldest son of the Marquis of Donegal, to Lady Harriet Butler, eldest daughter of the Earl of Glengall.
10. At Wragby, Lincolnshire, Sir T. C. Sheppard, Bart. of Crakenmarsh-hall, Staffordshire, and Thornton-hall, Bucks, to Mary Ann, only child of the Rev. G. Turnor, Prebendary of Lincoln, and niece of Sir T. Hanmer, Bart.
11. At the Friends' Meeting-house, Kingston-on-Thames, W. W. Prideaux, son of Walter Prideaux, Esq. of Kingsbridge, Devon, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Will. Foster Reynolds, Esq. of Carshalton-house, Surrey.
12. At Mary-le-bone church, James Henry Mitchell, of Moreland, in the island of Jamaica, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late David Mitchell, Esq.
- At Lyndhurst, Hants, Daniel Gurney, Esq. of North Runcton, Norfolk, to Lady Harriet Hay, sister to the Earl of Errol.
- At St. Martin's, Donald M'Duffie, Esq. late of the 18th Hussars, to Frances Holroyd, only daughter of Richard Rice, Esq.
- Thomas Baker, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service, to Maria, eldest daughter of Henry Edmeades, Esq. of Cobham, Kent.
17. At Mary-le-bone church, by the Hon. and Rev. Gerard Wellesley, DD. Robert Lambert, Esq. Rear-Admiral of the White, to Louisa Ann, relict of the Rev. T. Cobb, of Igham, in the county of Kent.
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18. The Rev. W. Longlands, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and of Aston, Herts, to Judith Campbell, eldest daughter of John Pendrill, Esq. Bath.
19. At Clapham, Flintoff Leatham, Esq. Banker, of Pontefract, in the county of York, youngest son of John Leatham, Esq. of Ropergate-house, Pontefract, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Peter Blackburn, Esq. of Clapham-house, Surrey.
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IN SCOTLAND.

In Aberdeenshire, Major G. Turner, Roy. Artillery, to Margaret, daughter of the late John Ramsey, Esq. of Barra.

IN IRELAND.

At Douglas church, near Cork, Charles Wedderburne Webster, Esq. of the Carabineers, to Rebecca, youngest daughter of the late Sir James Chatterton, Bart. of Castlemahon, Cork.

ABROAD.

At Trinidad, Henry Fuller, Esq. his Majesty's Attorney-General, to Miss C. Carter.

DEATHS.

Nov. 18.—At Eton, in her 74th year, Mrs. Catherine Middleton, relict of J. Middleton, Esq. brother of the late Sir Wm. Middleton, Bart. of Belsay Castle, in Northumberland.

Lately, Lady Cholmeley, wife of Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bart. of Easton and Norton-place, Lincolnshire.

24 At Bishop Lavington, Wilts, in her 19th year, Maria Dorothea Frances, third daughter of the Rev. Dr. Maines.

Lately, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, aged 75, Samuel Snowden, MD.

26. The Rev. Joseph Rose, Vicar of Rothby, Leicestershire.

— At Bath, Don Antonio Francisco Zea, minister Plenipotentiary from the Republic of Columbia: his health had been in a declining state for some time.

29. At Hadley, in her 59th year, Martha, the wife of the Hon. G. A. Chetwynd Stapylton.

Dec. 1. At Brighton, aged 25, Francis Fearon, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-law, and Fellow of New College, Oxford.

— At Bury St. Edmund's, in his 80th year, the Rev. John Cotman, Rector of Langham, Suffolk, and Chaplain to the Earl of Clarendon,

7. At Stoke Newington, in his 65th year, John Alkin, MD. author of a great number of popular and useful works.

8. Hester Salisbury, the lady of Sir Corbet Corbet, Bart.

9. At his residence, at Walton, the Right Hon. Charles, Earl of Tankerville, Baron Ossulton, &c. His Lordship was born Nov. 16, 1743; succeeded his father, Charles, the late Earl, Oct. 27, 1767; and married Emma, daughter and co-heiress of Sir James Colebrooke, Bart. Oct. 7, 1771, by whom he had eight children. Is succeeded by his eldest son, the Right Hon. Chas. Augustus Lord Ossulton, MP. for Berwick-upon-Tweed.

10. Mrs. Jones, wife of W. T. Jones, Esq. of Aberystwith.

11. At Highbury Grove, aged 37, Sarah, wife of D. Kainier, Esq.

— In Montague-place, Jane, the wife of R. V. Richards, Esq.

— At Ivy-bridge, Devonshire, of a sudden pleuritic inflammation, in his 48th year, Geo. Gilbert Currey, MD. senior Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital.

— At Lynn, Norfolk, aged 72, Mr. Birbeck, relict of John Birbeck, Esq. Banker of that place.

14. Mary, wife of Apsley Pellatt, Esq. of Camberwell, and only daughter of Stephen Maberly, Esq. of Reading, Berks.

15. Elizabeth, relict of Bryan Mason, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Clifton, the Rev. James Olive, Rector of St. Paul's, Bristol.

16. Col. Wm. H. Boys, of the Chatham division of the Royal Marines.

17. At Southampton, aged 26, Charles Young, Esq. fourth son of John Young, Professor of Greek at the University of Glasgow.

19. At Hackney, Marianne, youngest daughter of Thomas Wilson, Esq. MP.

20. At Brighton, in his 33d year, Joseph Alcock, Esq. of Roehampton, Surrey.

22. In Bruton-street, the Countess D'Aglié, the lady of the Sardinian Ambassador.

ABROAD.

At Paris, his Excellency, Fernandez Nunez, late Ambassador from Spain to the Court of France. He had lately been employed as Envoy of the Duchess of Lucca, sister of Ferdinand of Spain.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas Fausshawe Middleton, Lord Bishop of Calcutta, on July 8th. His Lordship was educated in the Grammar school of Christ's Hospital, whence he removed to Jesus College, Cambridge: his first literary work was the Country Spectator, a series of periodical essays. Besides several theological works, he is well known to Scholars by his volume "On the Doctrine of the Greek Article applied to the Illustration of the New Testament," 8vo. 1808.

In Jamaica, Dr. Samuel Fothergill, for many years a physician at London, where he was one of the conductors of the London Medical and Physical Journal; and who latterly practised with great success in Jamaica, whither he was induced to go for the sake of a change of climate.

At Paris, in his 74th year, Count Bertholet, a native of Talloire, in Savoy, who was originally of the Medical profession, and who distinguished himself by highly valuable studies and labours in chemistry, in which science he was one of the founders of the new system.

On his passage to Lisbon, near the mouth of the Tago, Baron Wm. Fagel, late Secretary to the Netherland Embassy in London.

Suddenly, at Genoa, while on his way to the Congress at Verona, Charles Augustus Prince Hardenburg, Prussian Chancellor of State. This distinguished statesman, who was born at Hanover, in 1750, exhibited his talents as a diplomatist and politician very advantageously during the recent events of Europe.

At his seat, Hadersdorf, near Vienna, General and Field Marshal, Alex. Baron London.

At Paris, Miss Elizabeth Hume, niece of Arthur Hume, Esq. Teller of the Irish Exchequer, and grand-niece of the late Marquis of Waterford.

At Calais, in his 44th year, Wm. Wylde, Esq. late of London.

At Paris, M. Andrien, the celebrated Medallist; his Napoleon series of medals place him at the head of this walk of art in modern times.